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TURN OVER THE PAGE



THE AUTHOR

TURN OVER THE PAGE

by

SIR LIONEL EARLE
G.C.V.O., K.C.B., C.M.G., J.P.

WITH 10 ILLUSTRATIONS

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TO
MY WIFE

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FOREWORD

HAVING had a very varied and interesting life, I thought it might be of amusement to some if I wrote my experiences.

I have never kept a diary, and this has increased my difficulties, but having kept a large number of letters and documents, I have been helped by these to unfold the story of past years.

I also desire to pay a warm tribute to Dr. Borenus, for not only having helped me in correcting the proofs, and thereby saving me from many blunders, but also for compiling the index—a task which I should never have been able to do.

For his sympathetic and active help I shall be for ever grateful.

L. E.

January, 1935.

I

CHILDHOOD AND YOUTH

I WAS born on February 1st, 1866, in London. My father, Charles William Earle, had been in the Army, and served first in the 60th Rifles and saw active service in the Kaffir War.

I had one elder brother, Sydney, thirteen months older than myself, and another brother, Maxwell, who was five years and three months younger.

One of my earliest recollections is being taken, with my eldest brother, as little boys, by our governess, to see Bulwer Lytton, our uncle's father, in his house in Grosvenor Square. I remember him in a long dressing-gown, sitting in a chair surrounded by manuscripts, and was fascinated by a hookah in the corner of the room which looked to me like a snake.

Not very long afterwards, in 1873, we were taken to his funeral in Poets' Corner in Westminster Abbey, and I remember Dean Stanley taking us both under his arms by the side of the grave, and my not daring to move for fear of knocking the big prayer-book out of his hands into the hole in the ground. I also remember going to see the funeral procession of Darwin in 1882.

Our father used to tell us that the Kaffir campaign, 1851-1853, was a troublesome business and finally the enemy was overcome more by starvation than by actual conquest by arms. The corn on which they chiefly lived was burnt in large areas, and our father was much moved, even in his young days, by seeing these finely built men

standing on the kopjes at sunset calling out : " Why do you destroy our corn, the corn don't fight ? "

He served five years at the Cape and then returned home on a Dutch sailing barque, which took some sixty odd days to reach Amsterdam. It always struck me as strange, that after an absence of five years he did not return home to his family as soon as possible, but made a tour through Holland of about four weeks.

Shortly after, this country became involved in the Crimean War and he exchanged into the Rifle Brigade in order to see service in the Crimea. The Indian Mutiny, however, broke out and his Battalion was sent to India where he served throughout that campaign and was present on Lord Clyde's staff at the relief of Lucknow. He remained in India, after the rebellion was suppressed, in the position of Deputy Judge Advocate General, for five years. All his brothers, Augustus, Maxwell and George, were soldiers, with one exception, Ralph, who being delicate, went into the Diplomatic Service.

Three died, one of wounds and was buried at Corfu, another died of dysentery on his way home and was buried at Chalons. Augustus was in the Horse Artillery and I believe very good-looking, and riding one day with two other handsome officers, Sir John Ramsden and Sir Henry de Bathe (his cousin), General Canrobert, the French Commander, saw them, and said : " Comme ils sont beaux ces cavaliers Anglais ! " George, the youngest, served in a line battalion and was thrown off his horse in India, down a khud and killed.

Ralph, who was very brilliant, having carried off every prize at Harrow, including the Peel Medal, became an attaché at the Paris Embassy.

There he attracted Mr. Disraeli who persuaded him

to abandon his diplomatic career and throw in his lot with him. He became his intimate right-hand man for ten years, went into Parliament and was Under-Secretary to the Local Government Board. They finally quarrelled, and there was a painful scene in the House of Commons when Ralph Earle made a violent attack on his late chief.

Lord Spencer (the Red Earl), who knew Ralph Earle well, told me that shortly after this distressing scene in the House, he met Mr. Disraeli at dinner and commiserated with him on the loss of his right-hand man. Mr. Disraeli replied: "I am not so surprised at Ralph Earle's lack of political morality, but I am surprised at his lack of political sagacity!"

After leaving political life, he spent a good spell of time in Eastern Europe and obtained various concessions in Turkey and Bulgaria. He was a remarkable linguist. Baron Hirsch employed him to obtain the concession for building railways in Turkey. This he successfully accomplished and the concession was based on so much a mile.

Baron Hirsch avoided, as much as possible, mountains and other obstacles, making the railway circumvent them, increasing thereby the mileage, and reducing cost all to his own advantage. Baron Hirsch told me that Ralph was the ablest negotiator he had ever known.

For obtaining this concession the Baron gave him £10,000, which, by judicious investment, in time more than trebled and when he died, when we were still boys, he left everything to my father, which made a very considerable difference to our careers.

At nine and eight years old, my brother Sydney and I went to a French family at Boulogne, where we began

to be initiated in the French language and certainly acquired the accent which has been invaluable to me in life. The couple with whom we lived were very kind to us, but my brother and I used to be terrified by shrieks at night. I believe the husband used to beat his wife. After three months our parents came over to see us and we told them of these scenes and they promptly took us back home.

My brother Sydney and I used frequently to go as boys to stay with our grandmother, Mrs. Villiers, at Ryde, Isle of Wight, and I remember on several occasions Queen Victoria driving over from Osborne in a carriage with four white horses with postillions and John Brown seated behind, to have tea with her.

My grandmother told me that when she was a girl she was walking with her mother, Lady Ravensworth, and her sister, afterwards Lady Normanby, both very good-looking girls, in Venice and when about to cross the Rialto, the mother made them pull down their veils. This was because she had seen Byron coming from the opposite direction across the bridge!

At eight and a half years old I was sent to join my elder brother at a private school at Stevenage, kept by the Rev. J. Seager, and I well remember the terrible home sickness that I suffered for the first year or two on returning to school.

There I managed to contract inflammation of the lungs and very nearly died. My life was saved by a Dr. Habershon, Sir William Gull's right-hand assistant, who travelled from London and blistered me to check the inflammation reaching the heart, and by the devoted nursing of the two Miss Seagers.

One day having submitted an atrocious piece of Latin

prose, I was punished by having to write out a hundred lines of Virgil. Out of pure devilry I only wrote ninety-eight and the under master, unfortunately for me, counted them and found two lines short.

I was reported to the Head Master who took, I think, an exaggerated view of the offence—I was too bad to be birched. I was made to sit at a small table and take all my meals alone. I was not allowed to speak to any boy, was not allowed to play any game, and during play hours was made to march alone around the playground.

All these punishments lasted for a fortnight, and when I came home for the holidays my school report conveyed that I was beyond the pale and an incipient type of Jack Shepherd. I left this private school at twelve and was sent for a few months to a French family in Paris, Rue Basse du Rempart, which was on the Boulevard between the Opera and the Madeleine, long since demolished.

At twelve and a half years old I went to Marlborough where my eldest brother had been for a year. The Head Master was the Rev. G. C. Bell who had only recently succeeded Dean Farrer.

The teaching and conditions of boys in the seventies were very different to what they are now. The education was wooden and in my opinion unenlightened. The school was in debt, having spent large sums on a chapel which had to be rebuilt, a few years after I had left, due to defective foundations. Savings had to be made and consequently the food was bad and there were considerable outbreaks of boils. There was much bullying, and young Burne-Jones, the son of Sir Edward Burne-Jones, the painter, was so heckled for writing home daily to his mother that he ran away and was found after

three days in a starved condition in Savernake Forest. His parents very wisely took him away.

After two years I changed from the Classical side to the Modern side, and on account of my knowledge of French rose rapidly in the school, far beyond my merits, and yet my elder brother on the Classical side won the Savernake prize for French.

I believe Marlborough of the present day is one of the best of the public schools. I left at seventeen and a half, and my parents decided that I should go for about three months to a French family, a Monsieur Monod, brother of the well-known Protestant *pasteur*.

The family lived in the Avenue de Villiers exactly opposite Madame Sarah Bernhardt's house, who was then at the height of her fame.

She had at that time a great woman friend called Marie Colombier. They quarrelled, and Marie Colombier wrote a most scurrilous book about the actress entitled *Sarah Barnum*. Madame Bernhardt retaliated by attacking her with a whip and ultimately by an equally scurrilous book entitled *Marie Pigeonnet*.

All these scenes were of keen interest to me. Many years afterwards my uncle, Lord Lytton, Ambassador in Paris, took me with him to see Madame Bernhardt in the very house in which I had been so interested as a boy.

My mother then advocated that I should be sent to a German family at Burscheid between Cologne and Dusseldorf. The Herr Rector kept a girls' day school of about forty girls, his two daughters living in the house.

This was a bold experiment, but I think she showed courage and great good sense. We had no sisters and

were shy and awkward in the presence of the other sex. I was humiliated and miserable on arrival, and wrote piteous appeals to be taken away, but with no success.

I stayed there a year, learnt German well, and can honestly state that during the whole time in this family there was not a single incident to which anyone could take exception. After a year I went home to my father's house in Surrey.

I then went to a family in Frankfurt am Main. The head of the house was a master at the Wöhler Schule, Dr. Weber by name. Here, unfortunately, I had rheumatic fever and was seriously ill for many weeks.

A great doctor of the town, one of the Court physicians attended me. For many days he came three times a day, then twice and finally once a day. I remember that his total bill amounted to no more than £28. What it would have been in this country I tremble to contemplate!

From Frankfurt I went to the University of Göttingen, where I lived with the doctor of the university and his sister, a very kind and delightful couple.

I was not allowed to join a corps, as shortly before my arrival, an American had been admitted to one of the crack corps, and at the second term, when students have to take part in the *Mensur* duels, he had disappeared, so foreigners were henceforth debarred from corps membership.

These duels, fought with thin sharp-edged swords, took place twice a week, and as my host had to attend as doctor, I went to many. They were illegal, but the authorities winked at them, yet on several occasions students with field-glasses outside the house, two or three miles from the town where these contests took place, saw the police coming and everything was quickly packed

and the students drove away further afield to continue the fighting.

Every student owned one or two huge dogs (*Ulmer Doggen*), but they were not allowed at these contests, as I was informed that on one occasion a tip of a nose had been sliced off a combatant and a dog had promptly eaten it!

The ideal of a corps student was to get one prominent cut somewhere on the face and no more, as this showed he had been a corps student, and that he was an adept at the *Mensur*.

I remember one student, who had received a cut across the cheek, rubbed into the wound tobacco juice and red wine, to make the ultimate scar prominent. He developed blood poisoning and died. The innocent antagonist was tried and condemned to a year's imprisonment in a fortress.

I went one day with my doctor to see a serious duel with heavy cavalry swords, arising from a drunken brawl between two students of different corps. It was a ghastly affair as they had no protection other than a small pad over the jugular vein. It lasted but a few seconds, and one of the combatants was cut right into the heart and promptly died. The victor was sentenced to two years' fortress.

I attended six pistol duels, which took place very early in the morning, but not one of the combatants was touched. I think they were much too frightened, and I feel there was greater danger to the few onlookers, seconds, doctor and myself, than to the actual combatants.

I was very anxious in those days to become a surgeon, and I worked under a Professor König who was the great cancer specialist and operator of that day. People

came from all parts of the world to be operated on by him.

I became very fond of Dr. Briegleb, the man with whom I lived. He had served in the Franco-Prussian War of 1870 as an army doctor and had been badly wounded in his seat, before Metz, by a French rifle bullet which had carried with it a piece of his uniform, making a bad gangrenous wound.

We used to go together in the summer to bathe in the River Leine and I used to madden him by telling him that he must have been running away to receive a bullet wound in that spot. My mother's cousin, Lady Ampthill, who had been Ambassadress in Berlin, wrote to Count Stolberg-Wernigerode, who had a wonderful castle in the Harz Mountains, asking him whether his son, who was at Göttingen, could make my acquaintance.

This young aristocrat was too great a personage to be allowed to fight in the *Mensur*, although he belonged to the Sachsen Corps as "*Conkneipant*."

He came one day to call on me in a carriage with four horses and an A.D.C. He came up to my room, clicked his heels, made a bow and talked for a few minutes and then withdrew. I had to return his call within an hour and much the same proceedings took place. We never came across each other again, except in the distance.

We boys were lucky in having the most devoted, broadminded and enlightened parents, but what they went through, the patience and tolerance they displayed, fills me with amazement and admiration. As a youth I was passionately fond of chemicals and making explosives. I remember saving up my money when I was about twelve years old and purchasing a beautiful gun-metal cannon. I could not buy gunpowder, so bought a vast

number of boxes of toy pistol paper caps and some swan shot. I loaded the cannon, but it would not fire from the touch hole. I was anxious for my younger brother to see the cannon fired before he went off to his kindergarten school, so I tore down to my mother's bedroom, obtained a hairpin, straightened it, made it red hot in a gas jet, and rammed it down the muzzle of the gun.

There was a terrific bang, some of the window panes of my room were shattered and even one or two broken in the mews behind the house. I was lucky to have escaped without injury to my hand. My father rushed up, naturally furious, but what hurt me much more than his anger was his throwing my beautiful cannon into his bath.

On another occasion, when I was older, I bought a beautiful paper balloon which filled by soaking a large wad of cotton wool with spirits of wine, the heat from which inflated the balloon.

We had all three just recovered from measles and were taken by our parents to the Station Hotel at Watford to convalesce. I arranged to let my balloon off out of my bedroom window, never realising that an inward draught would almost of a certainty set the tissue paper balloon alight. In a few seconds the balloon, measuring six feet in height, was ablaze, then the curtains and the room generally. The fire brigade were sent for, and my father had to pay for considerable damage.

What upset me most was seeing him sitting with his head in his hands, and saying : "To think that I have brought such an idiot into the world!" This hurt me more and was a better corrective than any corporal punishment.

Every other year in the summer holidays our parents

took us abroad. One summer when we were still boys, we went to an hotel at a small place on the Normandy coast, called Veulles, between Dieppe and Fécamp. There we all three contracted typhoid from bad water. Luckily we had returned home to London before my eldest brother sickened.

I was sent to Park Street to a great-aunt, Lady Buchan, and had not been there many days before I fell ill and was moved to my father's house. My younger brother soon followed. We two elder boys were desperately ill, forty-eight days in bed, the youngest one had it, but lightly. It was a ghastly and anxious experience for our poor parents, but we all mercifully recovered.

One of the orders of the doctor in those days was that the patient had to be fed every hour with milk and beef-tea alternately, and our mother came down one night between twelve and two, found the nurse dead drunk and asleep and consequently she had not carried out the doctor's instructions.

Lord Odo Russell,¹ Ambassador in Berlin and one of the few Englishmen that Prince Bismarck liked, came to dine one evening with my parents, in Bryanston Square. He was much taken with a curry and asked for the receipt.

My father having been long in India was very particular at the way it and the rice were cooked. The receipt came from the cook and Lord Odo scribbled on it : "Teesum's curry"—Teesum was the name, short for Theresa, that my mother was known by in her family, and Lord Odo Russell had married her first cousin.

Shortly after, he wrote from Berlin that he had given a large dinner at the Embassy, to the Crown Prince

¹ Created Lord Amptill.

Frederick and the Crown Princess, and on the menu, written by the French chef, he saw to his great amusement "Karri Teesum."

When I was eighteen years old we went for a trip to the Bavarian lakes and alps. We were all staying at Frankfurt am Main, at the Frankfurter Hof. Our train left for Nuremberg at 3.30. My eldest brother and I decided to have a row on the river Main. He took a canoe and I a skiff. The river is very rapid and while holding on to the buttress of a bridge, the swift current upset the canoe and Sydney fell into the river. I rowed and rescued him, but one can imagine the trial and worry to our parents of a boy arriving soaked to the skin just before we were due to leave for the station, with all the luggage packed.

At our mother's instigation our father gave us an allowance of £35 per annum at twelve years old, to buy everything in the way of clothes, except suits, and at fourteen this was increased to £50 per annum to cover everything. We were better off on the £35 scale than on the £50, but it taught us the value of money and how to buy our needs. Our father was our banker, but never asked any question when we drew any money, and we never exceeded our allowance.

We were all given latchkeys at seventeen, and both these concessions I consider were absolutely sound policy.

When my eldest brother and I were at Marlborough, our father gave us each an extra five shillings a week to buy small luxuries for the teas we brewed ourselves. The masters objected. My father replied, "When you feed my boys better I will discontinue this allowance."

After Göttingen I went to Paris to attend lectures

and study at the Sorbonne. I lived in a small hotel in the Rue Jean Bart in the *Quartier Latin*.

Being still anxious to become a surgeon, I was made to go for some days to the Morgue to get accustomed to dead bodies, and as the bulk of the corpses had been either murdered or had committed suicide in the Seine, they were a very gruesome lot. But it was the museum at the École de Médecine which upset me most. I then went to the wards of the great hospital, the Hôtel Dieu, and there I saw a man who had slandered a Madame Clovis Hugues, the wife of a Corsican deputy, in a very outrageous way by open post cards.

He was tried and got a very inadequate sentence in the way of a fine. The lady was so indignant that she shot him in the "Couloir" of the court, in the head, and the bullet lodged in the brain. There was no hope of saving his life, but to ease his agony the surgeon trepanned him. He died about three days later, and the lady received a very light sentence.

I also attended the lectures on French literature, by Professor Caro, who was taken as one of the characters in the play *Le monde où l'on s'ennuie*. He was a handsome man, very *soigné* in his appearance, and all the ladies of fashion used to flock to hear him lecture.

I used to attend the Salpêtrière, an enormous hospital for hysterical cases. Monsieur Charcot was at the zenith of his fame and a very remarkable man he was.

I there saw the most amazing effects of hypnotism. Hysterical tumours passed from the stomach of one patient down the whole length of a ward, subsiding in one patient and appearing in the next by suggestion.

The power of mind over matter was very remarkable.

There was a hard-working laundress who about every

six weeks used to come to be hypnotised. She used to be panic-stricken, did not dare cross a street, was terrified of her own children, etc. After being hypnotised she went away to renew her work, a perfectly normal being. After a further period of some six weeks, the symptoms reappeared and she used to rush back to the Salpêtrière.

There was an interesting case of a girl, the only child of a well-known French duke who developed all the symptoms of consumption, violent coughing and spitting of blood. All the specialists in Paris were called in, but not one could trace any signs of tuberculosis.

In despair the parents finally called in a young doctor, who evidently suspected that it was a mental case and he asked the parents whether he might make a small observation hole in the wall of the girl's bedroom. The parents, naturally, did not like the suggestion, but in despair at her condition, finally consented. At 7 a.m., the young doctor used to watch. He saw the girl get out of bed, take a hairpin, straighten it, and scratch down her throat. This naturally set up great irritation, with consequent fits of coughing and expectoration of blood.

The explanation was that the girl was so plain and unattractive that she preferred the fussing of the parents and attentions of the doctors to nothing.

She was sent to a private room at the Salpêtrière and was hypnotised every second day. It was one of the most obstinate cases of my experience, and I left Paris before she was cured, but I heard from some of my colleagues that she was finally cured. She ultimately married, had children and has been perfectly normal ever since.

Little was known in this country, at that time, of the power and effect of hypnotism, but I am informed that

many cases of shell shock and its results since the War have been cured by this means. I knew a Catholic priest in Paris who had the power of relieving pain arising from toothache, neuralgia, and such minor ailments. He used to spend his spare time in going among the poor, relieving them of their ills and come home pouring with perspiration, with his arm much swollen as he could not of course get rid of the pain, by putting it into someone else.

My parents were sensible and liberal-minded and did not oppose my inclination, but many relations were horrified at the thought of my becoming a surgeon, and, alas, I was weak and abandoned the ideal! But I believe it was the career for which I had a real natural bent.

People were very kind to me in Paris, and particularly a Madame Kahn, a Russian by birth, who had a fine house at the Parc Monceau.

There I used to meet all the interesting men of the day: Guy de Maupassant, Bonnat the painter, Paul Bourget, Guizot, the son of the great Guizot, etc.

On Sundays I used to lunch with Monsieur Cernuschi, who had a very fine house looking over the Parc Monceau, containing a wonderful collection of Japanese and Chinese bronzes which he left to the Nation. There I used to meet the Ministers of the day, the Préfet de Police, and other prominent men.

On Sunday mornings I used to go to the Turkish bath near the Opera. One morning, sitting in the cooling chamber, I found myself next to a slim man who asked me if I was going that afternoon to Longchamps to see the Grand Prix. I replied that I knew nothing about racing, so never went. He then told me that he was

riding in the race. I asked him if he thought he had a chance of winning; he said none, but he thought he would be second. He was riding a horse called the Lambkin. After he had gone to dress I asked the bath attendant who he was, and he told me—Fred Archer!

Knowing his skill and his high reputation as a jockey, I thought I would go to see the race. There was no *pari-mutuel* in those days, so I went to a bookmaker on the course and asked him what odds he would lay against the Lambkin coming in second. He laid me long odds. I made a bet of ten francs, a good deal for me in those days. The Lambkin came in second and I won a goodly sum as the result of Fred Archer's tip.

When I returned home, having abandoned all hope of a surgical career, it was decided that I should try for the Diplomatic Service, and I went to Scoones, the F.O. crammer, in Garrick Street. There I made many friends for life.

I went up for the Civil Service Examination, qualified, but was not high enough to get appointment. The present Lord Tyrrell was one of my fellow candidates, but did not qualify.

Mr. Scoones advised my parents to send me to Oxford for a year. I tried to get into Magdalen or Brasenose Colleges, but there was no vacancy, and I had my name down for no college. I then tried for Merton College, where my grandfather, Edward Villiers, had been, and there I was successful, provided I passed the Matriculation and Responsions examinations.

I was up against a real task, as I had dropped all Greek since I was fourteen. We had to take two plays, the *Alcestis* and *Hecuba* of Euripides, and I worked so hard at them with translations that I managed to pass both

examinations. I went through the *Alcestis* one hundred and three times and the *Hecuba* eighty-seven.

It was a real *tour de force*, as if they had not printed "Alc" or "Hec" and the number of the line on the examination paper I do not think I should have known from which play the lines came. I was terrified of translating beyond the piece set in the paper, and probably ended my translation a few words short.

I told the Dons that I could only stay one year and that it was useless my going on with the ordinary curriculum and examinations, and that I wanted to go in for the honour history schools at the end of my year, not, of course, if successful, counting it as a degree. I was backed by my warden, Mr. Brodrick, a man of the world, who was always extremely kind to me.

I had a very happy year at Oxford, and made many friends. Oxford in my days was much more monastic than now, and this struck me very forcibly after the freedom of foreign universities. We were not allowed to go to London without leave.

On one occasion I went to London to see my parents, and a pea soup fog came on. It was so thick that, although I tried my hardest to reach Paddington from Bryanston Square, I failed and was very nearly sent down, although my father wrote to the authorities and stated that I had been with them. One could not see a lamp, even when directly underneath it, and could not see one's hand held at arm's length before one's face. We luckily are now spared fogs such as these, due to better smoke control and diminishing coal consumption.

On leaving Oxford I went up again for the Diplomatic Examination, but again failed to be high enough to obtain an appointment. I got a remarkable percentage of

marks for Spanish, far more I think than my knowledge of the language justified. I feel this was due to my Spanish teacher impressing on me the importance of being very courteous to the *viva voce* examiner. He happened to be the Spanish Consul, a singularly unkempt looking individual. I kissed his dirty hand both on entering and leaving the room, and I feel certain that this act gained me many marks.

My father then obtained for me a clerkship in Messrs. Brown Shipley, the well-known Anglo-American Banking House, and I remained there for some months for the Virginia and Mississippi and Ohio debt conversions. I was very happy there and very generously treated in every respect, and I still hold that firm in high regard and affection.

After a time I thought it would be wise to go into some other commercial firm to get further experience. I was succeeded at Messrs. Brown Shipley by Mr. E. Grenfell, the present Member of Parliament for the City.

Our old friend, the Hon. Charles Laurence, obtained a place for me in a very go-ahead and successful company called the Trustees and Executors Corporation. A Mr. Leopold Salomons was the leading spirit of the concern. They and their affiliated companies had been so successful that I remember a £1 Founder Share passing hands at the luncheon table for a little over £10,000. This company over-reached themselves when they took over the affairs of Messrs. Murietta, the foreign bankers and issue house, and from that moment began to get into difficulties.

Certain transactions began to take place, which I did not at all like. I told my father and he advised me to resign my post, but I actually learnt more about business

affairs, which have been of use to me, than I did in the highly respectable banking house.

One incident occurred while I was with Messrs. Brown Shipley which I think worth recording. An American died suddenly here, in the train, and a draft on Brown Shipley was found on him. The bank communicated with his relations by telegram and asked their wishes. They replied that they would like the body shipped to America, so it was embalmed. Superstition among sailors about sailing with a corpse on board was so strong that no shipping company would take the body. So we bought a grand piano case and put the coffin into it and shipped it as a piano.

My father's aunt, Lady Buchan, who had been received into the Catholic Church some years previously and was so *dévoté* that she had given the bulk of her small means to the Church, died. She was very intelligent and broad-minded and had a horror of being buried in her husband's vault at Tunbridge Wells. She was a friend of Pope Pius IX and had had a good deal of correspondence with him about cremation, more particularly as regards inhabitants of large towns, and begged His Holiness to give his sanction to her being burnt.

The Pope agreed and wrote a letter to that effect. She bought a little urn for her ashes and paid the fees to the Cremation Society. My father was her residuary legatee, but was unfortunately ill at the time of her death and asked me to make all arrangements for Mass at Farm Street. I went to see the head priest, and when I told him that she was to be cremated he said it was quite impossible to hold any service. I informed him of the Pope's letter, giving his sanction, and even went to her house to get it.

To my amazement the priest was obdurate and repeated that they could hold no Mass for a Catholic who was to be cremated.

I returned to my father, told him the position, and he advised that I should summon all her relatives and ascertain their wishes. They were all Protestants, but felt that to bury their aunt without religious rites would be terrible, so the poor lady was buried in her husband's mausoleum.

Had I been older, with more experience, I would have fought their attitude, and I feel convinced they could not have allowed her to be cremated without religious rites. I still do not understand the Priest's attitude as I thought the Pope was supreme on all such questions.

II

PARIS—A CRUISE IN THE MEDITERRANEAN—THE BOER WAR

IN 1889 I went for some months to the British Embassy in Paris, where my uncle, Lord Lytton, was Ambassador.

I adored my uncle, one of the most brilliant, attractive, and amusing minds that I have ever known, and he was always more than kind to me.

It was at his table that I met some of the most interesting people of my life. Monsieur Renan, the great philosopher and writer, was a frequent guest.

My uncle also cultivated the leading actors and actresses of the Théâtre Français and other theatres, and Mlle Bartet, Mlle Brandès, and Rose Caron constantly came to lunch. This caused rather a sensation in Paris, as Society had never admitted these *artistes* into their midst.

I also went with him once or twice to the studio of Monsieur Rodin, the sculptor, who was just springing into fame. The cultivation of these people was so unusual, for the stereotyped British Ambassador, that people used to say that Lytton ought to have been French Ambassador in London and Monsieur Waddington the British Ambassador in Paris. Lord Lytton was dining with my parents the day after the announcement of his appointment to the Paris Embassy and he was vastly amused at a leading article in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, a strong Liberal organ in those days, which began:

“We have heard that Caligula made his horse a Consul: would that our Caligula had appointed half such a harmless animal to be our representative in Paris.”

Michael Herbert, afterwards Ambassador in Washington, Maurice de Bunsen, later Ambassador at Vienna, and my great friend, Reggie Lister, were in the Chancery.

It was in 1889 that Madame Melba came to make her début in Paris at the Opera. Lady Loch, Lady Lytton's twin sister, the wife of the then Governor of Victoria, had collected money at Melbourne to assist Mrs. Armstrong (Melba), who was unhappily married, to go to Europe to have her beautiful voice trained in Brussels. She arrived in Paris to sing in *Lucia*, and came to tea at the Embassy the afternoon of the first performance.

President Carnot had sent the presidential box to my uncle. We all went, the house was packed to hear the great *prima donna*.

Hardly had the opera begun before the principal tenor broke down, whether from nervousness or not I cannot say. He came in front of the stage and conveyed, by gesticulation, that his voice had gone. The curtain went down and everyone was aghast at the fiasco.

Melba, however, knew that a fellow artist who had sung the leading part with her at Brussels was in the stalls and told the “Administration.” They sent a man round into the theatre to ask this gentleman, if he would come and help Melba by singing the part.

Unfortunately this official mistook the man and tapped a rich and rotund banker, who had dined well before coming to hear the famous *prima donna*, and asked him if he would come and sing the part and help her out. The banker protested that he had never sung a note in

his life, and finally the right man was found. He was small, whereas the tenor who had collapsed was tall, and I remember the long black leather boots had to be rolled down on the little man's legs. However, he sang well, and at the end of the opera Melba and he received a tremendous ovation.

Even the orchestra rose and beat on the backs of their violins to show their appreciation.

The little tenor had his reward, as he sang the part with Melba on three occasions, and that gave him the privilege of becoming a permanent member of the corps of artists at the Paris Opera.

A few days later Albert Edward Prince of Wales came to lunch at the Embassy, and I was presented to him; upon which he said to my aunt: "Is not this the son of the woman who wants to do away with us all?"

This entirely false suggestion arose, I believe, because my mother had gracefully declined an offer to become a Maid of Honour to Queen Victoria. She was at that time working hard at South Kensington at water-colour drawings, for which finally she was awarded the National Medal.

My uncle died in 1891, and the French Government gave him an imposing military funeral, escorting the body to the Gare St. Lazare, on its return to England to be buried at Knebworth.

In 1891 I was invited by Mr. Pulitzer, the owner of the *New York World*, to go on a yachting cruise to the Mediterranean for four months. He had hired a fine steam yacht of 703 tons, called the *Semiramis*, from Mr. Lysaght, the iron founder.

My younger brother and I sailed on her alone, from Cowes, towards the end of January. The first night, off

Ushant, we ran into a heavy gale and the propeller struck something, probably wreckage, and broke two blades off the four-bladed propeller, and the steering-gear was also damaged. The vibration in consequence was very disturbing, as one could hardly keep a glass on the table, but running before the gale, with square sails set, we reached Gibraltar in three days, twenty-one hours.

We telegraphed to Messrs. Ramage and Ferguson, the builders, to send out a new propeller to Marseilles, as in those days there was no dry dock at Gibraltar. We lay there two or three days, as Lloyd's agent refused to allow us to proceed. After much arguing he finally gave us permission to proceed to Marseilles at half-speed.

We sailed on a lovely calm evening, but after about twelve hours we came into a terrific gale, and nothing can be worse than the Gulf of Lyons. The seas smashed the deck-house and we were flooded with water in the cabins. I thought we were going to the bottom. We saw a large American yacht go on the rocks at Majorca, but we were quite unable to render any assistance. On arrival at Marseilles we were informed that the yacht would take two weeks to repair, so we left for Monte Carlo. After a few days there, my brother had to return to England to join his regiment, the Grenadier Guards, and I went to Paris.

After three weeks a party of men joined the yacht at Marseilles and started on a cruise of about 10,000 miles in the Mediterranean, visiting the towns on the East Coast of Spain, the coast of Algiers and Tunis, Venice, the Dalmatian coast, Sicily, Athens, the Greek Islands, Constantinople, and Smyrna. We lay off Pompeii for many days and I spent all the time visiting

that most interesting place and the excavations, which were being actively pursued.

At Palermo, the situation of which is very beautiful, I came across my old friend in Paris, Paul Bourget, the novelist, who was there on his honeymoon. His wife was young, charming, and very pretty. They invited me to go with them to the Opera to see the first performance of Mascagni's *Cavalleria Rusticana*, which was received with great enthusiasm.

I wrote to my uncle, Lytton, in Paris giving him my news and received the following letter in reply. He was a charming letter writer, intensely kind to me, and I was devoted to him.

"Paris,
21 March, 1891.

My Dear Lul,

I am not quite sure how, when, or where this letter will reach you, for you seem to be just now as restless as Ulysses in your wanderings amongst 'men and cities.' But I will not delay my thanks for your interesting letter of the 16th. If you have a moment to spare, pray tell me more of your day with Bourget. I have for many weeks been owing him a letter. But I am like Hastings in Rome's *Tragedy of Jane Shore* (he says, 'after the manner of Master William Shakespeare') who exclaims, on his way to execution—'I have business that would become an ass, and not a minute's time to do it in.'

Perhaps you may have heard from your mother that I am in sore trouble, and a deep sea of hot water at Knebworth, owing to a series of complications caused by the necessity of dismissing (for

gross misconduct) the resident steward, who has had the whole management of the Estate in his hands for the last ten years. The monster is a cannie and combative Scot, as biblical and bellicose as one of Cromwell's Ironsides. Unluckily he tenants one of my farms—a large one—and on the ground that his means of farming, etc., are injured by his dismissal from the stewardship, he claims what he calls 'compensation' to the tune of several thousands of pounds. According to Counsel's opinion, which I have taken, he has no case—but you know the blessed uncertainties of the English law—and if the case goes to a Jury, a landlord is little likely to get justice from them in any dispute with a farmer. But enough of this. I have just returned from London, whither I had to go about other business, and where I have been staying with your dear father and mother—the most perfect of hosts and hostesses.

My visit would have been—owing to their kindness and hospitality a very pleasant one, if the cause of it had been less disagreeable. I am glad you like what you have seen of Madame Bourget—I think her very charming—and indeed I have a great liking for them both. Pray remember me to Mr. Pulitzer. He interests me greatly, and sympathetically—and I earnestly hope your relations with him may soon be placed on a definite and permanent footing. I go to Grasse early in April in attendance on the Queen—then for a short visit of two or three days to the Monacos and back to Paris. It would be very pleasant if we could meet somewhere on the shores of the Mediterranean, but I suppose there is no chance of that?

Good-bye, my dear fellow—ever your most affectionate uncle,

LYTTON."

At Constantinople I took the launch one Friday to the "Sweet Waters." There, after the *Selamlık*, the ladies of the harem used to be rowed in *caïques*, guarded by the eunuchs. They, of course, wore veils (*Yashmaks*), but these were so diaphanous that one could see the face and eyes quite clearly.

As we passed one of the *caïques*, in which there were two very pretty Circassians, they threw roses at me into the launch. This so intrigued me, that I began asking everyone who the ladies were. I was informed that they were two of the wives of Said Pasha, the then Minister of Foreign Affairs.

A few days after, I was invited to lunch at the French Embassy with the Montebellos, and Said Pasha was present. After lunch the ladies left the dining-room, and I found myself next the Pasha. I told him how much I had admired the two ladies at the Sweet Waters.

Everyone was aghast, as I believe it was contrary to custom to ever refer to ladies of the harem. Said Pasha, however, was a man of the world and evidently was not offended. That evening I received on the yacht photographs of the two beauties, with a graceful little note from Said, and I have these photographs to this day.

Mr. Pulitzer, whose health and nerves were very bad from overwork, having amassed a large fortune in the newspaper world, suffered terribly from insomnia and very often in the night ordered the Captain to put to sea before we had visited the town, which was somewhat trying.

There was a very amusing American on board, Charlie

Fearing by name, who had a great reputation for saying funny things. He used to ask Pulitzer how he had slept, and the answer invariably was that he had hardly closed his eyes. Pulitzer then asked Charlie Fearing what sort of a night he had had and the reply was: "Terrible! insomnia struck me at half-past nine this morning." I asked him one day about Pulitzer's origin, and he told me he was a Hungarian Jew, born of Scotch parents, at Syracuse.

In 1896 my mother wrote her first book, *Potpourri from a Surrey Garden*. My father offered her £100 not to publish it, as there were a few innocent stories in it about the three sons, which he thought might possibly injure their careers. We therefore held a *conseil de famille* and recommended the excision of one or two minor incidents.

The book appeared in June, 1897, and went rapidly through twenty-eight editions.

On the day the first copy reached our home in Surrey my father read the whole book and was enthusiastic about it.

He then went for a bicycle ride with my eldest brother and, going down a hill four or five miles from home, he lost touch of his pedals, crashed on his head and died, within a few seconds, of concussion.

I was away from home staying with a cousin in the New Forest when I received a telegram announcing this heart-breaking news. I caught the first train I could and got out at Weybridge and bicycled from there, about five miles, arriving home about 11.30 p.m.

In 1899 came the Boer War and my brother Sydney, a captain in the Coldstream Guards, who had passed brilliantly out of the Staff College and held a staff appoint-

ment at the War Office, was sent out to DeAar where the British forces were assembling. When Lord Methuen came out in command of the Guards Brigade, my brother was put into a mounted Infantry Regiment. He was a tall and heavily built man and totally unsuited for Mounted Infantry on a small Boer pony. At the battle of the Modder he was shot through the head, at a range of over two thousand yards, killing him.

My younger brother, who was in the same action with the Grenadiers, saw a riderless pony galloping in front of the line, and recognising it, feared the worst.

He himself was stricken with malarial fever, which he had originally contracted in the Matabele War, and was carried to the Guards' hospital, desperately ill, where he found himself next to a cousin, Sir Henry Earle, of the Yorkshire Light Infantry, who had been wounded, and, although not a Guards officer, was an old campaigner and knew a thing or two. When picked up he said to the stretcher-bearers: "Take me to the Guards' hospital."

My younger brother was desperately ill and I think his life was saved by Lady Edward Cecil,¹ who took him into Mr. Rhodes' house at Groote Schuur, where he had unlimited supplies of milk.

I received a telegram from the War Office, reporting my eldest brother's death, and went down to Cobham to break the sad news to my mother.

I shall never forget, and shall ever be grateful for the tenderness and solicitude of Lady Helen Vincent,² who lived about three miles away at Esher, and who came at once and spent many hours with us, and her tender sympathy did greatly help us, in that hour of trial. I

¹ Afterwards Viscountess Milner.

² Now Viscountess d'Abernon.

was indignant at the stupidity and waste of life of a man who had been trained, at the State's and his own expense, for staff work and then when war came, being used in a capacity for which he was unsuited.

Exactly the same story happened in the Great War, where my younger brother, who had equally been through the Staff College, passing out with distinction and holding a staff appointment at the War Office for some years before the outbreak of war, was sent out in command of a splendid battalion of Grenadiers, instead of being used in the capacity for which he had been trained, and men appointed to staff duties with little or no experience of staff work.

I wanted to make a protest about the muddle as regards my eldest brother, but was begged in the highest quarters not to do so, therefore I refrained. I believe that an order has now been made that in future only officers trained in staff work shall fill staff appointments.

III

THE 1900 EXHIBITION

IN 1897 a Royal Commission was appointed in connection with the great Exhibition of 1900 in Paris, and Colonel Jekyll was appointed Secretary. He was a very distinguished and cultivated engineer officer, who had been employed in reporting on and re-organising the defences of Gibraltar, Singapore and other places in the East.

He had been Secretary also to Lord Carnarvon when Viceroy in Ireland.

He and his charming wife were friends of my parents, and it was to him that I owe everything in life as regards my future career. He invited me to go and help him as Assistant Secretary to the Royal Commission and I was duly appointed by the Foreign Office. I look back with pleasure and gratitude to the four years that we were close companions, and I learnt more from him than from anyone else in life.

In 1900 the Secretariat and technical staff had to move to Paris and I hired a very charming apartment at the corner of the Rue Picot and the Avenue du Bois, which belonged to an American lady.

The work was very heavy both before and after the opening and I rarely got home before 8 p.m.

It was the first opportunity that I had ever had of entertaining people, who had been hospitable and kind to me.

I gave a dinner one night to the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire, as he was Chairman of one of the Committees of the Royal Commission, Lord Revelstoke and Madame Melba, and a few others, and after dinner she sang many of her songs from *Bohème*, which had just appeared and had taken Paris by storm.

During August Colonel Jekyll went to Switzerland for a short holiday with his family and during his absence a letter came from Monsieur Delcassé, Minister of Foreign Affairs, informing us that the French Government intended to confer the Legion of Honour on Colonel Jekyll, Mr. Spearman (our local representative), and myself.

This I referred to the Foreign Office, as British officials are not allowed to accept foreign decorations without the consent of the Sovereign.

Lord Salisbury, who was Foreign Secretary, was completely indifferent to honours, and merely submitted the matter to Queen Victoria without any recommendation, either in favour or against. The Queen was at that time indignant at the gross and vile caricatures, on account of the South African War, in *Le Rire*, a scurrilous rag, and flatly refused to allow these honours to be accepted.

I had to go and explain the situation to Monsieur Delcassé and a very unpleasant quarter of an hour I had.

I told him that the non-acceptance of foreign orders dated from the time of Queen Elizabeth, who said she would not allow her dogs to wear any collars but her own.

He then opened a drawer in his table at the Foreign Office and produced a gazette where one or two British subjects had been recently allowed to accept Belgian decorations, and I was completely at a loss as regards any further explanations. I think the wise policy would have been to have said "accept them, so as not to give

offence, but no permission will be given to wear them." At the end of our work Colonel Jekyll was given a K.C.M.G., and Mr. Spearman and I, C.M.G.s.

About a year after the Exhibition had closed I received a gift from the French Government of a vase in white Sèvres designed by Monsieur Carrier-Belleuse, a well-known artist, which Mr. Sargent admired greatly.

Jack Carter, who was Secretary to the American Embassy in London, and his wife, both very great friends of mine, came to stay with me at my flat. He went out one day with a Spanish cousin for a long motor drive. Eight o'clock came and his wife and I could not imagine what had caused him to be so late. At 8.15 he appeared, white as a sheet and evidently in considerable pain. As they were both ardent Christian Scientists, I did not like to ask any questions, and he and his wife went to their room.

A few minutes later she returned and told me that he had had a very bad motor accident, the car having turned over a high bank, and that Jack's arm had been very severely cut. A doctor had put in some eight or ten stitches.

The next day he showed me the wound which was severe. Within three days there was hardly a trace, and this was a good example of the triumph of mind over matter. They never had a doctor to attend them when ill, and I believe, in her two confinements, she equally had no doctor.

I remember once taking in to dinner at the American Embassy in London the daughter of the Ambassador, an ardent Christian Scientist, who had been confined that morning, but I am bound to relate that she looked very ill.

I went on a Sunday afternoon with the Duke and

Duchess of Devonshire to Longchamps; I knew nothing about racing and never bet.

The Duchess scanned the programme and told me to put a hundred francs for her on some horse she had selected. I fear I rather dallied, partly because I had been led to believe by experience, that ladies were a little hazy about repaying a debt, and partly because I had no conviction that it would win. I was in consequence too late to make the bet at the *pari mutuel*. When I returned to the grand stand, to my horror I saw the outsider romping home a winner. I had to confess that I had been too late to make the bet, upon which the Duchess said: "You stupid man, you never do anything."

However, she bore me no malice and very kindly invited me to spend Christmas at Chatsworth and shoot.

I had been staying at Knowsley with our Stanley relations and travelled down from Liverpool the day before Christmas Day to Derbyshire. There had been a heavy fall of snow and the Christmas traffic was very heavy. When I arrived at Rowsley station, to my dismay there was no sign of my luggage or guns. I asked the station master to telegraph along the line and hoped for the best, but they actually did not arrive until the next day.

On reaching the house I found a large party, and told the Duchess of my misfortune.

About an hour before dinner her daughter, Lady Gosford, came and told me that, as I had no evening clothes, the Duchess had ordered dinner for me in the housekeeper's room. I was indignant and had I been able to get away, which was impossible, I should have left.

But I had my reward. Lady Helen Vincent, who was

in my opinion one of the loveliest, if not the loveliest, lady of my time, was coming down from her sister's at Netherby to joint the Chatsworth party. She had to alight at Chesterfield, about ten miles from Chatsworth, and had taken the precaution to order a "fly."

A young blood was arriving at Chesterfield from London and had not ordered any conveyance, and with Christmas Eve and deep snow there were no other vehicles at the station. On arrival at Chesterfield, he hailed the fly, but the driver told him he was engaged. "Who by?" said the young man. "Lady Helen Vincent," replied the driver. "Oh," said the young man, "I know she is not coming, so you can drive me," and off they went.

Poor Lady Helen, who arrived at Chesterfield station a few minutes later, found no conveyance and had to wait a considerable time before one could be obtained. This made her arrival so late at Chatsworth that she had no time to change her clothes for dinner, so we had the most excellent meal together in the housekeeper's room!

Lord Spencer, who was Chairman of the Agricultural Committee of the Royal Commission for the Paris Exhibition, to which Committee I acted as Secretary, was also very kind to me and invited me to stay at Althorp.

On arrival Lady Spencer, whom I had never met before, very *grande dame* and handsome, was presiding at the tea table in the great hall, and as I came forward to be announced by the butler, a small rug shifted under my feet and I fell into her lap. I was aghast, but she was quite charming over this contretemps.

Lord Spencer, the Red Earl as he was called, was the greatest gentleman and one of the most charming men

that I have ever known. The house was noble with wonderful pictures and fine plate.

I remember being greatly impressed by the four large silver wine coolers standing on the floor, capable of holding some twelve to twenty bottles each, bearing the arms of the Holy Roman Empire, which I think originally belonged to the great Duke of Marlborough and which, I believe, accompanied him on his campaigns.

IV

IRELAND

IN the autumn of 1902 I went with the Dudleys to Ireland. He had been appointed Viceroy. We travelled in a special train which ran from Euston to Holyhead without a stop, a run which, I think, had never been attempted before.

I went to assist H.E. with the Wyndham Land Bill, George Wyndham being Chief Secretary for Ireland.

I look back to my year in that country with the most generous, kind, and lovable couple that I have ever known as one of the happiest years of my life.

Eddie Dudley spared no expense to make his reign a success and patronised every sport, racing, yacht racing, hunting, and golf. They entertained lavishly, and the balls, receptions, and concerts at the Castle were conducted on a princely scale.

He brought his best champagne and wines from Witley, his place in Worcestershire, and the Irish soon got to know this and came in flocks to the parties. I remember on one or two occasions ladies partaking too freely being carried out of the Castle.

One night a servant came to tell me that a telegram in cipher had come, and I went to my study to decipher it, and there I found a lady guest in the last stages of intoxication on the floor, and I had to ring for the footman to carry her out.

Eddie Dudley used to think that it was due to his popularity that the balls and parties were so well attended.

He was certainly popular, and no one who knew him could help loving him, but I told him that the good attendance was in a great measure due to the Dublin community having realised the excellent quality of his wines.

The Dublin season lasted about six weeks in the early part of the year, and we all moved to the Castle from the Viceregal Lodge.

In the summer H.E. hired the King-Harman place, Rockingham, near Boyle, in Roscommon. This was a charming estate with a lovely series of lakes, and I enjoyed every minute of my time there, as there was a far freer atmosphere than at the Castle or Viceregal Lodge.

H.R.H. The Duke of Connaught was Commander-in-Chief at Dublin at that time, and the Duchess, a daughter of the Red Prince, who had greatly distinguished himself in the 1870 War, was a very remarkable and lovable character. The two daughters, Princess Margaret and Princess Patricia, came to stay for some weeks at Rockingham, and very charming they were. The Duke, ever kind and gracious, was the member of the Royal Family, who later, when I was Secretary to H.M. Office of Works, took the keenest interest in our efforts in the parks.

He used every year in the spring, on his return from abroad, drive or walk with me round the central parks, making useful suggestions, as his knowledge of trees is great, and in the autumn before he went to winter abroad he used to make a second tour. I shall ever be grateful for his kindly help and sympathy.

Motors were still in their infancy, but Eddie Dudley had two Panhards and I, a Gobron Brillé. We used to motor all over Ireland, even to the most remote parts,

such as Achill Island, Connemara and Donegal. On several occasions when motoring we happened to hit a fowl, as they used to stray all over the roads. H.E. invariable stopped the car and sent an A.D.C. to the cottage to offer ten shillings as compensation, but the owners would never touch a farthing of the money offered, nor would they even pick up the fowl, which would have been perfectly good for the table. We were always followed by police in another car.

In the late autumn of 1902 Lady Dudley had a sudden attack of appendicitis. Sir Frederick Treves was telegraphed to come over from London, but the symptoms were so acute that an operation had to take place that night.

The operation was done by a Mr. Ball,¹ a brilliant surgeon, and a brother of the well-known astronomer. Treves arrived early in the morning and was well satisfied with the way the operation had been carried out. Mr. Ball remained at the Viceregal Lodge for ten days to watch over his patient.

The total fees in connection with this "contretemps" to Her Excellency amounted to £1,700.

Treve's fee for coming over was 500 guineas and Mr. Ball's for giving up ten days of his ordinary practice, £750. Neither of these were, I think, excessive, considering the reputation and practice of the individuals, but when the Court doctor charged 100 guineas for merely holding Lady Dudley's hand while going off under the anæsthetic I did consider it excessive, but H.E. would not dispute any of the claims.

I used, on Sunday mornings, to breakfast constantly with Sir Charles Ball at the Dublin Zoo and spend some

¹ Later Sir Charles Ball.

hours with him, at Glasnevin, with Mr. Moore, one of the great botanists of my lifetime.

In January, 1903, when Lady Dudley was convalescent, we all three went to Biarritz so that she might recuperate before the strenuous Dublin season entertainments.

We had three weeks of lovely weather at the Palais Hotel, where we stayed, but the place generally was very empty.

I drove one day with her to the little Guards' cemetery outside Bayonne, and she wrote a charming little description for the Brigade magazine.

While there I was telling them some of my experiences at the Salpêtrière and they implored me to try and get permission to visit the hospital. I told them that this would be very difficult, if not impossible, as visitors were never allowed. However, I tried and permission was granted and 11.30 a.m. fixed for a certain day.

Two days before we left Biarritz the Casino opened and Eddie Dudley lost a few hundred francs.

We arrived at the Ritz Hotel in Paris and our visit to the Salpêtrière was fixed for 11.30 a.m. the next day.

A carriage and pair was ordered and arrived at eleven o'clock to take us. Lady Dudley was ready, but there was no sign of H.E., and I was in despair. Finally at 11.15 I went to his room and found him asleep in bed. He had sat up very late the night before at the "Cercle Royal," successfully getting back, with interest, the few hundred francs that he had lost at Biarritz.

I was furious. He got up and dressed, but we arrived three-quarters of an hour late and when we came into the great theatre where all the students were assembled for the lecture and demonstrations, we arrived at an unfortunate moment.

One of the hysterical women, who are kept there for demonstration purposes, had just passed into the phase of epilepsy which is a very distressing sight, and Lady Dudley, still not over-strong, promptly fainted and had to be taken away. A few moments after, the subject had passed into the *phase d'Extase*, a Joan of Arc attitude, anything but distressing. The whole visit was a dismal fiasco.

After we returned to Ireland, H.E. had a golf fortnight and invited all the crack professionals to come and stay at the Viceregal Lodge. He even had Massey over from Biarritz, paying, of course, all their expenses, and the matches were very exciting.

In the spring of 1903 I was worried by the noise of rats behind the panelling of my room and I wrote to the Irish Board of Works, asking them if they could deal with this annoyance. They sent a professional rat-catcher, who fed the rats for three or four days, and then mixed some virulent poison with the food on the fifth day. This creates a violent thirst in the rodents, who bolt from the house to the nearest water. There was a lake in the Viceregal grounds, and there many were found dead by the water-side. The campaign was pre-eminently successful, but at a later date resulted in a very unfortunate episode. Consuelo, Duchess of Manchester, was staying at the Viceregal Lodge at the time.

Some weeks later we heard that King Edward and Queen Alexandra intended to pay an official visit to Ireland at the end of July. A few days before the King and Queen arrived I was playing golf at Dollymount with H.E. when he missed an iron shot. He moved to the left front to practise a similar shot, and this I had not noticed.

I took my brassie, hit the ball hard, but unfortunately pulled it, and to my horror saw it going straight for Eddie Dudley. I shouted, but it was too late and the ball struck him on the jaw and knocked him over. I was, of course, very distressed, but he behaved splendidly and said it was his own fault. The head began to swell in an alarming manner and within an hour it looked like a giant's head in pantomime. I took him back to the Castle to which we had moved, to free the Viceregal Lodge for Their Majesties, and sent for the doctors. They packed his head with ice, but even after three days the head was still a caricature of its normal size and shape.

On the fourth day he was fairly presentable and we went to Kingstown to receive the King and Queen on arrival.

Their Majesties had a tremendous reception and I have rarely seen such an outburst of enthusiasm. At the end of a very strenuous day, receiving deputations and loyal addresses, they went out to the Viceregal Lodge, arriving about six o'clock.

The first to greet His Majesty was his favourite dog and they went for a walk in the grounds. The terrier smelt something, turned it up, licked it and promptly died.

The King was naturally greatly distressed and ultimately erected an obelisk in the grounds in memory of his faithful friend.

After going round the whole of Ireland on the Royal yacht, Their Majesties finally bade farewell to that country at Cork and sailed for Cowes.

The first evening on arrival the King went to dine with Consuelo Manchester, a very amusing person, and poured out the whole story of the tragedy.

"Oh," she said, "that was my friend Lionel Earle, who, like Bishop Hatto, was being eaten out of house and home by rats." Although I was completely innocent as regards the tragedy I do not think His Majesty ever forgave me.

Early in 1903, after the Dublin season, we went to Belfast and remained a fortnight, Lord Shaftesbury having kindly lent Belfast Castle as a residence, and the days were spent in endless functions both by day and in the evening.

On our return to the Viceregal Lodge, H.E. signed the release of the murderers of the Joyce family at Maamtrasna. A few days later we were in that neighbourhood and the population turned out to see the Lord-Lieutenant, and among the people were the wives of the men in jail for the murders. They came round the car and went on their knees and begged H.E. for the release of their husbands. He was able to tell them that a few days previously he had signed an order for their release.

These poor women were overcome with gratitude, but I wondered what the men's feelings would be on seeing these wizened, toothless, old hags after their twenty years of confinement.

On the 12th August I went with some of the A.D.C.s to shoot the moors, near Rockingham, but on driving through Boyle about 10 a.m. I noticed that the poulterers' shop windows were hung with grouse from top to bottom. I said to Cyril and Gerry Ward: "I bet you those are the Lord-Lieutenant's grouse," and sure enough they were, as we tramped all day over the moors, the hardest walking I have ever experienced, due to the peat hags, and I think our total bag was about six brace!

Whenever the Lord-Lieutenant went about Ireland, we went to call on the parish priest, and even in the most out-of-the-way and poorest districts a bottle of wine was always produced, champagne often, even at 11 a.m.

I had to go to London fairly often to attend a committee and generally drove myself by car the whole way, 264 miles, which used to take me about twelve hours. One day while walking along Pall Mall I met Harry Cust, who hailed me and said how glad he was to see me again. He invited me to lunch at his house the following day in Delahay Street, now long demolished to make room for the new public buildings in Whitehall.

At 1.30 I arrived at the house and the butler opened the door and looked at me blankly. I told him that Mr. Cust had invited me to lunch. He replied that Mr. Cust had gone off to play golf. I then asked if Mrs. Cust was in, and he told me that she had gone out to lunch.

That evening I received a letter from Harry Cust of profuse apology at his lack of memory and beginning: "I devour dung and quaff the sewer, — am 'minished and brought low." I turned over the corner of the letter and wrote: "My dear Harry. Your menu does not sound attractive; thank God you were out!" and posted it back to him.

I finished my work in Ireland in August, 1903, having enjoyed my year there enormously. The Irish, to me, are a very attractive people, intelligent, witty, very temperamental, with warm, generous natures. They are the race who, after the French, have the greatest wit, and nothing appeals to me more than real wit. In many ways they are like children.

In the far west, at a tiny railway station badly lit, with no name on the platform or lamps, when the train arrived,

an excited porter ran up and down the platform shouting: "Anyone there for here."

There was an amusing story of Father Healy, the great wit, at a Viceregal garden party, when approached by a somewhat vulgar and pushing lady who did not even know him, said: "Oh! Father Healy do say something funny." In a flash he replied: "I am very pleased to meet you, Mrs. . . . Now that's funny, isn't it!"

I wrote a report on lunacy in Ireland, a country which I think had a higher percentage than any other European country due to two causes.

1. The emigration (wild geese) from Ireland in the past, as a result of persecution and destitution, taking the strong and leaving the weak and sickly.
2. Excessive tea drinking of a very harmful kind. The peasants used to stew their tea in a cauldron or kettle, never clearing out the old tea leaves, and occasionally adding fresh ones, so that the brew became a really poisonous concoction.

In the winter when at the castle I used to steal down into the town to the Abbey Theatre to see the plays written by brilliant writers—Yeats, Lady Gregory, Russell (A. E.), etc.—and admirably acted.

Lady Dudley was very interested in hearing about these plays, but, of course, could not attend them as wife of the Lord-Lieutenant.

She was very anxious to meet Mr. Yeats, whose poems she loved, and I approached him to that end, but he flatly refused to go near the castle, though he was more than willing to meet her in my flat in London. Apropos of this I must relate a tale of which I am somewhat ashamed, but is, I think, rather amusing.

Mr. Alfred Austin, the Poet Laureate, who had been a leader writer to the *Standard* and a staunch supporter

of the Conservative Party and Lord Salisbury, was a friend of my parents. He lived in Kent and had no house in London, so used often to come and stay in my flat near Sloane Square.

While I was in Ireland I received a letter from him, asking me if I would let him my flat for a few weeks in the London season. I agreed and terms were arranged. Shortly before his occupation I received a letter from him, saying that he had a small request to make, namely that I would not leave a dog in the flat.

Never having, at that time, owned a dog I was able to reassure him, but told him that I equally had a small request to make to him, and it was, that when he vacated my flat he would not leave any poems!

Another story which amused me was that of an American, who died in Ireland, and the authorities telegraphed to his relatives announcing his demise and asking whether they should embalm, cremate, or inter. The reply came and read as follows: "Embalm, cremate, and inter, will run no risks."

I have heard many orators in my lifetime. Gladstone, the Duke of Argyll (the father of Lord Lorne) and Gambetta, but I think the two that impressed me most for sheer oratory were two Americans, Mr. Bryan who stood for the Presidency in the Democratic cause, and Mr. Burke Cochrane, an Irish American, whom I heard speak at Sligo, his native town.

I was lunching one day with Mr. Bryan at the Savoy Hotel, a short time before the presidential election, when he told me that he was all out against the Trusts, which he compared to the American Beauty rose, where they sacrifice the 99 buds to get the one perfect bloom. He turned to me and said: "I am the Attorney for the 99 buds!"

V

A TRIP TO ITALY

ON leaving Ireland in 1903 with many regrets, as both Lord and Lady Dudley had been so kind to me, in fact they could not have been kinder had I been their nearest relative, I went for a delicious and interesting trip in Italy with Lady Essex, Lady Desborough and Evan Charteris. It may be of interest if I record the journey, as described in my notes at the time.

19th Sept., '03—I left London for Paris on Saturday morning, 19th September, slept there the night, lunched in the Bois on Sunday and went to the races at Long-champs with Lady Essex in the afternoon.

20th Sept.—On Sunday night our party, consisting of Lady Essex, Mrs. Grenfell,¹ Evan Charteris² and self, all met at the Gare de l'Est and started on our journey. We travelled via Basle over the Gothard without any incident worth recording, and finally got out at Bellinzona, where we took a local train to Locarno at the northern end of the Lake Maggiore.

21st Sept.—It was a lovely day with bright, warm sun, a welcome change after the months of sunless days and copious rain of Ireland. We bought a few figs and watched a small house on fire up on the hill, while waiting for the arrival of the boat. We took steamer down the lake, touching at various places, and finally disembarked at Pallanza about 8 p.m.

We found the hotel (Eden), situated on the

¹ Now Lady Desborough.

² The Hon. Sir Evan Charteris, K.C.

promontory, very clean and comfortable, and after dining in our sitting-room, we retired early to bed.

22nd Sept.—We spent an idle morning strolling down into the town. After lunch we took a two-oared boat and rowed across to the islands which belong to Count Borromeo of Milan.

The first we visited was the Isola Madre, with a very interesting and lovely garden. We were taken round by a nice, intelligent gardener. A large unoccupied villa stands on the island, surrounded by rare conifers, trees, and plants from all parts of the globe. Bamboos of various species abound, and among the shrubs, which particularly took my fancy, were two species of tea plant, *Abelia rupestris*, *Desmodium Japonicum*, and *Lagerstroemia Indica*.

We left this paradise with much regret and rowed on to the Isola Bella which, although interesting and lovely, did not compare in our opinion with the less frequented Madre. The gardens were more artificial and formal, and I saw nothing of great beauty or interest, beyond some fine specimens of the Japanese lotus, some seeds of which I managed to obtain, but I fear they will never flourish in our cold climate. From the Isola Bella we rowed across the lake to the church of Santa Catarina del Sasso. This is a favourite excursion, as the church is situated on a ledge on the sheer cliff of the mountain, and embedded in the roof is a huge rock which, dislodged from the cliff above, fell upon it in the seventeenth century. The peasants look on this rock, suspended as it were in the air and merely resting on a bit of thin roof, as a miracle, and I am bound to admit that it is very extraordinary, though, I expect can easily be scientifically explained.

On leaving the church we walked down through vineyards to a point where our boat met us, and rowed back to Pallanza.

23rd Sept.—The next morning I was still in bed when I received a visit from Evan Charteris in his dressing-gown, looking very depressed. He informed me that he felt very ill, had a bad sore throat, and that he must send for a doctor. I was seriously alarmed at this news, having visions of diphtheria and other horrors, and feeling that our whole trip might consist of staying at Pallanza to nurse him. I rose in haste and went and communicated the bad news to the other members of our party. To my intense surprise, my harrowing tale was greeted with shouts of laughter from Mrs. Grenfell, who immediately said: "I suppose Evan has sent for a doctor?" On my assuring her that he had, fresh peals of laughter echoed through the room. I thought what inhuman monsters women are. On inquiring into the cause of this hilarity, I was assured that E. C. invariably sent for a doctor on the slightest provocation, but never took the remedies and rarely had the prescriptions made up. Mrs. Grenfell then said that we must waylay the doctor at all costs, tell him that it was imperative that we move on to-day, and that there was nothing the matter with our friend, otherwise if unscrupulous and eager for fees he might keep us here some days. We, however, missed the doctor's arrival and only caught him on his emerging from the patient's room. He proved to be an honest and sensible man, entirely confirmed Mrs. Grenfell's brutal suspicions, said that the uvula was a trifle enlarged, and that he had prescribed chlorate of potash lozenges!

We therefore packed our trunks, took the steamer to

Luino, and from there a delightful little toy train to Ponte Tresa. Here we again took steamer, and went down the whole length of the Lake of Lugano, stopping at Lugano for about twenty-five minutes, where Lady Essex, Mrs. Grenfell, and I went for a walk, Evan Charteris feeling too unwell to join us. Toward evening we disembarked at Porlezza and took another toy train to Menaggio on the Lake of Como, and from thence drove in an antiquated kind of diligence to Cadenabbia, where we arrived after dark about nine at the Hôtel Bellevue.

Our arrival was alarming, as we had to run the gauntlet of crowds of people dressed as for Ascot or Cowes, and after a tea meal, we retired to rest.

24th Sept.—Another glorious day, but feeling that we could not stand the swelldom of the hotel, we held an early council and decided to row across the lake to Bellagio, and there lunch and see for ourselves whether there was not a quieter hotel. In this we were lucky, as we found our way to the top of the hill above Bellagio to the Villa Serbelloni, now a “dépendance” of the Grand Hotel, Bellagio, where we lunched in the garden. It is a lovely demesne situated high, and commanding fine views over the branch of the lake leading to Lecco, up to Menaggio, and down the other branch towards Como. We were so enchanted with the spot, its charming house and lovely large garden with endless walks, that we immediately telegraphed to the servants at Cadenabbia to pay the hotel bill and bring our luggage over by steamer as soon as possible.

25th and 26th Sept.—We remained here for three whole days, basking in brilliant sunshine, visiting some of the neighbouring gardens and making one or two

excursions into the hills. I look back on those three days as the most perfect of all our delightful time. We had intended to move on on the 26th, but could not resist sacrificing one more day of our limited time to this paradise, and it was not till the 27th that we packed our trunks and left with great regrets by steamer for Como.

27th Sept.—I must here mention that we had decided that one member of the party should make all payments, to be adjusted at the end of the trip, and E. C. nobly and unselfishly undertook this onerous and unpleasant task. He thus acquired the name of "The Chancellor," by which he was known to the end of our travels, and probably will be to the day of our deaths.

At Como we sent the servants on direct with the luggage to Milan, as we decided to spend some hours there, before plunging again into town life. The Chancellor had quite recovered his health and spirits, and all was rosy.

We visited the cathedral, a fine building of white marble, but not of great interest, and also the Church of San Fedele, ancient but so modernised in the interior that it is unworthy of special mention. We then went to the Funicular Railway and took train to Brunate, 2,400 feet above the sea, and commanding extensive views over the plains of Lombardy. Unfortunately the atmosphere was hazy, and we could not see Milan and the other towns which can be plainly seen on a clear day. We had coffee and returned by the terrifyingly steep railway to Como, walked to the station, and arrived at Milan about eight-thirty.

We had taken rooms at the Manin Hotel on the advice of a friend of mine, but I cannot recommend it.

It is stuffy and dear and we were worried badly by mosquitoes.

28th Sept.—The next morning, after calling for our letters at Cook's, we drove to the cathedral. I had never been to Milan before, but all my companions had, and I must confess it far exceeded my expectations. No other church perhaps in Europe leaves the same impression of the marvellous on the fancy. I was particularly impressed with the grandeur and simplicity of the interior. The immense space, the light-irradiated air of mystery, the gorgeous colours of the painted glass, contribute to an effect which will be indelibly stamped on my memory. The combination of styles, Lombard and Gothic, are somewhat unfortunate, but the splendour of the pure white marble with its fine tracery and countless statues radiant in the sunlight, and fairy-like at night, is very striking.

The cathedrals of Seville, Burgos, and Chartres, are in some ways more wonderful, but I do not think I have ever been more impressed with the feeling of peace, mystery, and the supernatural by any other building.

At noon we left by train for the Certosa, taking our lunch with us to eat in the train, as we feared the local "Albergo." From the station we drove, with many fat, smelly priests and others, to the Monastery, which I believe is the finest in the world and certainly unique. It was founded in 1396 by Galeazzo Visconti, first Duke of Milan, as an atonement for the murder of his cruel uncle and father-in-law.

The west front, richly decorated, was designed by Borgognone, and, for over four hundred years, the Carthusian monks carried out the task imposed on them

of augmenting the glory of the Madonna to the beauty of the Certosa.

The exterior, to me, was more impressive than the interior. I was much struck by the tomb of Ludovico il Moro and his wife Beatrice d'Este. They are said to be by Solari, and are full of dignity and beauty. The two cloisters, the smaller one the most beautiful with its terra-cotta frieze, and the large one with its arches of moulded brick in Cinquecento style and surrounded on three sides by the dwellings of the monks, are lovely. These little houses are self-contained, consisting of four rooms, with a small garden at the back, a well-covered walk, and a most delightful verandah. One almost envied their lives, their conditions were so attractive.

From the Certosa we drove to the steam tramway, which runs from Milan to Pavia, and reached Pavia by this means. We did not go into the Castello, a fine fifteenth-century building, now used as a barrack, but went direct to S. M. del Carmine, built in the fourteenth century, with its fine campanile, and only interesting from an architectural point of view. From there to San Michele, a church of great antiquity, ornamented with Christian, Pagan, and Scandinavian emblems, and justly described by Ruskin as "representing more of a feverish dream than any determined architectural purpose." From there we drove over the curious covered bridge, over the Ticino, built by Gian Galeazzo.

As we had still an hour to wait before our return train to Milan, and feeling very tired and hungry, we hunted about for a café. We were lucky enough to discover an excellent *pâtissier* called Demetrio, where we had coffee and chocolate and the most delicious cakes of every description. Such a meal there never was. We ate

solidly for half an hour, and our total bill, I think, was only five francs. Mrs. Grenfell in particular did infinite justice to the cakes, sampling a greater variety than I had thought possible for any one being to do.

On arrival at Milan, we dined at a very good restaurant in the Galleria Vittorio Emmanuele and had another look at the exterior of the Duomo by night, and retired to rest.

29th Sept.—We started fairly early for the Castello, a magnificent red brick pile, now used as barracks and containing some superb rooms with splendid ceilings which are undergoing restoration. We next visited the Museo Archeologico, as I was most anxious to see the recumbent statue of Gaston de Foix by Bambaja, which I had known for years from photographs, and had always greatly admired. It certainly is most beautiful, and although much broken, the refined boyish face is perfect. Of this statue Symonds says: "Italian sculpture under the condition of the Cinquecento, had indeed no more congenial theme than this of bravery and beauty, youth and fame, immortal honour and untimely death; nor could any sculptor of death have poetised the theme more thoroughly than Agostino Busti (Bambaja), whose simple instinct, unlike that of Michael Angelo, led him to subordinate his own imagination to the pathos of reality."

Gaston de Foix was killed at the battle of Ravenna in 1512, and a monument is there erected in his memory, as shown by the lines of Byron:

"I canter by the spot each afternoon,
Where perished in his fame, the hero-boy
Who lived too long for men, but died too soon
For human vanity—the young De Foix.

A broken pillar, not uncouthly hewn,
But which neglect is hastening to destroy,
Records Ravenna's carnage on its face,
While weeds and ordure rankle round the base."

After lunch we went to see the famous "Last Supper" of Leonardo da Vinci in the Refectory of Santa Maria delle Grazie. The painting has been so damaged by damp and floods, and has, I believe, been so touched up at different periods, that little remains of Leonardo beyond the composition.

From there we went to the Brera, full of wonderful pictures. We had too little time to study them carefully, particularly the early Lombard frescoes, but the famous Raphael of the Marriage of the Virgin, a beautiful Sodoma, and some lovely Luinis, were those that impressed me most. I thought the gallery remarkably well arranged, and the placing of the Raphael in a room quite by itself a worthy tribute to this masterpiece.

Before leaving for the station we decided to visit the church of Sant' Ambrogio to see the "Paliotto" or altar-piece, one of the most remarkable monuments of the goldsmith's art of the Middle Ages. Even to look on it costs five lire. It was made about the year 835, and was the work of one Wolfinus, a German, who must have spent his life on its construction. The front is of gold, the back and sides of silver encrusted with innumerable gems and enamel. The gold plates relate the Life of Our Lord, the silver the Life of St. Ambrose. The enamel is singularly beautiful, and the back, although less costly, is perhaps more lovely on account of the greater variety of colour. We all felt glad that we had paid our five lire to have this wonder uncovered.

We had, as always in Italy, the usual crowded,

disagreeable journey to Verona, where we arrived late at night at the Hôtel de Londres. So unpleasant was this hotel, that we decided not to risk another night there, and consequently abandoned our intended journey to Mantua, where the accommodation we heard was worse, and go direct to Venice. We telegraphed to Lady Helen Vincent, asking her to engage rooms, and then started out in a carriage with a guide, as our time was so limited.

30th Sept.—We visited the cathedral, where the cloisters with the double sets of arches, one above the other, are very striking. These cloisters were built on an ancient Roman Temple of Minerva, and quite recently, the most perfect mosaic floor and a column have been discovered.

Our guide, with saddened voice, explained to us that the Veronese had so little passion for art or objects of interest, that although the whole of this wonderful floor with its bold design of birds and flowers had been disclosed, they would not spend the money necessary to preserve it, so the earth had been replaced, and it is now only visible in places protected by sawdust and boards under the cloisters.

From the cathedral we drove past the Castello, with its wonderful mediæval bridge, across the Adige to the Church of San Zenone, the most interesting example in Verona of the ecclesiastical architecture of the Middle Ages, with a fine entrance richly carved and with bronze doors of the ninth century. They are very interesting, as the reliefs are probably amongst the earliest specimens of Christian sculpture. There is a fine Mantegna near the high altar, which was once carried off to Paris, and only three out of the six panels have been returned.

The detached campanile is also one of the most

striking landmarks in Verona. It was built in the eleventh and twelfth centuries and is of alternate zones of brick and marble, surmounted by a double gallery of Lombard arches and crowned by a low spire and four turrets. We visited one or two other churches, chiefly interesting from an architectural point of view, and then drove to the Amphitheatre, which was built about the same time as the Coliseum. It is in a fine state of preservation, as the Veronese have for centuries levied funds for repairs.

We had taken such a dislike to the hotel that we tried to find a restaurant where we could possibly have some food, and finally found a place where we could eat in the open air and gaze on the blue sky, which was bluer that day than at any time of our journey. We had quite a good meal of macaroni and chicken and delicious figs, and started off again in our vehicle through curious narrow streets, to the tombs of the Scaligeri, of which Mr. Ruskin has written with all his knowledge and enthusiasm. They are of singular interest and beauty and are surrounded by a lovely flexible iron trellis-work, bearing the arms of the family (the Scala or ladder), which can be shaken like a coat of mail.

From there we walked to the Piazza dei Signori surrounded by the palaces of the Scaligeri, the lords of Verona, which eventually became the seat of the Municipal Government. In the centre stands a modern statue of Dante, and at one corner of the piazza is the Palazzo del Consiglio, a fifteenth-century building of striking beauty. It is impossible for me to enumerate the various buildings, balconies, and outside staircases which meet one at every turn at Verona. The town is intensely mediæval and picturesque.

From there we went to the picture gallery, as the Chancellor had told us, with profound knowledge, that we ought to see the works of Cavazzola, the best known of the Veronese painters. I am ashamed to say that I had never even heard of him, and I think we were all distinctly disappointed with his work, and the gallery in general.

Our time being short, we drove direct from there to the station, and got into the train, arriving at Venice about 8.30 p.m. and took gondola to the Grand Hotel, where Lady Helen had kindly secured us rooms.

I am not going to attempt to describe the churches and pictures, and all the wonders of Venice. It is so well known and has been so fully described by countless others that I shall confine myself to our daily doings. We had all been in Venice before, with the exception of E. C.

1st Oct.—We went to St. Mark's in the morning. I had not been to Venice since '91, and I was curious to know my feelings about the loss of the Campanile. Of course, one misses it terribly, and more particularly the lovely Sansovino loggia, but apart from the sentimental loss I cannot help feeling that in some ways the piazza has gained by the catastrophe of its fall. It dwarfed the other buildings somewhat, and I think the ensemble has benefited by the loss. At one o'clock we went by gondola to Lady Helen's Palazzo Giustiniani on the Grand Canal. There we found Lady Cynthia Graham, and after lunch saw the apartment, which is truly charming. Huge rooms with little furniture appeal to me, and this is what we found.

After lunch we again took gondola to the Lido, where the Chancellor and I bathed. The water was almost too warm, about 70° I should think. On the way home

Evan Charteris went to try and find Algie Bourke, and was successful in his search, and asked him to lunch for the following day. We dined at a restaurant on the piazza and went for a turn in gondolas by moonlight before retiring to bed.

2nd Oct.—The next morning we met Algie Bourke early and went to the Doge's Palace. It is undergoing considerable repairs, underpinning the side walls, etc., which were in danger of collapsing. Tintoretto's immense picture of Paradise was down from the wall, and lying on its face, so could not be seen.

Lady Essex and I then went to the Accademia, revelling in the beauties of the Bellinis, Carpaccios, and Tintoretto's, and later to see Verrocchio's statue of Colleoni. At one o'clock, Algie Bourke joined us for lunch, and we heard there of the exciting political news of the resignation of Mr. Chamberlain, Mr. Ritchie, and Lord George Hamilton.

The Chancellor went off to study the ways of a Venetian police court, while Mrs. Grenfell, Lady Essex, and I went by gondola to the Frari with its gorgeous Bellini of the Virgin and Child, and to the Scuola di San Rocco, and afterwards did some shopping.

Before dinner I went to the Giustiniani to see Lady Helen, and had a long talk with her, but I did not think she seemed very well, or in very good spirits.

We dined at the Grand Hotel with Princesse de Polignac, quite a large party, Lady Helen and her sister both being there, and many others. After dinner we strolled to the piazza to hear the band play a selection of Wagner music in honour of Siegfried Wagner, who had arrived in Venice, and joined us during the evening. Sargent also came and joined the party.

3rd Oct.—Lady Essex, Algie Bourke, and I started early and visited several “Antiquaires,” where she made several purchases of furniture. After lunch we again went to the Lido, where Mrs. Grenfell and the Chancellor bathed, I felt rather feverish and so thought it wiser to refrain. We dined that evening with Lady Helen at her *palazzo*, and there met Sargent who had brought his Venetian sketches to show us, and admirable they were. It was a lovely still moonlight night and we rowed round the island of San Giorgio Maggiore, and then home.

4th Oct.—Lady Essex and I paid one more flying visit to the Accademia, and saw a room which had unluckily been closed on our previous visit, containing the lovely Bellini Allegory. We also went to see Algie Bourke’s rooms, which are stacked with old furniture and bric-à-brac, which he has picked up at various places around Venice. We then made our way to the station with saddened hearts, to commence our homeward journey. We took train for Padua, where we drove first to the magnificent Statue of Gattamelata by Donatello. It is the only equestrian statue he ever executed, and although not so imposing as the Colleoni at Venice, it is full of dignity. Whereas the Colleoni is the type of a swashbuckler, this has all the thought and repose of a Moltke.

We then visited the cathedral, which to me was disappointing, and from there went to the Church of Il Santo. It contains many objects of interest, among others the bronze reliefs at the high altar by Donatello. From there we drove to the Arena, probably the best known object of interest in Padua, on account of the Giotto frescoes. Here we met the first piece of mis-

fortune on the whole of our trip, as on account of its being a feast day we absolutely failed to effect an entrance. The custodians were obdurate and not even the irresistible smiles of the female element of our party, which on all previous occasions of difficulty had accomplished marvels, were of the slightest avail.

As I was not feeling very well and Lady Essex being rather tired, we decided to return to the station and go on to Milan, the Chancellor and Mrs. Grenfell deciding to spend a few more hours in Padua and neighbourhood. It was a lovely evening and I shall never forget the beauties of some of that journey, passing through those fertile plains, festooned with vines, skirting along the southern shores of Garda, with the bold blue hills in the background.

On arrival at Milan we found that our luggage had not come on by our train, and could not arrive till midnight, so we walked to the hotel, close to the station, tidied ourselves as much as possible, and went and dined at our own old restaurant in the Galleria. After dinner we had one more last look at the exterior of the cathedral, and walked back to our hotel. I was fast asleep when the others arrived, they having had a delightful afternoon at Padua.

3rd Oct.—The following morning, our last, alas, in Italy, we drove to the hospital, a fine fifteenth-century building. The front is a good example of terra-cotta reliefs of children and flowers. On passing through the gateway one enters a fine quadrangle, surrounded by a double colonnade. From here we drove to the Poldi Pezzoli Museum, consisting of a house with all its art treasures bequeathed by a rich Milanese to the town. It contains many interesting pictures, but one of the

best-known—a profile head by Piero della Francesca—had unfortunately that day been sent to the cleaners. From there we drove to the station, and got into the train for Basle.

Our journey to Paris was without adventure. We happened to travel as far as Basle in a “Coupé Toilette,” where the six seats convert into foundations for three beds. The Chancellor and I were both feeling unwell, with a slight touch of fever, and our companions tired from so much travelling, so we pulled down the beds and lay prostrate till we arrived at Basle late in the evening. The people passing to and fro in the corridor peered through the glass windows with interest and amazement, and really, I believe, thought we were four paralytics travelling to Lourdes. This part of our expedition will ever be known as the “Bed of Ware.”

I stayed two days in Paris, went to an amusing and ridiculous farce called *L'Enfant du Miracle*, and, then, crossed to London.

On looking back on the whole trip, I can honestly say that I never enjoyed anything so much in my life before. Every moment was perfect, there was no hitch, no differences, and the only drawback was that it was all too short. An overwhelming sense of loneliness and oppression seized me when I awoke in my flat in London, and my only solace has been thinking over all the pleasant moments of “the days that are no more,” and penning this dull and inadequate account of our doings.

I enjoyed every minute of this interesting tour with three such delightful companions.

I heard on return that King Edward was shocked at this innocent trip and said that he thought it very American.

I went in 1904 and spent a week-end with Count and Countess Alexander Munster at a delightful house in Sussex, called Maresfield Park. It had belonged at one time to the Shelley family.

Countess Munster, who before marriage was Lady Muriel Hay, was a very charming and lovable person.

He was the son of the Count Munster who was German Ambassador first in London and then in Paris. His mother was a Russian. He was a fine, upstanding man, and had served in the "Garde Cuirassiers." I remember him stamping up and down the passages in the service quarters of the house, cracking a knout behind the German footmen. It was here that I first met a friend of my hosts, a very beautiful and charming girl. I did not see her again for some months, until I went to a large party of young people at Castle Ashby, Lord Northampton's place in the Midlands, where I stayed for some days.

Here I got to know her better and admired and liked her much, but was far too shy to show my feelings.

Shortly after her mother, who had known my mother slightly for many years, went down to Cobham to see her and conveyed the fact that her daughter liked me and was unhappy that I had not shown any response. This, of course, gave me courage and I, then, went several times to call at her mother's house in Kensington, and finally, taking courage, proposed and was, to my joy, accepted.

The engagement was announced and my fiancée's mother, her younger sister, she, and I went for ten days' stay with some old friends of theirs, the Charles Laboucheres—Mrs. Labouchere being English—near Amsterdam.

Afterwards, my fiancée and I went to stay with my old friends the van Loons near Doorn. She seemed strange and distant and I was worried thereby, but her mother told me that she was not well and that I must not worry.

We returned to England and she went into a sanatorium, but shortly afterwards wrote to me that she could not marry me.

The wedding day and ceremony had been fixed and we both had received many presents from kind friends which had to be returned. I was very unhappy.

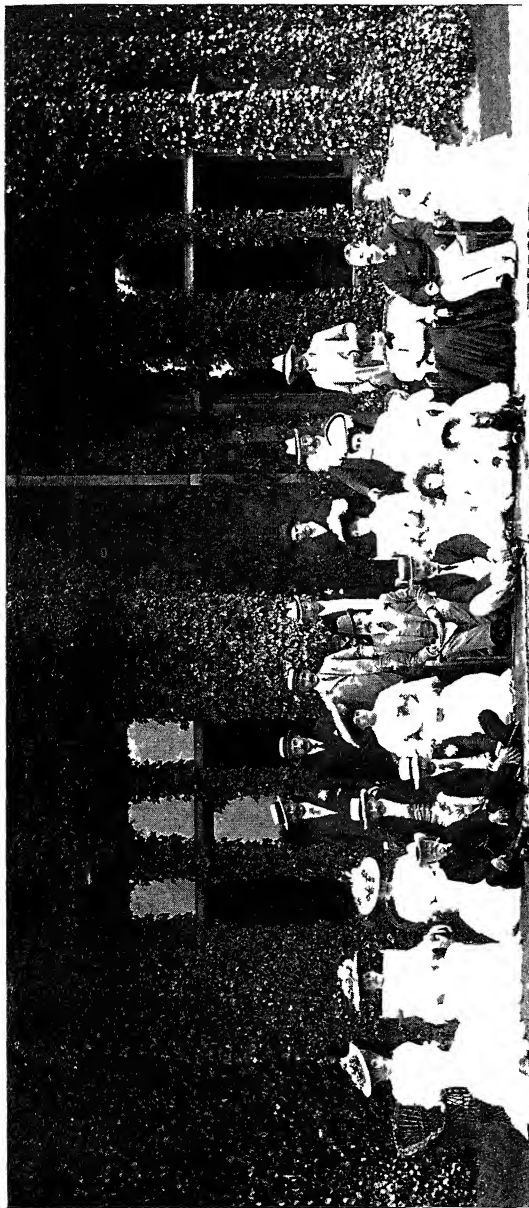
In 1903 I was staying at Knowsley when Mr. Joseph Chamberlain came to stay, in order to make his second great speech in Liverpool on Tariff Reform, his first having been delivered at Greenock.

We all attended the meeting, the hall was packed with about six thousand people.

I had been brought up in Whig and Liberal circles and was consequently a confirmed Free Trader. I was shaken in my views by Mr. Chamberlain's telling speech and by his further talk in the smoking-room at Knowsley.

The next day I went to see some of my father's relatives in Liverpool in various walks of business, who one and all told me that what Mr. Chamberlain had propounded was absolutely at variance with the intricacies of their own affairs and experience. I was so struck by all they told me that I promptly relapsed into the Free Trade fold and told Mr. Chamberlain the result of my conversations in Liverpool.

He never resented it and many months after, just before the illness which struck him down and compelled him to retire from public life, he invited me to a large dinner of between twenty and thirty prominent men, at



TAPIOW COURT

Back row (left to right) HON GEORGE KEPPEL THE ALTHORP, LORD REVELSTOCK, MR JESSE CHAMBERLAIN, MR RAYMOND ASQUITH,
LORD LESTER, GENERAL SCOBELL

Centre row (left to right) HON MRS GEORGE KEPPEL LADY LESTER, MRS RALPH SPENCER COUNTESS MENDSHPOT, LADY CYNTHIA GRAHAM,
KING EDWARD, MRS W H GRENFELL (NOW LADY DESBOROUGH) MRS J CHAMBERLAIN, MRS FREDERICK ROTHCHILD,
MR W H GRENFELL (NOW LORD DESBOROUGH), MRS ARTHUR SASSOON

Sitting MR ARTHUR SASSOON, HON JOHN WARD, CAPT HORTON MISS CECILY GRENFELL MASTER GRENFELL

his house in Prince's Gate, and I was the only Free Trader at the table. His absence of resentment towards people of opposite views to himself, and even his encouragement, were traits of character which made him beloved and respected by all those who served under him.

There was a very good instance of this in the Colonial Office. After the Boer War, when Mr. Chamberlain decided to go to South Africa to try and pull things together and heal wounds, he sent for Mr. Just¹ of the South African Department and said that he would like to take him with him. Mr. Just, a very able and distinguished Civil Servant, felt bound to tell him that he had been opposed throughout to his South African policy and that he would, therefore, probably prefer to take some other official. Mr. Chamberlain replied that this information strengthened his opinion that he was the man he wanted to take with him.

Could anyone help admiring and even loving a man so broadminded and tolerant?

I used to spend many week-ends with the Willie Grenfells² at their lovely place on the river at Taplow Court. They always had interesting and charming people at their parties and on Sunday afternoons we used to go out in boats or punts up the Cliveden Reach. One Sunday, however, sitting on the lawn, the conversation turned on what had been the most striking and impressive event in the lives of the various guests.

Mr. Arthur Balfour, Harry Cust, and Oscar Wilde were of the party, and I remember the latter saying that what had impressed him most in life was seeing a French widow in the heaviest *crêpe* weeds fishing by the side of a canal!

¹ Afterwards Sir Charles Just.

² Now Lord Desborough.

The conversation, generally, was so brilliant that I think no one rose from the lawn till five o'clock.

An interesting group is shown in the photograph of one of their parties in the summer of 1905.

Early in 1905 I went with a cousin a journey in a 20 h.p. 6-cylinder Napier on to the South of France and having visited all the well-known places along the Riviera, we started home via Grasse to Grenoble over the pass which Napoleon took on his return from Elba. The Pass was covered near the summit with snow and some of the hairpin bends were so sharp, one could not get round them without backing.

After leaving Grenoble we passed through Avalon and there we came across a very curious scene.

A heavily laden cart coming out of a courtyard, while crossing the gutter, tilted and lifted the horse off his legs. We stopped and assisted, but could not pull the shafts down on account of the weight and the second stage was so serious for the horse that we finally cut the harness and released it.

In 1907 I stood for the London County Council, Brixton Division, with a Mr. Lewin Sharpe who had already been a member and was Chairman of the Fire Brigade Committee, as a Progressive.

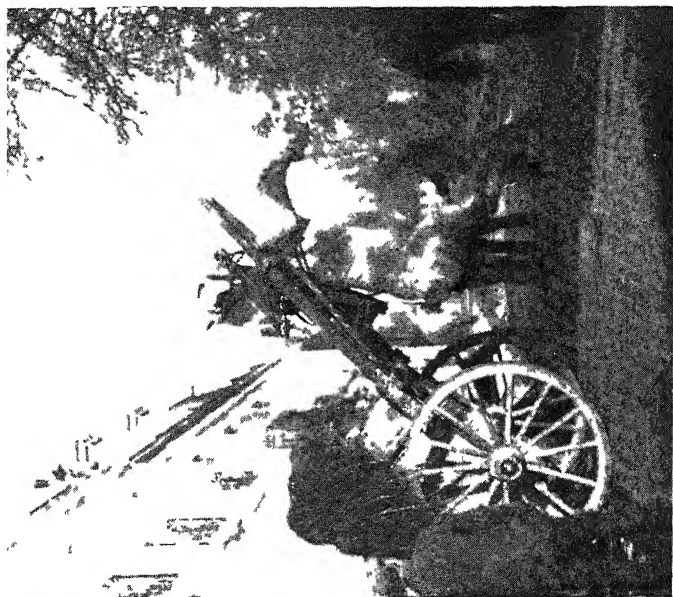
It was a large constituency and for six weeks, with the exception of Sundays, I went every night to address meetings, and in the afternoons I went canvassing.

There was a large theatrical and music hall community, and some of my interviews while canvassing were very entertaining.

Our chief opponent was an important local butcher, who toured the constituency on the day of the poll, driving a four-in-hand, bedecked with coloured ribbons,



FIRST STAGE



SECOND STAGE

A STRANGE SCENE AT AVALON
(Described on page 78)

flags, and other emblems. We failed in the polls. It was the year when there was a great landslide in the Progressive ranks.

In 1907 Lord Crewe kindly invited me to become his Private Secretary at the Privy Council Office, to succeed Evelyn Murray¹ who received promotion.

I was very fortunate to be able to serve under such a capable and charming chief.

The work was not heavy until the Education and Licensing Bills came to the Lords, when Lord Crewe was in charge and, day after day, I was in the House from four p.m. till eleven or twelve o'clock, with a break for dinner.

There was in those days no place where officials attending on ministers could sit. We were not allowed to sit on the steps of the throne, these being reserved for sons of Peers and Privy Councillors.

I found these long hours of standing very exhausting, so I spoke to Lord Crewe and Lord Lansdowne, the leader of the opposition, about the grievance, and they agreed after discussion with the Lord Chancellor, that seats might be erected at the end of the Peers' benches on the Government side, near the throne. These were supplemented later by seats on the other side of the House for various officials connected with the House of Lords.

While at the Privy Council Office I wrote a report for the Home Office on the Deptford slaughter-houses.

It was a distressing investigation as the smell of blood created a wild terror among the live stock arriving from the Argentine and other foreign parts. I was impressed at the Jewish slaughter-houses, where the animals were

¹ Now Sir Evelyn Murray.

killed by some religious slaughterers who used to examine the lungs and heart of the animals when dead and, if in the least diseased, the carcass was promptly sent over to the Christian Market; the extra expense entailed thereby being borne by the synagogues.

The result of this investigation led me to buy nothing but kosher meat from a butcher in the Harrow Road, where the animals used to come from the Rothschild or Mentmore estates.

VI

AT THE COLONIAL OFFICE

IN 1908 Lord Crewe was appointed Secretary of State for the Colonies and I followed him to that Department as Principal Private Secretary.

One day the Prime Minister informed the Department that the editor of one of the leading newspapers had been offered the contents of a very secret telegram from one of the Dominions. He being an honest and upright man, saw the inadvisability and even danger of publishing this communication, but refused to give the name of the individual who had offered it.

Sir Francis Hopwood,¹ the Permanent Head of the Department, was about to start on a mission to Canada, and so asked me to undertake an investigation as to how the leakage had occurred.

We suspected that it must have come from someone in the Copying Department, and I invoked the aid of Scotland Yard. For six weeks, after office hours, I went with the detectives, following and watching a certain individual.

One night we saw him go into the telegraph office opposite Charing Cross about 8 p.m. and come out about 8.20 p.m. I then applied to the Home Secretary to give me an order to search the telegrams sent off within those twenty minutes, and this was granted. The telegram sent by the individual under suspicion threw no light on the problem, but the search was an

¹ Now Lord Southborough.

interesting revelation of human nature. At least 80 per cent of the telegrams handed in during those twenty minutes were excuses why husbands could not get home till late, and telegrams from the same individuals inviting some lady friend to come and dine and go to some place of entertainment.

We finally ran the delinquent to earth, and he confessed. He had been betting and wanted money. He was, of course, dismissed the service, and was lucky not to be prosecuted, this being impossible on account of the secrecy of the telegram, the contents of which could not be divulged.

The Colonial Office were staffed with the most brilliant set of men of any Department of State at that time. This was largely due to the prestige of Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, who not only by his personality had attracted the young men who passed highest, into the service, but had also raised the scales of salaries to those of the Treasury officials.

There were some, however, who were slightly intolerant of stupidity and were, in consequence, probably somewhat impatient or contemptuous with the public, which led to complaints. Lord Crewe consequently wrote the following minute,¹ a masterpiece of tact in handling an awkward situation, and conveying very discreetly that they should amend their ways in dealing with the public, probably often exasperatingly unintelligent.

“Sir Francis Hopwood,

It has been intimated to me from sources which I cannot ignore, that complaints have arisen of the manner and tone in which communications,

¹ By permission of Lord Crewe and Lord Southborough.

both oral and written, are from time to time made from this office.

In the other Public Departments in which I have served I have had some experience of such complaints. I can state confidently that no other of the six, with which I have been in different capacities connected, surpasses the Colonial Office in efficiency or in zeal for the public service; and I believe I could say as much were I acquainted with all the Departments of State.

But I should be distressed if we were to acquire that reputation for curtness and even asperity in reply, which I understand attaches to some of our friends in the Service.

I am well aware that the communications received here, as elsewhere, comprise a large number of impossible applications, futile suggestions, and unreasonable complaints. I would also guard myself from appearing to maintain that it is either wise or kind to water down a negative which should be a real negative, in order to spare a particular person's feelings at the moment. Quite the contrary. But there are at least two ways of doing everything! and it is not unlikely that genuine impatience at waste of public time, added to a certain measure of intellectual contempt, which insensibly grows upon able and well-informed men, who have ordinarily to deal with people who are neither one nor the other, may induce a habit and manner of communication which are not desirable.

In writing this minute, I inevitably act upon hearsay. Necessarily I become acquainted at first hand only with the most responsible interviews and the most formal class of documents. But in

asking for caution, patience, and reticence from Members of the Department of all grades, in the form and manner of their official communications, whether written or oral, I feel confident that this warning will be loyally received in the spirit in which it is offered.

C."

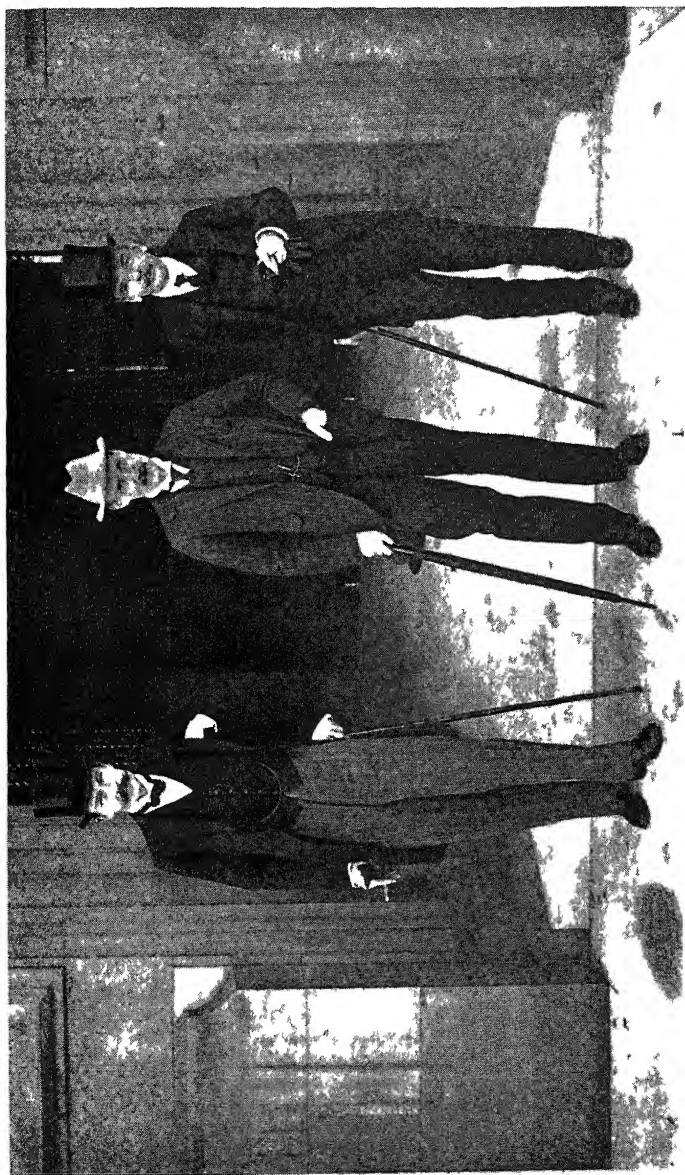
This minute created a good deal of excitement and curiosity. A. came to see me and said of course this is aimed at B. B. came and said this obviously must refer to C. C. remarking that the minute must be aimed at A. and so on.

Lord Crewe in 1910 accompanied King Edward to Berlin as Minister in attendance.

While there, he made a very earnest attempt with the approval of the Cabinet, to come to terms with Germany as regards the competition in naval armaments between the two countries. Generous offers were made on behalf of Great Britain which I believe the Emperor and Chancellor von Bülow received sympathetically, but the obdurate person was Admiral von Tirpitz, who would not listen to any curtailment of the German naval expansion.

For several years during my leave I used to sail, after Cowes week was over, with Lord Dunraven in his ketch *Cariad* to his island, Garenish, in the Kenmare River.

We generally stopped a day or two at the Scilly Isles *en route*. At Garenish, which is nearly opposite to Doreen, Lord Lansdowne's place, Dunraven kept a Brixham trawler and we used to do a lot of deep sea fishing in the Atlantic and had wonderful sport. I remember one day landing a skate of 120 lbs. which required two or three men to get on board. One day we were down below having lunch, when we heard much



THE AUTHOR LORD SELBORNE DR JAMIESON
A photograph taken by an M.P. at the Houses of Parliament, 1909.

commotion on deck and found that a large shark had been hooked and landed. We also, at times, used to trawl, getting a wonderful variety of fish.

At night, we used to set long lines for conger and caught many, some weighing up to 46 or 48 lbs.

These were packed in hampers and sent to Adare, Dunraven's fine place near Limerick, where he had considerable trout hatcheries, as food for the trout fry.

He received a letter one morning from the Master of Hounds relating that while out cub-hunting the pack had suddenly started off in full cry straight for the hatcheries. They had winded the conger strung up on lines.

Garenish has a wonderful mild climate and the vegetation is fully equal to that of the Riviera.

The *Bougainvillea* grows luxuriantly in the open air in the winter, and *Mesembryanthemums* cover the rocks, and palm trees abound.

In the early autumn the giant wild fuchsia in all the hedges along the roads on the mainland is most striking and beautiful.

After a fortnight at Garenish we moved on to Adare, a lovely place with a beautiful salmon and trout river, a golf course in the park, which contains three striking ruins, Desmond Castle and two abbeys.

Dunraven was a very intelligent and interesting man, and with far more enlightened views on the problems of Ireland than most of his fellow landlords.

In 1910 Lord Crewe left the Colonial Office to become Secretary of State for India, and he was succeeded by Lulu Harcourt,¹ a cousin of mine, who had been First Commissioner of Works.

¹ Afterwards Viscount Harcourt.

I remained with him as Principal Private Secretary until August, 1912.

I was very fond of Lulu. He was witty and amusing, ever ready in the House to defend his Department if attacked and took endless pains to foster good relations, not only with all the Dominions, but also to become acquainted with all the Governors, Colonial Secretaries, and Members of the Legislative Councils of the various Crown Colonies. Mrs. Harcourt¹ was an angel of goodness with a strong sense of duty. She sacrificed the bulk of her time, in assisting her husband to entertain and show civility to all the Dominion visitors to this country and to all the Colonial officials and their wives.

Her parties at their lovely place Nuneham on the Thames, just below Oxford, were largely composed of these visitors. In fact I have never known a wife take such elaborate pains to make her husband's official position a success.

Lulu Harcourt was very amusing on occasions. When he was First Commissioner of Works, in his first spell of office, King Edward sent for him one day, and took him into the garden of Buckingham Palace and protested against the then new block of flats built at the corner of Park Lane and Piccadilly, on the site of Gloucester House, of green and white terra-cotta. His Majesty complained that it ruined the outlook from the garden and that he could not understand how his Commissioners of Works could have allowed this monstrosity to be erected.

Mr. Harcourt replied: "It has nothing whatever to do with Your Majesty's Commissioners of Works, but

¹ Now Viscountess Harcourt.

it has to do with Your Majesty's Ecclesiastical Commissioners and is another very good reason in my opinion for the disestablishment of the Church!"

I believe King Edward was not over-pleased with this reply.

There was an M.P. whose hobby was tracing ancestry and he came one day and told Lulu Harcourt that he had discovered that he (Harcourt) was directly descended from the McTavish, and in order to mark this notable discovery he would send him a rug of the McTavish Tartan.

Shortly after, Harcourt went to Balmoral as Minister in attendance taking his new gift with him.

Driving out in a brake to the moors to shoot, he took the rug with him and wrapped it round his legs. The King noticed it and said: "What's that?" Harcourt, replied, perhaps with somewhat unnecessary emphasis: "That, sir, is the Tartan of the McTavish from whom I am supposed to be descended, and it may interest Your Majesty to know that it is infinitely older than the Stuart."

One day Lord Crewe, then Secretary of State for India, sent for me and asked my opinion about an architect to send to India to examine and report on the problem of the proposed new Delhi. I gave it as my opinion that Mr. Lutyens¹ had a greater capacity of absorbing the atmosphere of a foreign country than any architect I knew, but that I should not recommend him to carry out the buildings, did I not know that the Indian Government were able to chain him between elephants as regards finance.

He was selected to go out to Delhi with Captain Swinton of the L.C.C. and an eminent Liverpool engineer

¹ Now Sir Edwin Lutyens.

to examine sites and other matters and report. He was ultimately entrusted with the design and erection of the Viceroy's Palace and lay-out of the grounds, and later Sir Herbert Baker was associated with him for the design and erection of the Government office buildings.

I received a letter one day from Lutyens in India, saying that he was in great distress and difficulty and much worried over a difference of opinion between Lord Hardinge, the Viceroy, and himself about the style of building.

Lord Hardinge wanted him to adopt the pointed arch and-said that the greatest benefactor that India had ever known was Raj So-and-so, who had always adopted the pointed arch in all the great buildings of his time. Lutyens' reply to this was that the greatest benefactor to India in his opinion was God and that he had not given the pointed arch when he gave the rainbow!

I thought this answer so delicious that I at once took the letter over to Lord Crewe and told him that, if the artist was interfered with as regards style and design, disaster would ensue, and Lord Crewe, I believe, telegraphed to the Viceroy that he must not interfere with the architect's views on design.

I was offered three Governorships during my time at the Colonial Office.

The first was the Gold Coast, which I would not consider for climatic reasons; the second was Fiji, which would have interested me greatly on account of all the difficulties as regards the New Hebrides question, but it was so far away and my dear mother was getting so old and frail that I could not leave her. The third was Cyprus and this I accepted. It is one of the most coveted of the junior Governorships, being near home,

admirable climatic conditions and abounding in interesting archæological remains.

I had selected my Colonial Secretary and staff when one day the head of the Crown Colony Section of the Colonial Office informed me that I must keep aloof from both Turk and Greek. This struck me as so narrow and was so contrary to all my instincts, when I should have liked to have cultivated the best in both races, that I went to the Secretary of State and begged to be relieved of the appointment.

I was not married in those days, and if I had had to spend my leisure hours with the wives of the officials that I had been working with by day, I think I should have committed suicide.

In 1912, during the violent agitation by the Suffragettes, I was walking from the Colonial Office to the Duke of York's steps, on my way to lunch at the Travellers' Club in Pall Mall.

Opposite the Horse Guards just inside the park I saw a small band of excited women, and lying on the ground was Mr. Birrell, then Chief Secretary for Ireland, his spectacles had fallen from his nose, and he was quite helpless. I am afraid I saw red at this outrageous attack on a harmless and not very athletic gentleman. I sent the women flying, picked up Mr. Birrell, who was quite dazed, made him take my arm and escorted him to the Athenæum Club, where I deposited him on a sofa to recover.

Curiously enough, when I went to be decorated by the King on my retirement from the Service in 1933, His Majesty reminded me of this incident, which I had forgotten, and said it was this episode which had first brought me to his notice!

VII

APPOINTMENT TO THE OFFICE OF WORKS

ON the 7th October, 1912, I received the following letter from the Prime Minister:

“ My dear Earle,

I have the pleasure of proposing to you that you should succeed Sir S. McDonnell in the post of Secy. to the Office of Works.

Yours very sincerely,

(sd.) H. H. ASQUITH.”

I need hardly say that the receipt of this letter gave me the greatest of pleasure and in my acknowledgment I informed the Prime Minister that as a return for his confidence in me, I would strain every nerve to do credit to him in my new appointment. During my twenty years of office this feeling was ever present in my mind, even after my old Chief and friend had passed away. The appointment was the more gratifying to me as I knew there were at least two candidates in the running. One of these was Mr. Bernard Mallet,¹ who had many claims, as he was senior to me and had served both in the Foreign Office and Treasury, before being appointed to be Registrar-General.

The other candidate strongly backed by my predecessor was Lord Basil Blackwood, a delightful and charming man, who of course was better known in high

¹ Later Sir Bernard Mallet.

circles than I was, but had not had much official experience.

The Prime Minister, in the first instance, proposed to me that I should take the Registrar-General's post and that Bernard Mallet should succeed Sir Schomberg. I felt that the Registrar-General's post would be quite uncongenial to me, dealing with Census returns and a host of statistics, and that I should probably prove a failure in work that was distasteful to me. I therefore informed Mr. Asquith that I would prefer to remain at the Colonial Office, where I was deeply interested in the work. So when a few weeks later the offer of the Permanent Secretaryship to H.M. Office of Works came, I was proud and delighted.

It is tragic to think that both Sir Schomberg and Lord Basil Blackwood were killed in the War, the former having come to say good-bye to me before he started for the front.

H.M. Office of Works in 1912 was situated in hired premises in Storey's Gate, now the Treasury Solicitor's department, and the department was much too large to be housed under one roof. In consequence, various sections of the Architects' branch had to be outhoused, as well as surveyors and other sections, creating several water-tight compartments, bad from the administrative point of view and inelastic and uneconomical as regards staffs. It was not till 1915 that the last section of the New Whitehall building was completed, and that we were able to concentrate under one roof, with enormous increase of efficiency and economy.

The architect, Mr. J. M. Bryden, of that vast block of buildings situated between Whitehall and Storey's Gate, having died in 1901, the last section was taken

over and completed under the competent hands of Sir Henry Tanner, the chief architect, and his right-hand colleague Mr. Allison,¹ chief architect since April, 1920. The effects of these two official architects completing the building resulted in obtaining an extra floor and a saving of a very large sum on the original estimate, without in any way altering the design of the elevation.

This building is fine, but in my opinion leaves much to be desired internally; the most spacious part being the well-lighted passages. The second floor, occupied by important technical officers, had a great defect, inasmuch as one cannot look out of the windows towards the road with any comfort. I think I can confidently say that no new Government office will ever be designed and erected on the lines of that building. The aim should be to have movable divisions so as to provide for large rooms for mass staffs, if required.

Lord Beauchamp was First Commissioner in 1912 when I was appointed and had many qualifications as Minister of that department, as he was not only a first-rate gardener, but had a very considerable artistic sense. He remained as First Commissioner until the dissensions in the Cabinet as to the declaration of war, when he was succeeded by Lord Emmott.

When I was first appointed to the Office of Works, I looked about for an Assistant Secretary, as Mr. Downer, then Assistant Secretary, had retired. I had come across during my time at the Colonial Office, Arthur Robinson,² a very able young man who had served as Secretary to the Imperial Conference, and I wrote to Mr. Harcourt, Secretary of State, asking him if he would allow him to be transferred to my department,

¹ Now Sir Richard Allison.

² Now Sir Arthur Robinson, G.C.B.

and after considerable hesitation and reluctance, he kindly agreed. Robinson was willing to transfer to my department on account of immediate higher salary and status, promotion in the Colonial Office being very slow. He was of enormous assistance to me and more than justified my selection, but when the Air Force was created, Sir R. Chalmers, Head of the Treasury, came to see me and said he was afraid he would have to take away my right-hand man to organise and head that new department. He was a great loss both to the department and myself.

In 1913, Lord Curzon's Ancient Monuments Act was passed. It was a great step in advance as by previous Acts beyond the protection of a few outstanding monuments such as Stonehenge, the Government had little or no powers. But even with a new act passed in 1931, which was considerably emasculated in the House of Lords, this country, although very rich in monuments of historic, prehistoric, and architectural beauty, has less control than any country in Europe, with the exception of the Balkan States and Turkey.

With the powers conferred on the department by the Curzon Act we became active under the outstanding ability of Mr. Peers,¹ the Chief Inspector, and took many monuments under our charge.

At Easter, 1914, I left for Constantinople in order to decide on the best site on our property at Therapia for the rebuilding of the Summer Embassy, the old one having been completely destroyed by fire. The site on the Bosphorus is very attractive and was given to the British Government by the Sultan, in the time of Lord Stratford de Redcliffe.

¹ Now Sir Charles Peers.

I stayed at the Embassy at Vienna *en route*, with Sir Maurice and Lady de Bunsen, a good comfortable house, but not by any means equal to some of our other Embassy buildings. I was much impressed by a scene there, that I witnessed, when the French Ambassador, the doyen of the Diplomatic Corps at Vienna, called on Sir Maurice in a tearing rage to complain that the German Ambassador, Herr von Tschirschky, who had returned from leave, had not been to call on him. I felt that the anger of this man must be reflected in his despatches home and that these petty quarrels among the representatives, did not tend to good feelings or fellowship among nations.

When England declared war, our Ambassador had to leave at a moment's notice, and neither he nor Lady de Bunsen had time to pack all their belongings. An Austrian housemaid was left in charge of the Embassy. At the conclusion of the War when my officials visited the property they found that the Government property had been admirably looked after, no moth or deterioration, and I had a similar report from Sir Maurice as regards all their furs, clothes, etc.

Now this servant had suffered the pangs of hunger during the War and had sold nothing. I feel that, had I been hungry, I should not have hesitated to take some of an alien enemy's property to enable me to get food.

I went to the Treasury and said I thought, in view of these facts, that she more than deserved a gratuity, that we should not look on her as an alien enemy, and that if they would not agree to a gratuity payment, for the credit of my country I should give it out of my own pocket.

They asked me what I suggested, and I said that they must not take into account the Exchange, the

Austrian florin having completely collapsed, and that the minimum we should give was £50. This they agreed to pay, and as it represented millions of crowns, it made her practically the richest person in Austria, for the time being.

From Vienna I went direct to Constantinople to the Embassy to stay with the Ambassador, Sir Louis Mallet. The Embassy was built by Barry, the architect of the Houses of Parliament, and is a copy of the Farnese Palace. It is splendidly situated in Pera with a wonderful view over the Golden Horn. On examining the problem of site for the new house at Therapia I came to the conclusion that the old house, which had been burnt to the ground, had not been sited to the best advantage. It stood close to the road which runs along the Bosphorus with the garden, which runs up a steep incline, behind the house. I suggested that it would be far better to place the house half way up the hill, so as to get full advantage of the splendid view over the Bosphorus and Asia Minor, with the lovely sloping garden in front of the house, running down to the road. It meant, of course, a little walk up to the house for visitors, but this in the Ambassador's and my opinion did not outweigh the advantages.

A charming design was made, somewhat on the lines of the old Turkish houses, and the first contract for foundations had just been signed when War broke out, and we had to stop all operations, and to this day it has never been proceeded with.

I was much struck, during the War, at receiving an apology from the Turks at having to cut off a corner of our site to enable their artillery to get round where the road turns inland; a courtesy one would not expect from an enemy.

I had an interesting time in Constantinople, meeting Talaat Pasha, the Minister of Home Affairs, Djhemal Pasha, the Minister of Marine, and Enver Pasha, Minister of War. Enver came to dine one night and there was a party after dinner at the Embassy, at which I noticed that Enver took up his stand at the corner of the room, leaning on the back of a high-backed chair. He was in deadly fear of an attempt on his life, and never passed through the streets in his car without an armoured car running in front and behind. On his table at the Ministry of War he had a statuette of Napoleon!

From Constantinople I went to Sofia and stayed with the Minister, Sir Henry Bax Ironside, at the New Legation, an excellently designed house. Mr. Allison (now Sir Richard) accompanied me throughout this mission.

In 1914 Monsieur Rodin's group, the *Burghers of Calais*, was presented to the State by the National Art Collections Fund. An example of this group stands in Calais, and in Copenhagen. The setting of the sculpture at Calais is, in my opinion, very unworthy; that at Copenhagen set higher, being much more satisfactory. Monsieur Rodin came over to England and I drove about London with him to try and find an appropriate site. He was anxious to have some Gothic building as a background. What he would have liked would have been to place it in the centre of Palace Yard, but the Speaker objected to this "emplacement." His next choice was the Victoria Tower Gardens with the Victoria Tower as a background.

There has been a good deal of adverse criticism as to the height of the pedestal, but the artist himself decided this, after many trials with the group in his own garden

at Meudon, and sent me photographs of his various experiments. He wrote to me, thanking me for all I had done, and added that it was the first time in his life that either a Government or an authority or an individual had ever consulted him about the placing of any of his work.

He also considered various designs for the pedestal and selected the present base which is designed largely from that of the Gattamellata at Padua, at his own request.

I quote his letter to me which arrived shortly after my brother had been reported as severely wounded and missing.

"Hill Hall,
Theydon Mount,
Epping.

Cher Monsieur,

Permettez-moi de m'associer de loin à votre douleur, pour l'affreuse nouvelle qui vous a été annoncée le matin le 1^{er} Novembre.

J'ai tant à vous remercier et il faut que ce soit au milieu de votre deuil. Je mets mes expressions douloureuses d'abord, et j'espère vous remercier dans quelques jours de la grande beauté que vous avez su faire paraître dans le groupe des bourgeois en tenant à cet emplacement du Parlement et très haut.

Agréez mes condoléances de votre dévoué,

AUGUSTE RODIN."

During the War this great artist died and I was sent to represent the British Government at his funeral, which took place at his country house at Meudon, near Paris.

George Grahame,¹ who was the Counsellor at the Embassy at Paris, represented H.M. the King.

I had to take a large number of wreaths with me from various artistic bodies, besides the large wreath on behalf of the Government. We drove out together by motor from Paris and arrived at the house.

There in the studio a long line of females were drawn up dressed in heavy crêpe, and we were solemnly presented to each by the Director of the Luxembourg.

On going into the garden I saw the grave with the "*Penseur*" placed, looking down at the head of the grave, The grave was surrounded by soldiers in uniform.

There were five moving orations delivered by Ministers and Directors of the various galleries and French School of Art at Rome, and just as the coffin was about to be lowered into the grave a little woman with grey hair sprang on to the platform and delivered the most moving speech of the day, quite unexpectedly. I turned to Baron d'Estournelles de Constant, a Senator, whom I had known well in former days when Counsellor of the French Embassy in London, who was standing next to me and asked who she was. He told me she was a well-known journalistic writer, "féministe, pacifiste," etc., Madame Séverine by name. It was the only funeral that I ever attended that was purely secular. No priests, no religious ceremony, but when the coffin was in its last resting-place we all walked round the grave and threw a spoonful of earth from a large pewter bowl on to the coffin.

I heard that Monsieur Rodin himself had given directions as to the ceremony and form of his funeral.

¹ Now Sir George Grahame.

VIII

THE GREAT WAR

THEN in August, 1914, came the Great War, and all our efforts were diverted from our ordinary duties to assisting in the great struggle.

Many of our staff joined up and we were soon called upon to provide timber for the forces and ultimately for the French and Belgian armies. I became chairman of an international committee with a French and a Belgian timber expert representative and after numerous enquiries and consultation with the Admiralty Timber Experts, the First Commissioner appointed Mr. Montagu Meyer, a timber merchant in the city, to carry out the purchases shipments, etc. There was a terrific howl in the House of Commons over this appointment, largely engineered by rival timber merchants, but in my opinion Mr. Meyer not only bought shrewdly and well, but he organised the supplies with the able assistance of Mr. Baines¹ in a way which amounted to genius, and at moderate cost. I must also pay a great tribute to the French representative, Monsieur Sébastien, a timber merchant from Rouen, who, of course, had military rank. I was very sorry to hear that he had died a year or two ago. The supplies for trenches, duck-boarding, and pit-props rose to an enormous scale, roughly 120,000 dead weight tons a month, and even with the intensive submarine activities of the enemy, I think we only lost two ships. This vast importation continued until the submarine

¹ Now Sir Frank Baines.

campaign became too intense, when we had to resort to forests in the Vosges, which the French Government kindly allotted to us, and where the Canadian timber gangs, who had been operating on forests in Great Britain, had to be transferred.

The French, who have always been expert foresters, marked trees in the forests which were to be spared. This was a source of intense irritation to the Canadian gangs, who hitherto had always dealt with a forest like cutting through a cheese.

I place it on record that the shrewdness and ability of Mr. Meyer effected a saving of many hundreds of thousands of pounds.

In September, 1914, when things looked very black for the Allied cause and we all thought we were beaten, I remember being greatly struck by a conviction of the Norwegian Minister, M. Vogt, that the Allies would win the War. I don't think any of the other foreign representatives thought the same.

After the War was over I reminded the Norwegian Minister, whom I happened to meet at lunch at the Travellers' Club, of his remarkable prophecy, and asked him on what he had based it. He replied that he was a great student of history, and that his studies in that line had taught him that England constantly lost battles, but invariably won wars!

My department was also heavily engaged on building munition and fuse factories, and internment camps all over England, Scotland, and Wales: in one year alone we built factories and other works amounting to many millions of pounds. The total expenditure during the War exceeded £25,000,000, on war services.

I must pay a great tribute to Sir Frank Baines, who

on several occasions tried to go to the front, but was always rejected on account of a weak heart. I know of no one who did more to win the War in a civilian capacity than this man: his energy and determination was remarkable and his power of work Napoleonic. I believe he practically lived in the department, day and night for about eight months, during the building of munition and fuse factories in England and Scotland.¹

A Liquor Control Commission, with Lord d'Abernon as chairman, had been set up in 1915, and, as we found that the output of labour was very poor, particularly in Glasgow and Coventry, I wrote and asked him to institute drink restrictions. This he did and the results were instantaneous and phenomenal. After about three or four months I sent him a labour output graph, in connection with these two towns, and begged him to stiffen the restrictions. This he did and again there was a very considerable rise of output, though not, of course, quite so remarkable as in the first instance.

After the War, when I was in the United States, manufacturers told me that one hundred miles west of New York, where drink was much more difficult to obtain than near the sea coast, where rum running was very prevalent, they used to get about 93 to 95 per cent of their workmen back on Monday morning, whereas in the old saloon days they only got 37 or 38 per cent.

We also were requested by the Admiralty to build about one thousand, three hundred artisans' houses at Crombie, near Rosyth, and admirable houses they were. We made an arrangement that when the War was over they should be taken over by the local authority at a fair price.

¹ Since writing this I hear to my great regret that he has died.

In October, 1914, my younger brother, Colonel Earle, who since he left the Staff College had held a staff appointment at the War Office, was appointed to command a battalion of his regiment, the Grenadier Guards, which sailed with the 7th Division, under General Capper, for Zeebrugge, and then on to Bruges, from which town they soon had to retreat before the German advance and finally entrenched near Ypres on the Menin-Gheluvelde road; there they were heavily attacked for days on end, suffering very heavy losses. To my horror his wife heard that he was severely wounded and was missing. He was my only brother, as my eldest one in the Coldstream Guards had been killed at the Modder River in the South African War.

I obtained permission to go at once to France to the headquarters at St. Omer with a King's Messenger. I saw one officer of his regiment lying in hospital at the principal hotel at Boulogne, which had been turned into a hospital, and he gave me a very gloomy account. He said he had seen my brother lying on the ground with a bullet through his head and one eye lying on the cheek, but could not say what had happened to him. I returned that night to tell his wife this bad and distressing news. I shall never forget the scene at Boulogne. Scores of Indian troops, sitting patiently along the wharf with bandages on their heads, arms, legs, and bodies, some soaked with blood, waiting for some hospital ship to take them away. Scores and scores of ambulance waggons, full of wounded, kept on entering the town.

Many days passed, and we had no news and I feared the worst. On the 23rd November I received a telegram from our Minister in Copenhagen, in the following words:

“Regret to say have learnt that Col. Earle has died of his wounds.—LOWTHER.”

The information came from enquiries made through the Danish Minister in Berlin. On the 3rd December I received the following telegram:

“Am glad to report that mistake was made. As result of further enquiries I learn that Col. Earle is in hospital at Frankfurt doing well.—LOWTHER.”

At about the same time as the first erroneous news I received a telegram unsigned from Amsterdam, saying:

“Your brother is lying dangerously wounded in hospital in Brussels.”

This conflicting information was very upsetting, but gave us hope.

It was not till two years after, when my brother was released from prison into Switzerland, that I discovered the sender.

It was Baron Eckardstein, who had been at the Embassy in London some years, and who knew us both, who had done this kindly and probably risky act. He had found my brother lying on the straw with a mass of German wounded in the Town Hall at Courtrai.

We heard nothing more for some weeks, when one day my sister-in-law received a letter unsigned, asking if she would go alone to a certain tabernacle in the East End at a certain hour and day, as there was news awaiting her there. She came to consult me as to whether she ought to go or not, and I advised her to go, as it might be news about her husband.

She went, and found this little tabernacle empty, when suddenly she saw a man, who looked like a foreign

clergyman. She went up to him, and he handed her a note. This was a line from my brother, saying he was in hospital and suffering terribly in his head. This clergyman was a Swiss, and was walking one day in Brussels with a small grip in his hand, when a girl came up to him and asked if he was going on a journey. "Yes," he replied, "to England." Upon which she slipped a note into his hand, addressed to my sister-in-law.

My brother's wounds were more severe, even than we had thought, as after the bullet had gone clean through his head, the regimental doctor was binding up his head, when the Germans surrounded them, blew the brains of the doctor, although unarmed and covered with the Red Cross, all over my brother's face, and the orderly was killed at close range by a rifle bullet, which, after passing through the poor man's stomach, killing him, passed all down my brother's leg, infecting the whole leg with *Bacillus coli*. I expect my brother was spared, as probably the Germans thought that a colonel of the Guards might be of value as regards exchange of prisoners at some future date.

A Coldstream Guardsman who happened to find my brother lying wounded and helpless, thought it his duty to stay with him, and he was also taken prisoner, and remained with him up to the time when he was moved to Brussels. My brother asked him why he had stayed by him. He replied that the "Padre," in a sermon the Sunday before, had preached that we must show Christian feeling even to our enemies. The man thought if that be so, it must be his duty to stand by a severely wounded officer of his own nationality, even though of another regiment. This man, a reservist, who had come

from Canada, was then sent to a prison in the north of Germany, and remained there till after the War. My sister-in-law used to send him parcels of food regularly. When he was released my mother came up from Cobham in Surrey to thank him for his self-sacrifice, and, on meeting him, she went up and kissed him. We gave him funds to restart him in Canada.

It was many days before we heard directly from my brother. He was sent to a hospital at Frankfurt am Main. A German friend of my family, who held a high official post and was a friend of the Kaiser, petitioned that my brother might be sent to Frankfurt on account of the severity of his wounds and efficiency of the doctors, and this was granted.

He was sent from Brussels to Frankfurt with a mass of German wounded; was shamefully kicked by a German at one of the German towns at which the train stopped. At every station representatives of the German Red Cross were present to give food and water to the wounded, but these men and women, wearing the badges of Christ, refused to give anything to an English soldier. The German wounded, however, in the truck refused to touch their food and drink until they had shared it with the wounded English officer, showing that there was far more Christian feeling between the active enemies than from the clergymen, women, and girls placarded with the noblest of all badges.

The sadness of this time was greatly accentuated to my sister-in-law and myself by their second daughter, Evelyn, having to be operated on for a mastoid. Whether the surgeons allowed the wound to close too soon or not I cannot say, but she became paralysed, and we did not dare let my brother know of this tragedy for a long

time, for fear of it increasing his misery. When he was finally released into Switzerland, this little girl went out with her brother, only about four years old, to join him at Château d'Oex. Here she greatly improved, and the paralysis gradually passed away. A few days before my brother was released to come to England, my sister-in-law brought the children home, when Evelyn was seized with a fresh attack and died the day before my brother actually arrived. She was a very lovely and attractive child, full of fun and gaiety, and this was one of the greatest tragedies of my lifetime.

“Elle était de ce monde ou les plus belles choses
Ont le pire destin,
Et rose, elle a vécu ce que vivent les roses
L'espace d'un matin.”

My brother was, I think, treated efficiently as regards his wounds, but with studied malevolence. He had eight operations on his leg, which had become highly gangrenous on account of the Germans in the war zone being unable to give it proper treatment, owing to their own hordes of wounded.

As a result of the bullet through the head he has become stone deaf in one ear and both his eyes are affected. A first-class oculist and aurist in Frankfurt tended him, and one of the things I most resent was that, when after one hundred and sixty odd days in hospital he was sent to prison at Friedberg in the Taunus, he was no longer allowed to go into Frankfurt to continue this beneficial treatment. In consequence, he remains stone deaf in one ear and his eyes are badly affected, though this has been largely counteracted by glasses.

One morning I received a letter through Holland

from our powerful German friend, in the following terms:

“ Dear Edith *or* Lionel Earle,

Good friends here have taken every possible step to get Max exchanged. The success is entirely depending from Sir Edward Grey!

If Sir Edward Grey would *without delay* take the initiative and propose to the Berlin Foreign Office an offer with about the following meaning:

‘ We are ready to dismiss in exchange for Max Earle a German gentleman kept as prisoner in England.

It is left to the Berlin Foreign Office to tell us the name of this prisoner, and we promise to let him off if Germany will promise to dismiss Earle.’

I have good reasons to believe that very soon you will have poor Max at home again.

Max can’t be dismissed like other officers, who are permanently unfit for military service, for he is *not* unfit. On the contrary, it is hoped that Max soon will pick up when free and at home. The German authorities are quite willing to interpret as favourably for Max as possible the ‘general conditions of exchange,’ if Sir Edward Grey proposes the offer I have written down in its meaning above.

But it is important that Sir Edward Grey will get the offer *very soon* into the Berlin hands.

Best love,

(Signed) X X X.”

I went over to the War Cabinet with this letter, and Lord Kitchener immediately said, this is not a fair or reasonable exchange. We know whom they want,

Krupp's brother, who was their agent here before the outbreak of war, or a secret agent of Germany, who had been recently caught.

Sad as I was, I could in no way quarrel with this decision, which was absolutely sound, so I wrote to my brother a carefully worded letter, knowing it would be censored, informing him that I had had a letter from Billy (I knew he would know whom I meant) about a suggested exchange, that it had been very carefully considered, but could not be agreed to, as the conditions were not fair or reasonable.

In the early part of 1916 I was seriously perturbed about the condition of the prisoners of war in Germany, and I addressed the following letter to Lord Robert Cecil, at the Foreign Office, who was in charge of all matters relating to our prisoners:

“ H.M. Office of Works,
Storey's Gate,
Westminster, S.W.

28th January, 1916.

The Right Honble
The Lord Robert Cecil, M.P.,
Foreign Office, S.W.

My dear Lord Robert Cecil,

I enclose a copy of a letter, which I have this morning received from my brother, and which has evidently been written with the knowledge of the German authorities, as it is the first letter that we have received under sealed envelope. I think you will agree that it is a patriotic and courageous letter from a man who is as ill as he is, with all the passionate longings for release to return to his

wife and children and to all that he loves best in the world. The effect it has on me is only to stimulate me to work the harder, not only to do everything I possibly can to effect his release and to save his health—perhaps even his life; but to go on working for the cause of humanity. I am bound to say that I think something should be done to alter the actual conventions, which are, to my mind, narrow and inelastic, inasmuch as they do not enable the various governments to deal with a case such as his. There must be something wrong that such a deplorable case as his should not be eligible for exchange.

I am also, as I believe you are, seriously concerned about the future of all our prisoners in Germany in case the blockade becomes more and more effective. I have reason to believe that, if the Swiss Government were to be approached, they would be perfectly willing for the German and English prisoners to be sent to Switzerland. I know that this has been considered before and turned down by our Government; but, in view of the possible horrors that may occur to all these poor unfortunate men, I think the Government would be well advised to reconsider such a scheme. I know the objections, but I do not consider they are comparable to the effect which the starvation of our prisoners would produce in this country, were such a calamity to occur. My suggestion would be that the German prisoners should be housed, under proper Swiss guards, in French Switzerland, and the English prisoners in German Switzerland.

Perhaps you would find some opportunity of

discussing the whole of this subject confidentially with the Swiss Minister.

Yours sincerely,

LIONEL EARLE."

He wrote a charming letter in reply, saying that he fully agreed that the spirit shown by my brother would be hard to match, and that he would be proud for a relation of his to write in such a strain in such circumstances.

It was Lord Kitchener who absolutely refused to agree to any proposal of sending the prisoners to Switzerland!

In May, 1916, he was released into Switzerland. His release was largely due, I think, to the interest which Princess Margaret, the Crown Princess of Sweden, one of the sweetest characters that ever breathed, took in his case. He was met at the frontier by our Minister at Berne, Sir E. Grant Duff, and went to Château d'Oex, where all the British prisoners were to be assembled.

I took my sister-in-law and the eldest girl to Château d'Oex, and we arrived the day after his arrival. On the way through Lausanne I got a telephone message from our Minister at Berne, warning me that he feared we should be unspeakably shocked by his appearance.

We certainly were. He had a long beard, and I have never seen such a change in a man's appearance, as he was one of the best looking, best set-up Guards' officers that I ever remember, and now looked like a man who had been many years in a dungeon in the Bastille. We did our utmost to persuade him to shave off his beard, but he had got so accustomed to stroking it in prison that nothing would induce him to discard it. Some

weeks after I had returned to England I got a letter saying that "the beard is off!"

A few days after his arrival at Château d'Oex I took him to Lausanne to see Dr. Roux, one of the most distinguished surgeons of my lifetime. M. Roux was of humble origin, and was not particular as to the ordinary amenities of life.

He came out of his clinic, where he had been operating, in a white smock covered with blood. He made a very careful examination of the head, where the bullet had passed through, and also the leg. He then turned to me and said that no human being could have made such a hole through the head without touching something vital, either causing paralysis or death.

He then told me that he was prepared to examine any wounded British officers or men, that he thought he might be of considerable assistance, in preparing them for and to fit them with, artificial arms and legs. In those days they were far more advanced abroad in these matters than England, but now, I think, we probably provide better artificial limbs than any country. M. Roux made no charge to any wounded officer or man.

The Swiss, by law, are not allowed to accept any decoration, but I always regret that some honour in the shape of an Honorary Degree was not offered to M. Roux for his able and generous services.

To show the fine character of M. Roux, I must tell the following story, which occurred some years before the War, when M. Roux was at the summit of his fame.

A wealthy French lady had to be operated on for internal complications. The French surgeons, skilled and able as they were and are, were afraid to tackle this

particularly delicate and difficult operation and recommended that M. Roux should be called in to do it. He came, the operation lasted over two hours, and he was perspiring and exhausted by the strain of the complicated task. Before the patient came round the French doctors and surgeons present said: "Now, M. Roux, will you name your fee, as we have to get half." The distinguished surgeon, nettled and annoyed beyond words at this matter being raised or mentioned at such a moment, replied: "Well, gentlemen, my fee is twenty francs and a third class ticket to and from Lausanne!"

Both the First Commissioner's Private Secretary and mine were, alas! killed, and altogether we lost ninety-nine of our staff in the Great War.

In April, 1916, I was appointed by the War Cabinet to be a member of an International War Graves Committee to consider the question of the future of the numerous small cemeteries. Accompanied by Mr. Allison,¹ of my department, we started off with special passes, crossing the Channel to Boulogne, escorted by torpedo destroyers, and after going to Montreuil, Lord Haig's headquarters, to learn from the Adjutant-General where we were to lodge, etc., we were driven on to Hesdin, a delightful little town much frequented by artists in peace time. We arrived at the inn packed with officers, and the landlady, a somewhat dashing looking female, told us that she had only one spare small single room, but that she would give up her room to the other. I went to look at this room, and found it of fair size with two beds, both of which had been evidently occupied, and the dressing-table covered with

¹ Now Sir Richard Allison.

rouge pots, hare's feet, and a mass of cosmetics dear to a certain type of female. The landlady told me if I would go to dinner, the room would soon be arranged.

We went downstairs and had a meal, with the room crammed with officers, and as we were to start early the next morning for the front, a distance of about forty or fifty kilometres, we retired to bed early. One could hear the guns very plainly, and I woke about 5 a.m.

It was a lovely May morning, and as there was no bath in this primitive little inn, I took my bath sponge to have a lick down, when to my horror an enormous cockroach came out of it. I am, alas, easily upset by such horrors, so I dressed hurriedly and walked out into the town. I was soon fascinated by the charm and architecture of the place. Suddenly, I came across a gem of a house, and found a tablet in the wall, and learnt therefrom that it was the birthplace and home of the Abbé Prévost, the author of *Manon Lescaut*. This soon diverted my mind from the horrors of the inn, and by six o'clock, when we were to start, my equanimity was completely restored.

We visited Albert, which had been badly and systematically shelled, and most buildings of any importance were in sorry condition. We also went to inspect the cemeteries at Vermelles, a very hot place at that time, Armentières, Bailleul, Poperinghe, and Abeele.

In some of the cemeteries I noticed two or three isolated graves with wooden crosses with nothing on them. I asked what they were, and whether they were German soldiers; I was told not to ask any questions. I insisted on knowing, and was informed that they were graves of men who had paid the penalty for cowardice

in the field. This segregation of graves worried me, as I felt that the men had paid the penalty for their weakness, which may be largely physical, and that it was absolutely wrong to brand them for all time, inflicting pain on their relatives.

I do not think my views were accepted by our military companions, so I submitted a minute on the subject to the War Cabinet, and they endorsed my view, so this custom was abolished and the graves merged with the others. On the 3rd November, 1917, I received the following letter from Lord Derby, the Secretary of State for War:

“War Office,
Whitehall, S.W. 1,
3rd November, 1917.

Dear Sir Lionel,

His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales desires me to draw your attention to the decision of the Imperial War Conference that an Imperial War Graves Commission should be established to take over the work hitherto entrusted to the National Committee for the Care of Soldiers' Graves, of which His Royal Highness has been President. This Commission has now been duly constituted under Royal Charter, and the National Committee formally ceases to exist.

His Royal Highness is anxious to take this opportunity of conveying to you his cordial thanks for the valuable services you have rendered as a member of the National Committee. It has given His Royal Highness great pleasure to be associated with you in the important work, which is very near to his heart, of caring for the graves of our soldiers and providing that their great sacrifices

shall in due time be worthily commemorated, and he is most grateful to you and his other colleagues on the National Committee for their loyal co-operation and assistance.

I should like to send on my own behalf my very deep appreciation of the work done by the National Committee, to whose foresight and initiative is due the creation of the Imperial War Graves Commission.

Yours faithfully,
(sd.) DERBY.

Sir Lionel Earle, K.C.B., C.M.G.,
H.M. Office of Works,
S.W. 1."

In 1915 Colonel House came to London on his way to Berlin as the representative of President Wilson. He was at all times a very cautious and silent man, and doubly so on account of the delicacy of his mission.

I heard an amusing story of how Mr. Asquith invited him to luncheon at 10, Downing Street, and had not been able to tell Mrs. Asquith¹ about the distinguished guest until just before luncheon. He told her that Colonel House, a very important American, would be seated next to her. Hardly were they seated before Mrs. Asquith turned to Colonel House and said:

"Oh, Mr. House, who and what are you?"

The cautious man thought for a few seconds, and then replied: "Well, ma'am, they say that I am the eyes and ears of the President."

"Good God," said Mrs. Asquith, "what an appalling fate!"

One of my best and kindest friends, Lady Granard, knowing how worried I was about my brother, persuaded

¹ Countess of Oxford and Asquith.

Colonel House to see me at the Ritz Hotel, where he was staying, in case he could do anything while in Germany to help his conditions in prison. Colonel House received me, was very silent, but became moved, I think, by my piteous tale of his treatment and condition, and kindly promised that if he had time and received permission, he would himself go all the way from Berlin to Friedberg im Taunus to see him. This generous act from a busy man, in his important position, touched me greatly and won me to him for life.

About a fortnight after, I got a message from him asking me to go and see him at the Ritz. He then told me that he had had no time to go himself, but that he had sent his private secretary. This gentleman was called in, and he gave me a very depressing account of my brother's condition.

When my brother was finally free to come home after the War, I took him over to Castle Forbes, in Ireland, in order that he should thank Lady Granard for all she had done for a man she had never known.

I saw Colonel House several times about the time of the Armistice, and on my two visits to New York he has shown me the greatest kindness.

In 1915 the King asked me whether I did not think it somewhat absurd for him to pay for a gardener, solely to look after the Great Vine at Hampton Court.

I replied that I thought it quite unnecessary, but if our department were responsible for it, I feared the grapes would have to be sold as an appropriation in aid to the park's vote. The King fully agreed, but asked that he and the Queen should have the first option to purchase the grapes for charity.

This vine was planted in 1768, and bears a very

large number of bunches of grapes. We arranged for the blind of St. Dunstan's to make attractive little baskets to hold the bunches, and every year, directly it is announced in the Press that the grapes are ripe, they are speedily sold by telegrams from all over the country. The 1d. entrance fee to visit the vine and the sale of the grapes produces about £800 per annum as appropriation in aid.

In 1915, when Lord Fisher was First Sea Lord, he asked me to go and see him one evening at his official residence, the Mall House.

He told me that he could not concentrate on his serious problems on account of the mantelpiece in his study. It was a wooden mantelpiece designed, I presume, by the architect of the building, Sir Aston Webb, and would not have offended me. But Lord Fisher was so emphatic on the point, that I told him I would remove it and replace it by an attractive marble mantelpiece that had come out of one of the old houses in Great George Street when demolished, and which we had in store.

After it was installed he wrote me a letter full of gratitude, and ended it by saying: "No doubt when you want a battleship to take you anywhere, you'll send me a telephone!" He also asked me to close the middle gate of the Admiralty arch, as he had really narrow escapes crossing to the Admiralty so often as he did by night and by day.

He was a most interesting man, and confided to me one day that the greatest mistake of his life was his agreeing to the attack on the Dardanelles by the fleet.

One night when dining with the Asquiths in Downing Street, General Sir Tom Bridges being of the party, Mr.

Asquith asked him which of the two missions to America had met with the greatest success, the Balfour mission, or the French with Monsieur Viviani and Marshal Joffre. The General, who had accompanied the Balfour Mission, replied: "Oh, without doubt the French on account of the two republics and all the Lafayette history of past times." He then related the following: The Governor of New York had given a great banquet in honour of Monsieur Viviani, the ex-Prime Minister, and General Joffre. Probably very few of the guests, and certainly not the Governor, understood a word of French. M. Viviani was a great orator, and at the end of dinner made a most moving speech, in which he referred to Joffre as the saviour of France, the battle of the Marne, etc.

Joffre was so moved by the burning words of his chief that he rose and passed behind the Governor's chair and went and embraced Viviani on both cheeks. The Governor jumped up from his chair and tore them asunder, saying: "We can have nothing of this here." He thought he had gone to bite him in the ear in true Sicilian fashion.

I used to go on many a Sunday to the Asquiths at the Wharf, a delicious summer residence on the banks of a tributary of the Thames. On one of these Sundays I warned the Prime Minister that there was an active movement or intrigue going on to oust him from the Premiership. Asquith, who was loyalty itself, did not and would not believe this. I told him that I was convinced of it, and implored him to be watchful. Within three days the bomb burst, and he was no longer in the Government.

Harcourt, who had been First Commissioner before

1910, came back to the Department for a second time in 1915, but, having held the Secretary of Stateship for the Colonies with much distinction and deep interest, he naturally was disappointed when, on the first Coalition Government being formed, he had to revert to the junior ministerial office.

When Mr. Lloyd George formed his government Harcourt left, and Sir Alfred Mond¹ was appointed. This created for me a very difficult time.

When Mr. Lloyd George was in the saddle he decided that General Von Donop, the Master-General of Ordnance, must go. It was represented to him in the highest quarters that this distinguished soldier was not of German origin, but of Dutch, and that the family had been in this country for three or four generations. Mr. Lloyd George was, however, obdurate, and said that he could not afford to have any Vons about his administration. It was brought to the Prime Minister's attention how advisable it was to appoint somebody, as First Commissioner, sympathetic to the King on account of the close relationship as regards the palaces, the gardens, Royal parks, etc.

The very next day the name of Sir Alfred Moritz Mond was submitted as First Commissioner of Works. This slight was, of course, resented in high quarters and made my position very difficult. In fact every communication on matters with which my department was concerned, in connection with the palace, etc., was sent through me.

The impression that I formed of my Minister was that he possessed a rapid thinking mind, but without the same ability and solidity as his father, who was

¹ Later Lord Melchett.

undoubtedly a very able scientist. He had a great desire to leave some permanent record of his administration, and I think the creation of the Imperial War Museum was largely due to this. Later, after the War was over, he had a fantastic idea to erect a gigantic war memorial at Hyde Park Corner, so vast that it would not only have taken a considerable slice off Buckingham Palace Gardens, but entirely destroyed the Decimus Burton Gateways into the park.

Sir Alfred had great courage and a warm and generous heart. As an illustration of the former, I believe that the mother vein of the Mond Nickel Co. in Canada had worked out, and the company employed all the best geological experts and mining engineers of the day, and after spending some hundreds of thousands of pounds the experts reported that they had failed to trace it and could not recommend the directors to risk any more money in prospecting. Sir Alfred was so convinced that the vein was there that he offered to put up half a million pounds to continue the search. The vein was struck, and naturally for his courage and financial backing he received a very large block of shares, which ultimately rose to a very high premium.

He had as his private secretary a little Welshman, who, I think, was a journalist by profession. He was a nice man and I liked him. But one day the Bishop of Winchester wrote to Sir Alfred and signed his letter E. Winton. The private secretary acknowledged the letter and wrote: Dear Mr. Winton and addressed it to E. Winton, Esq.

This infuriated me as a discredit to the department and the Civil Service, so I went to Sir Alfred and insisted on his having an official private secretary from the

department, leaving his own man to deal with his private affairs. To this he agreed and Mr. Russell, of the Office of Works, was appointed.

When Sir Alfred was moved to the Ministry of Health, where I have reason to believe that he was more successful and more suited to the problems of the department, his private secretary came to say good-bye to me and thank me for all my "kindness to him." He then said that he knew everything about Sir Alfred Mond's affairs, and that in return for my kindness he advised me to buy Mond Nickel Ordinary Shares. I told him that I never speculated and had no available money to invest, but thanked him for his tip.

About two months afterwards I had two bonds paid off, so I remembered his advice and invested the £200 in Mond Nickel Ordinary. For three years or so they never moved much in value, but paid good interest on the investment, when suddenly they began to rise and rise rapidly. When they reached 50s. I thought I had better realise, as I believe in small profits and quick returns. Within a few months they rose to about £13 per share!

When air attacks began, consideration had to be given to the protection of the national treasures, in the various galleries and museums. There was a long section of a new P.O. tube railway not quite completed, running from Paddington to Broad Street, and we created two vast stores therein, one near Paddington for the Wallace collection and the other near Bloomsbury for the British Museum exhibits which could be moved.

The district railway also kindly placed a considerable siding near the Strand at our disposal, and here the National Gallery pictures were housed.

We had to construct lifts to take the deposits down, and scientific instruments were installed dealing with the temperature, humidity, etc. I also recommended that we should offer sanctuary to treasures of private owners, free of charge at owner's risk, provided they were certified by the appropriate museum director as being of national importance.

We had, of course, guardians day and night to see that the air conditions were kept in a perfect state.

The cost of installation on a percentage basis of the value of the articles stored, was very small, and I believe the only damage done to any exhibit was a small chip on a picture frame assessed at half a crown. The Assyrian bulls at the British Museum were too bulky and heavy to move.

When the Air Force was created the question arose where they could be housed. In the interests of economy I suggested that the vacated rooms of the British Museum should be used. This suggestion did not appeal to some of the trustees, so the matter had to be considered by the War Cabinet.

Lord Rothermere, the new Air Minister, and I were summoned to the Cabinet, and the museum was represented by the late Archbishop of Canterbury.¹ Lord Curzon had prepared a long memorandum setting forth the objections to the proposal, and had not been reading it for more than 30 seconds when the Prime Minister interrupted and said:

"We have really not time to listen to all this, we have got to get on with the War."

¹ I notice in Lord Riddell's *Diary of the War* that he was invited to the Cabinet Meeting by Lord Curzon much to Mr. Lloyd George's annoyance.

Lord Curzon collapsed at once. Mr. Lloyd George then asked the Archbishop if he had any alternative proposal to suggest. The Archbishop said he had heard that the Bethlem Hospital might be appropriate.

The Prime Minister then turned to me and said: "What have you, Sir Lionel, to say as regards the Archbishop's suggestion?"

I replied: "You probably know better than I do the kind of accommodation in which lunatics were housed a hundred or more years ago. Tiny cells with heavily barred windows, and if the War Cabinet feel that this type of building is suitable for Lord Rothermere and his satellites, with a telegraphic address of Bedlam, I have nothing further to say."

Mr. Lloyd George leant back in his chair laughing, and said: "I am bound to say my sense of humour is tickled by the thought of Lord Rothermere and his officials being housed in such premises with a telegraphic address of Bedlam."

The British Museum was therefore decided on for the New Air Ministry.

The bombing by German aircraft was alarming in the early days, but I soon got accustomed to it. We had no anti-aircraft guns, and the French very generously lent us some of their .75's with all the drawings of the gun, with the exception of the very secret and all-important recoil chamber.

I used to be warned by the Admiralty when the German attacking planes had crossed the coast. One night about 8 p.m. I got a warning, and feeling tired and hungry I hurried off to walk across St. James' and Green Parks to dine at the St. James' Club. In the Green Park the gun had already begun firing, and as I turned into

Piccadilly I felt a heavy and painful blow on the arm and soon felt blood trickling down. A piece of shell from one of our own guns had hit me. I had to go and have the wound sewn up. It had cut right through my great coat and clothes. I have the piece of shell now as a memento.

Comparatively little damage was done in London by German aircraft. As regards buildings I am not sure that more damage was not done by the anti-aircraft guns. There were several large bombs which did material damage. One in Maida Vale, one in South London, and one quite close to my house at Chelsea Hospital. In July, 1918, there was a terrific noise of an explosion which shook my house, and I heard early next morning that Chelsea Hospital had been struck.

As my department was responsible for the buildings I went there at once and heard that five people had been killed, three adults and two children, one child had been blown across the road, and there was still flesh and blood on the top of the railings of Burton's Court. Another baby in its cot had a most remarkable escape. When the house collapsed the cot was caught on a nail, and the babe was rescued without a scratch. The parents having both been killed, the baby was, I believe, adopted by some kind people.

A few days before the Armistice I was instructed to proceed to Paris to see Monsieur Clemenceau and what arrangements could be made as regards the Peace Conference, and where it was to be held. I was to keep in the closest touch as regards my negotiations, with Colonel House, then resident at the headquarters of the American Mission in Paris.

M. Clemenceau I had known since boyhood, as he was an intimate friend of Admiral Maxse, who had a flat in Paris with his two daughters Olive and Violet, afterwards Lady Milner. When I was working at the Sorbonne, Clemenceau used to dine with them constantly on Sunday evenings when I was also present. He was at that time the leading article writer of a prominent radical newspaper.

Mr. Lloyd George was in favour of the Peace Conference being held at Geneva, a country not involved in the War, but Clemenceau would not hear of this; said it must either be at Paris or at Washington. The latter place being very inconvenient for the Allies, Paris was agreed.

I then proceeded to discuss the question of premises for the delegates and all the staffs, and this, considering that the Dominions and India were interested, meant a large amount of accommodation. We settled in the first instance on the Majestic Hotel, which was under Austrian management before the War, the Hôtel d'Albe in the Avenue de l'Alma, and a smaller hotel, the Baltimore, in the neighbourhood, and these were all commandeered. Later we acquired the Astoria, which had been turned into a hospital during the War, and then occupied by the Japanese. This hotel was under German management, and I believe had been selected for the Emperor and his staff to occupy, if and when Paris was taken. Later two other small hotels were taken.

A very fine apartment was hired from Lady Michelham for Mr. Lloyd George's occupation.

I was in Paris on the actual day of the Armistice, and after leaving Colonel House in the Rue de Varenne I walked across the Place de la Concorde to go and lunch with Lord and Lady Derby at the Embassy. The place was packed with an enormous crowd, perfectly

orderly, and, although the crowd gave one the impression of intense relief, I have never seen a mass of human beings more sober and dignified on an occasion of victory.

I had some difficulty in threading my way to the Rue du Faubourg St. Honoré, and was very interested to overhear three educated Frenchmen talking about the relief from the hell of the past few years. One of them said: "It's no use hiding the fact, the War has been won through the blockade by the British Fleet." This statement naturally filled me with pride.

After a few days in England I returned to the Majestic with Sir Basil Thomson, who was in charge of Security. We travelled all night round by Bayeux, as the line at Amiens was torn up and impassable. On arrival at the Majestic at 7 a.m. I was met by a howling crowd of discharged French employees, many of them having lost an arm or a leg in the War, as our Foreign Office had insisted that there must be no servant in the hotel but British. An unfortunate decision, in my opinion, as these Frenchmen, who had fought and suffered in the War, were as likely to be as reliable as waiters, porters, and liftmen drawn from the Adelphi Hotel at Liverpool and the Midland Hotel at Manchester.

I had also obtained with some difficulty a site in the Bois de Boulogne, where we erected a wooden building to do all the printing for the British section of the Conference, the machinery being provided by H.M. Stationery Office, the Foreign Office printers living on the premises.

The Majestic Hotel was run by the Ministry of Food, and Sir Francis Towle and his brother, who had great experience with the management of the two large

Midland Railway hotels at Liverpool and Manchester, were put in charge. The staff of officials, secretaries, typists, experts, etc., was very large, and the claims for loss in plate and linen by the hotel proprietors on giving up the premises amounted to a big figure.

The napkins and table-cloths had been used for all kinds of purposes for which they were not intended, such as for picnics in the country, and not brought back, and for sundry other uses. The plate, i.e. coffee and tea-sets, dish covers, etc., were missing in large quantities when stock was taken, as most members of the staff had taken some article as a memento of this historic conference. The plate had been manufactured in Germany and was somewhat richer and more ornate than the ordinary hotel "furniture", being well *ciselé*. I had some patterns sent over, and asked the English firms to quote. The price demanded was heavy, moreover they were not quite certain that they could reproduce the models. The reproductions they submitted were not acceptable to the hotel proprietors. I then got into touch with the German manufacturers who had originally provided them, and they quoted a reasonable price, but they said they could not execute the order as they had no nickel. I reported this to Sir Alfred, and he said: "I can give them nickel." This, I felt, settled the matter. I already had visions of a violent attack in the Press on giving an order to a German firm within a few months of the Armistice, and nickel being provided by my Minister would, I felt, make the attack irresistible. So we had to fall back on France, who reproduced the articles, but at a cost of approximately £7,600. The linen, to replace the missing and deteriorated stock, we had made in Belfast, and this amounted to £14,000.

I had employed British and French detectives to trace

the offenders who had taken the stock. It was reported to me that a delegate from one of the Dominions had taken a whole tea service in plate, and I wanted to prosecute, as an example, but I was not allowed to do so, and perhaps wisely.

Seventy large plate meat covers were missing, and I believe that every car driver attached to the mission, who had come from the war zone where pinching had become a habit, had taken these articles as mementoes.

I gave full evidence on this unsavoury story before the Public Accounts Committee, and it is astonishing that there was not more noise made about the scandal, but reckless waste and extravagance at that time was so widespread that people apparently thought little about such matters.

War warps and distorts some of the best in mankind.

I had to go to Paris on several occasions during the Peace Conference, and was much interested in hearing from an old friend, Mr. Harry White, who was for many years Councillor of the American Embassy in London and one of the American Peace delegates in Paris, that he was lunching in Berlin with von Falkenhayn, the Minister of War, when the telegram arrived announcing that Great Britain had decided to take up arms with the Allies. Von Falkenhayn read the telegram and said that this was the blackest day in the history of the Reich!

There was a young first division gentleman, an assistant principal in my department, whom I had never seen, serving with the forces, who gained the Victoria Cross. The record of his heroism provided by the War Department absolutely took my breath away. His name was Lieutenant McIntyre. For some weeks he had volunteered to cut barbed wire defences at night, a very dangerous operation, and then in 1917 he took eleven, I

think, of the German concrete "pill boxes" for machine-guns with two or three men, by bombing. Two days after the event which gained him the most coveted of all honours he was shot through the thigh. He was invalided home, and after recovering he came to the department and asked if I would receive him.

He came into my room and called me "Sir." I told him never to do that, as I felt I ought to go on my knees before him and lick his boots. I then asked him to sit down and we had a good talk. I wondered whether there was anything outstanding or remarkable in the face of this hero, and it suddenly struck me that he had very remarkable eyes.

He is now one of the most loyal, efficient, and capable officers of the department.

During the latter part of the War we had approximately 10,000 German prisoners under our charge, and very efficient workers they were. I was struck by their fine physique and good health, and, considering that food was short and not of high grade quality, I was astonished how well they were. I think it was largely due to the vitamins sent by their relatives.

During the whole of the War my sister-in-law and I used to send parcels of food to my brother and every one of these reached him with one exception.

One day a great friend of mine, Count Wrangel, the Swedish Minister, informed me that he was sending a messenger to Berlin and kindly offered that he should take a parcel of food for my brother. I gratefully accepted and went off at once to Fortnum and Mason, and bought every conceivable article to the tune of about £3. This is the only parcel that never reached him. Either it was seized by the authorities for not going

through the official channel, or else it was too tempting a prize for some hungry German.

I went one day to a camp at Eastcote and found the prisoners working at making charming little gardens, but they had practically no flowers to plant in them. I asked the Commandant whether there would be any objection to my sending them some rose trees. He replied, "none whatever." So I purchased some and sent them, and I received the following letter from one of the prisoners:

"Eastcote,

March 14th, 1917.

Sir,

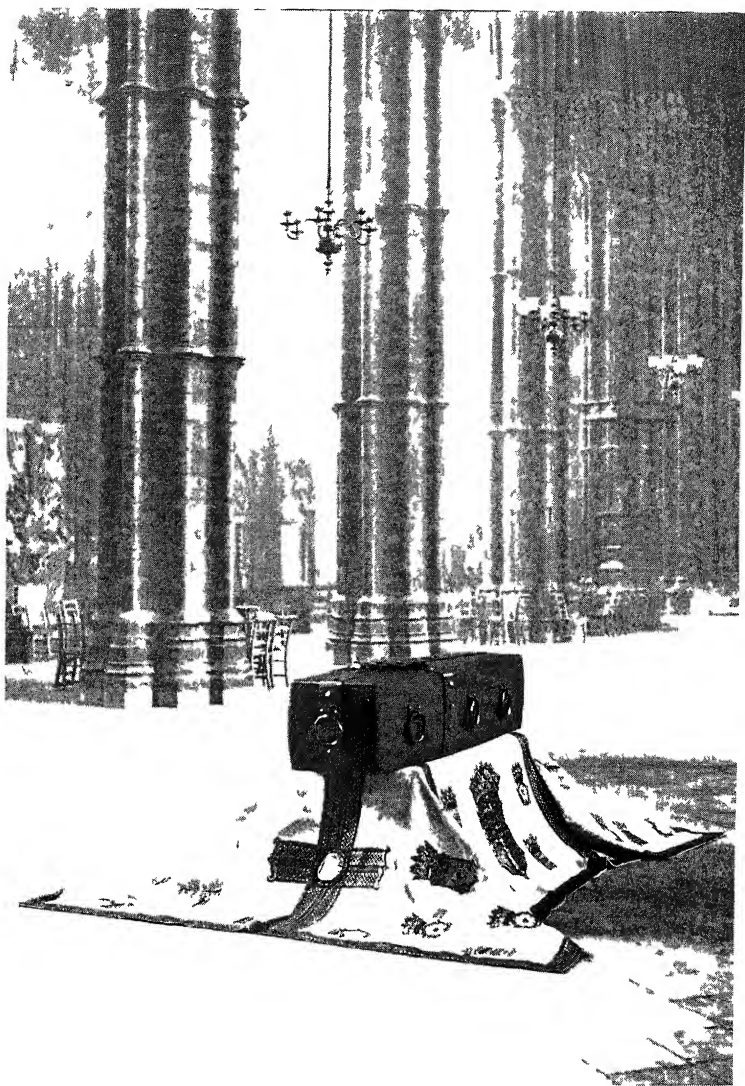
I take liberty to acknowledge the receipt of twelve little rose trees, which the most honourable gentlemen promised to send to the Concentration Camp, Eastcote, to embellish those little gardens—which through the kind permission of the gentlemen Commander certain prisoners of war have started. We are trying to carry out this—our hobby to the best of our abilities—which is denied to us when we sail the oceans. As we have to live presently under somewhat strained pecuniary circumstances, a very deplorable fact for every Jack Tar at any time, and we therefore cannot afford any expenses. I take it for granted to express my most humble gratitude for this generous donation.

Very respectfully and obedient,

GUSTAV RUDLOFF.

P. of W., No. 1345 8 Camp.

Place of Internment, Eastcote."



THE UNKNOWN WARRIOR'S COFFIN IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY

IX

SOME POST-WAR PROBLEMS AND DEVELOPMENTS

AN incident, which amused me greatly during the election after the Armistice, was when Sir Alfred Mond, whose parents were both German, was addressing a number of his constituents, he told them that he was British born. A gentleman in the audience rose and said that he had at that moment a cat which was about to have a litter, and that she had comfortably settled in a kipper-box by the fireside. He therefore, wanted to know from the prospective member whether, when they were born, they would be kittens or kippers.

An important matter in which I was actively engaged was in connection with the funeral of the Unknown Warrior in Westminster Abbey. The six bodies, which had been exhumed at various points on the battle front, were brought in coffins to a place near the Belgian frontier and, there, an officer, who had no knowledge where the bodies had been collected, tapped one of the coffins which became the body of the Unknown Warrior.

My department had had a very simple but dignified coffin built in English oak and strapped with wrought iron work, executed by a very capable Welsh smith, Mr. Williams, of Caernarvon. He was an admirable craftsman, and had executed a good deal of wrought iron work for us in connection with ancient monuments under our charge. He also forged the railings which

surround the Victoria Tower Gardens handed over to us by the London County Council.

This coffin was sent to France and the body placed in it. When the Government had decided to adopt the proposal which originated, I believe, from the brain of a clergyman in the Isle of Thanet, although the French had also put forward the suggestion, not acted on by them till much later, the Government entrusted the arrangements to Lord Curzon, then Foreign Secretary, Mr. Bright of my department, and myself. Several of our meetings took place at the Foreign Office late at night, as Lord Curzon was so fully occupied by day.

My department asked Sir Edwin Lutyens what he would suggest as a design for the Cenotaph, and in about twenty minutes he had made a rough sketch of his proposal: this was submitted to the Cabinet and unanimously accepted. He then elaborated the detailed drawings, over which he spent much thought and time. These were worked out with such meticulous care, that if the lines of the monument be carried up to a height and to an equal depth underground, they would meet at a vanishing point. This, I believe, is what the Greek designers initiated. Sir Edwin, patriotically, made no charge for his design.

The Cenotaph was first erected in lathe and plaster, as there was not time to build it in stone. There was considerable opposition to the site by the local authorities for the permanent structure, on traffic grounds, but the Government were adamant, as the spot had become consecrated in the eyes of the nation.

Some time after the Cenotaph had been unveiled, Sir Edwin pressed that the flags should be carved in stone and coloured by a process which he maintained would

be permanent, so as to prevent any disturbing movement due to the fluttering in the wind. Technically, I think he was right, as the movement of the flags in a wind is disturbing, but the Cabinet were doubtful and refused the suggestion. He placed the flags in coloured stone on the Wellington College War Memorial with great success.

The arrangements for the actual ceremony in the Abbey were very difficult. As there was only seating accommodation in the Abbey for 400 war widows, stands were erected for many thousands at the Cenotaph itself and on the line of route. This raised an immense amount of feeling, and our office was besieged by hundreds of irate and almost hysterical females. The *Daily Mail* and other daily papers began an intensive and hostile attack against the department, and I felt some drastic action was necessary to stop this tornado. An inspiration suddenly came to me that I must put Lieutenant McIntyre, V.C., in charge of this service, and from that moment all the violent hostility ceased. A furious and disappointed War widow was told that Lieutenant McIntyre, V.C., would deal with her case, and there was no further indignation.

The arrangements for the sending of the coffin to France and the transport home was entrusted to Mr. Allum, of the Supplies Division, who was recommended to me by the head of that section. It was the efficient way in which he organised the whole of this somewhat intricate and delicate service that brought him first to my notice. There was no hitch, everything worked according to clock. For the last few years of my term of office he has been Comptroller of the Supplies Division, and a more efficient, loyal, and capable officer it would be impossible to have. I owe him much.

The actual ceremony of the burial was the most moving and soul-stirring scene that I have ever seen. One passed through a double line of war heroes, all V.C.'s, to the grave where all the leaders in the Great War, Civil, Naval, and Military, together with the King and Queen, Queen of Spain, and other royalties were gathered. There was hardly a dry eye, and I know that I wept copiously. I received the following letter from Lord Curzon:

“ Foreign Office,
S.W.1.

Dear Earle,

May I, as Chairman of the Cabinet Committee, send you a line of hearty congratulations upon the splendid and efficient organisation of your department and all its works in connection with yesterday's ceremonies. There was no hitch. All went solemnly and perfectly to order, and there was no single respect in which the Office of Works failed to satisfy the most exacting expectations.

You must be very gratified as was I.

Yours truly,
(sd.) CURZON.”

The post-War period was a very difficult and active one for my department, as a large number of services that we had never handled before were placed in our charge.

The housing estates all over the country, consisting of some thousands of artisans' dwellings, had to be administered by us. The rents were difficult to collect. The very fact that they were Government property, coupled with the fact that many votes were involved if the Minister of the day took a firm line, and that many

of the estates were studded with poor and jerry-built houses, made it clear that they should be demolished as soon as possible, and the well-built cottages sold either to the local authority or to private enterprise.

We were also directed to take over all the coastguard stations, which in olden days were under the Admiralty and then placed under the Board of Trade. Many of these are situated in very wild and little inhabited areas, which complicated the question of enlargement or annual maintenance.

The Royal Parks also, which had been used for war buildings, cultivation of corn, and allotments, were in a very derelict condition. Money was difficult to obtain, and the process of re-conditioning was slow and gradual. The lake in St. James' Park had been drained for protection purposes, against being a guide for enemy aircraft, and two large wooden buildings had been erected on it for the Ministry of Shipping. Flower beds were somewhat curtailed in the interests of economy, but gradually the parks returned to, and even surpassed, their pre-War glory.

After the War there were naturally a large number of requests for sites for the various war memorials, such as the Guards, Artillery, Cavalry, Machine Gun Corps, Air Force, Mercantile Marine, etc.

I had an idea that if we could have carried on the width of Portland Place through Regent's Park, either to the heights of Primrose Hill, or even better to Highgate, with a fine monumental triumphal arch at the crest of the hill, it would have made not only a highway far more impressive than the Champs Elysées in Paris, but a worthy memorial to commemorate, for all time, the heroic struggle of the British Empire; the money spent

on individual isolated memorials would have gone a long way towards the cost, supplemented by a Government grant.

In 1921 the department came to the conclusion that the Birdcage Walk was a dismal and unsightly fringe of one of the prettiest of the London parks. There was a sand-riding track bordered by trees, most of which were stricken with disease and nearly dead. The riding track was used by a maximum of four riders a day, of whom the speaker was one and Sir Henry Craik, M.P., another. We cut down the wretched trees, abolished the track and planted an avenue of healthy planes, bordering a walk from Storey's Gate to the south end of Buckingham Palace.

Lord Crawford as First Commissioner fully approved the scheme. After it was finished he received a violent protest from Sir Henry Craik. Lord Crawford's reply was so sound and dignified that I think it of interest to record the correspondence.

"The Athenæum,
Pall Mall, S.W.1.

5th January, 1922.

My dear Bal,¹

(If you will permit to old age a reverting to old familiar usage)—You know how cordially I wish the best of New Year blessings for *Bal*. But as for the First Commissioner of Works, and all his myrmidons, the bottomless Pit of Tophet is too good for them.

The diabolical perversity of their work on the Parade exceeds my worst forebodings. It is pure devilish wickedness.

¹ By permission of Lord Crawford.

But why because they are diabolical do they think it necessary also to evince at the same moment an absolutely unrivalled power of utter imbecility? The proof of this is in their work on the side path in Birdcage Walk, which they are effectually making absolutely useless for any purpose whatever. There is to be a sandy track about the breadth of a stair carpet and bordered by low iron railings, which no one who was not fool enough to be a Board of Works official would ever dream of riding upon; and on each side a broad grass border which no one can walk on without bumping into a tree! It reminds me of nothing else but a scene on a theatre stage.

Why is it that all sense and all taste desert everyone within these accursed walls? I used to hold your taste infallible; and I have the highest respect for Sir Lionel Earle—as a man but not as Secretary.

I am too old for it to matter much to me. But between you, you have effectually cut me off from Hyde Park, after 40 years of better days.

Forgive my wrath, but it really is trying to see all the muddle.

Ever yours,

H. CRAIK."

"7 Audley Square, W.1.

10th January, 1922.

Dear Sir Henry Craik,

My dear old Friend and Colleague,

You address me in two capacities—let me likewise follow suit, and reply to your letter in combination from the bottomless Pit of Tophet, and from the ordinary humdrum station of a London citizen, who frequently used St. James' Park; of the Parade-ground I wish to say nothing—you know

my views and do not share them, and at the present moment that bit of the Park looks quite as mean and ignoble as Bushey Park or Hampton Court must have looked two and a half centuries ago, when they were laying out what has developed into the most grandiose avenue in Europe! *Respice Finem.*

Firstly about the footpath and the grass in Birdcage Walk—you say the footpath is absolutely useless, but why should this be so—it is a walk, a thoroughfare with trees and grass on either side, later on to be implemented by seats—it represents pleasure, exercise, recreation, repose—surely this is no absurdity, nothing imbecile! There used to be a sand track eighteen feet wide, used according to the careful census of trustworthy observers by only two or three riders per day, for several of the riders who entered the Park by Storey's Gate habitually crossed the parade-ground and joined the sand track at the Duke of York's steps, in order to avoid the slippery pavement and dangerous cross traffic opposite Buckingham Palace. There was really no occasion to maintain the quarter of a mile of sand track for so few people, after the condition of the trees made a remodelling of the avenue necessary. So I settled to make a walk down the middle, and having made the walk, twelve feet wide, it was natural that the sides should be clothed with grass, partly because grass, as such, is precious in London parks and should be multiplied, wherever no better use can be found for the ground, partly also because trees will thrive in grass more than when embedded in gravel. The scale of this grass is slender—I wish it could have been extended, but

I had to be content with what was available, but it is in any case preferable to gravel.

Then as to the Trees. What was the position? A mixed avenue had been planted long ago on the north side of the roadway, consisting of about 80 trees—but so much were they stricken with disease and distemper that there were frequent gaps whence moribund wrecks had fallen or been removed—one gap was not less than a hundred yards long, and the root-bound survivors, after years of ineffective struggle, were steadily dwindling away. It was the saddest, sickliest avenue of my acquaintance. Recovery was impossible, while the interpolation of new trees, or the replenishment of the ugly gaps, would have been improvident according to the accepted rules of arboriculture. What was to be done? Of course, one could acquiesce in the rapid and inevitable mortification of these poor seedy weeds, but I determined to see what a fresh start would involve, both in the matter of expense, and in the actual loss of trees. I had measurements made of the timber I have actually sacrificed. You will hardly credit me when I tell you that the cubic capacity of sound timber, in the 72 trees destroyed, only amounted to 300 c. ft. in the aggregate, the equivalent of two decent elm trees in a London park! 143 trees have been replanted at a very modest cost—vigorous young planes from our nursery garden, and every time I pass down Birdcage Walk, I am conscious of erect and wholesome youth. There is a future for this avenue, an assured future of healthy branches, shady foliage, rich colouring, noble stems—instead of that depressing sense of decadence and neglect I always derive from

seeing young trees, perishing from paralysis and disease.

I may say that I have received many expressions of approval—some people, who have made a long study of London parks, are good enough to say that the improvement of Birdcage Walk is noteworthy—one man said that the transformation has been magical. I quote this in self-defence! at any rate to show you that your criticism is not accepted by others.

Let me add one word more, a word of very earnest and friendly protest. Why assume that my "myrmidons" are a set of fools—perverse, diabolical, senseless imbeciles—bereft of taste, et cetera, et cetera—I glean this as an anthology from your letter? Indeed, you are wrong. Indeed, if you ask the opinion of those who know the parks of Paris or Vienna, of the L.C.C. of our big municipalities, you will hear a very different attitude adopted. We may commit errors, perhaps we do, and in matters of taste I always hesitate to dogmatise—in such things contest is always legitimate; but you, Craik, you who entered the public service during the Franco-Prussian War, you, who must now be among the Doyens of the Civil Service, certainly one of the senior and most distinguished of its retired officers—I regret that you of all people should pour the vials of contempt (wrath I don't mind) upon the Civil Servants of the younger generation! I have now been in office of one kind and another for several years and have been brought into contact with varied types of Departments and Officials. In all alike, but nowhere more than in the Office of Works, I have found efficiency, skill, experience,

supplemented by sound judgment, and animated by zeal and public spirit. Do not disparage them! Their task is already hard and made more onerous by those who attack them for political and ulterior motives—to strike Ministers through their officials who may not reply. I feel they have some right to look for protection from their illustrious predecessors in the public service.

Yours ever,

(sd.) C. & B.

The Rt. Hon. Sir Henry Craik, M.P.,
House of Commons,
S.W.1."

The Royal Parks are now one of the outstanding features of London. Beautiful as they are, the cost as regards flowers is not heavy, as the department cultivates their own. There is, of course, the labour, but this is not serious in cost. What swells the park vote is the upkeep of the roads, greatly used by motorists and taxi cabs. These represent some sixty-seven miles in length and the department receives no road grant, as they are not a road authority.

Many foreigners come to London annually to see the beauty of the parks, and when the French President, Monsieur Doumergue, was over here, I asked him what had impressed him most during his visit to London, and he replied, without doubt the parks and open spaces.

I have come across many people in my time coming from miserable squalid homes, bitter in spirit, completely softened, by coming in contact with the beauty of nature on a fine summer evening.

I remember before the War the ill-starred Austrian Archduke Franz Ferdinand telling me that he was a much

travelled man and that London was the only City that he knew with fine open spaces in its midst, with no tramways running through them.

At Hampton Court there were four large walled enclosures, formerly the tilt yards of the Palace. There is, unfortunately, only one out of the four pavilions left, from which the ladies of the court used to view the jousts. These courts were let for many years by the Crown Lands Department to a market gardener, who did not make a success of the business and finally failed to pay his rent. We took the ground over and made two of the walled enclosures into restful pleasure grounds, and added to the pavilion without in any way altering the old original structure, where excellent meals and teas are served. The other two enclosures were converted into tennis courts and putting greens, which have proved very popular.

Another area we utilised as a nursery for a variety of trees for planting in the parks, whereas previously they had to be bought from nurserymen.

In 1922 Lord Riddell and four or five other prominent business men strongly advocated the creation of an artisans' golf course in Richmond Park on ground not previously open to the public. This request was finally granted with some hesitation and they found the money to create the course. It proved so popular that a second or relief course was created. Finally the department bought out the promoters and the two courses have proved a great boon. They are admirable courses: a round only costs 1/6 and they have been a marked financial success. The Prince of Wales graciously opened the first and the Duke of York the second.

In 1927 I was seriously perturbed at hearing that the

Crown Lands Department had entered into an agreement with a building promoter to allow a large block of flats to be erected on the site of St. John's Lodge, Regent's Park. The policy of my department for many years had been to try and get back into the public parks pieces of land from these private demesnes when the leases fell in. We had been successful to the extent of some twelve or fourteen acres during my tenure of office. If this large block of flats were erected, the charm of the park would be seriously affected by all the purveyors' vans and the traffic of the occupants. I persuaded Lord Birkenhead, a man of great judgment, and who could not be accused of being a wild æsthetic enthusiast, to come with me to the park and examine the problem.

He entirely shared my view. The matter went before the Cabinet and they laid it down that when the leases of the private demesnes in the centre of Regent's Park fell in, they should not be renewed and the land added to the Park for the benefit of the public.

In 1931 the lease of the Botanic Gardens came to an end and was not renewed. We took over the gardens on 1st January, 1932. We received a magnificent gift of 10,000 roses from the rose growers of England through the good offices of the Empire Marketing Board, and those gardens and the grounds of St. John's Lodge close by, are now a real pleasure to visit.

Some years ago, after the War, I began writing to our diplomatic and consulate representatives in countries such as Nicaragua, Chile, Persia, Greece, etc., asking them that if ever they saw beautiful flowering shrubs or plants, at an altitude of say 4,000 feet in the tropical countries, if they would send me the seed of the shrub or the plant itself, we would see if they developed here. I had the

most kindly response, in fact in some cases I was blessed not cursed, as it gave a fresh interest to several who had dull lives in the remote countries. One or two, as a result, have become keen and capable gardeners.

The King and Colonel Sir Clive Wigram also have helped us much through their kindly interest—both from the King of Nepal and the Maharajah of Cashmere we have received many seeds and plants of the greatest beauty and interest, never seen in Europe before.

We immediately presented to Kew and the Royal Botanic Gardens at Edinburgh any that they had not got.

In Nepal they were collected by a Nepalese officer, a keen and able botanist, at altitudes up to 12,000 feet. This distinguished officer, on his second research Expedition on the Royal Parks' behalf, unfortunately succumbed to pneumonia in the upper mountain regions. Since I left the department a further very important collection has reached His Majesty from Nepal, containing another new and apparently very beautiful *Meconopsis* and a lovely new white *primula*, which I hope in time will both be seen in one of the Royal Parks.

Through the medium of my kind friend of many years' standing, M. de Fleuriau, the French Ambassador in London, I got into touch with Marshal Lyautey, Governor of Morocco, with a request that he should send me plants or seeds of some of the lovely growths that abound in the Atlas Mountains : I suggested that the Catholic priests and missionaries would probably, through their education, be the best medium to select the plants. He wrote a most sympathetic reply saying that he would do his utmost.

Unfortunately the Riff War then broke out and my hopes were shattered.

Marshal Lyautey was a great man in many senses of the word.

When a Riff chief who had given endless trouble to the French for his stubborn offence and defence, finally surrendered to the Marshal, he handed his sword to him.

Lyautey immediately handed it back and pinned the Médaille Militaire on the chief's breast, remarking that he was empowered by his government to bestow this honour on any brave soldier, and that he had no instructions to confine the bestowal to a fellow countryman. The Marshal added that the Riff chief might also notice that among all his decorations and honours, he had not obtained this distinction. The Riff chief had been a clean fighter and was very good to the French prisoners of war.

Marshal Lyautey was interested in ancient churches and buildings, but could not enter the mosques in Fez, as the Moors are very strict in not allowing any person not a Mohammedan to enter. He was, however, so respected and beloved that they gave him a special permit to enter them.

The Marshal was very grateful but declined to take advantage of the privilege, as he said that if he did so his successor might claim the concession as a right. Can one wonder that this man was respected and beloved by the Moors!

During my twenty years of office I was very fortunate on the whole in having a very able staff of superintendents particularly in the central parks.

Mr. Gardiner, whom I found as Chief Superintendent of the central parks, i.e. responsible for Hyde Park, Kensington Gardens, Green and St. James' Parks, was an admirable man, with a charming nature and character like most gardeners.

My experience in life is that gardeners are generally the nicest characters of the human race. I presume it is due to their close touch with Nature. At Greenwich Park there was a very remarkable gardener, Mr. T. Hay. He had been imported into the Government Service by my predecessor from Hopetoun, Lord Linlithgow's place in Scotland. He transformed Greenwich Park and made it, in my opinion, one of the most attractive if not the most attractive of all the London parks. It has one of the best herbaceous borders, the other being in Regent's Park, and the view up the river to the Port of London and over Greenwich Hospital is one that can never be forgotten. When a vacancy occurred he was promoted to Regent's Park and after a few years was again promoted to the Chief Superintendent's post at Hyde Park, when Mr. Gardiner retired.

I consider that he is one of the greatest practical gardeners in Great Britain. His culture and wide reading are remarkable. I have noticed, during a long life, that the further north one travels in the United Kingdom the more intelligent are the people.

For instance, Yorkshire and Lancashire inhabitants are in my opinion far more intelligent than those of the Midlands and Southern Counties, and directly one crosses the border, they are more intelligent still. I have often wondered why this is so, but educationalists tell me that it is due to the long nights in winter in the north, and consequently more time for reading and study.

In 1919 I went to Egypt to look into various problems connected with the Residency at Cairo and the neighbouring property with a fantastic half-finished house designed in the strangest of shapes, which we had bought

on the strong recommendation of Lord Kitchener when Resident Agent.

I was accompanied by Mr. Allison,¹ the architect, and Mr. Rutherford of the Supplies Division.

We sailed from Marseilles in an Admiralty transport of 10,000 tons. There were few passengers, mostly French officers on their way to Syria, and Mrs. Romilly, the sister of Mrs. Winston Churchill, who was going to join her husband, quartered in Egypt.

On arrival at Malta we were informed that the civilian element on the ship could not land under the regulations then in force. So, we British subjects, saw all the French officers going off to the shore and we were left prisoners on board. I was indignant at such treatment, particularly as the Foreign Office had notified both Malta and Egypt of our mission. I went to the Captain and asked him to send a wireless to the Governor, Lord Methuen, who was then living at the summer residence at San Antonio. He informed me that he could not do so as under Admiralty instructions he was not allowed to send any wireless message for any passenger. I was so angry at this treatment that finally he agreed to break this rule and send my message.

A reply came shortly that Lord Methuen was sending a car to the wharf and hoped that Mrs. Romilly and I would go out and dine at San Antonio.

We went on shore and I soon found the car, driven by his own daughter, and went out to San Antonio. My colleagues also came on shore to see the sights of the town.

After a pleasant evening at this charming summer palace we left by car before midnight as our ship was

¹ Now Sir Richard Allison.

sailing at 1 a.m., and on arrival at Malta we found the Governor's State Barge awaiting us. So we arrived at the ship in far greater state than we had left it.

We landed at Port Said and heard that the whole of Egypt was in a state of insurrection and unrest. We took the train to Cairo and as we travelled saw that some of the railway stations were burning or had been burnt by incendiaries. We also heard that some British nurses had been murdered.

On arrival at Cairo we were met by one of Lord Allenby's A.D.C.s and escorted to our hotel. It was an unpleasant time and the Australian troops were continually patrolling the streets in armoured cars with machine guns. It was quite impossible to enter any mosque or bazaar, and before I left, we had even great difficulty in visiting the Pyramids and had to have an escort.

There was constant firing, and I saw on one or two occasions Egyptians who had served in Labour battalions in Palestine and been brought face to face with death, throwing themselves before the machine-gun fire, to protect the women.

One day, lunching at the Residency, telephone reports kept coming in on the situation. Mr. Paterson, the Finance Minister, had gone out after luncheon to play lawn tennis with the Nationalist students and Lord Allenby told me that this had had a more beneficial effect on the situation than all his machine guns!

Before leaving London the Foreign Office had asked me to give my opinion to the Egyptian Government about the furniture and general decoration of the Abdin Palace.

I went one evening to see the Sultan, now King Fuad, at a small palace where he was living. He received me

very kindly and courteously, told me privately that he was shortly going to marry a lady of good family and that he considered that the harem of the Abdin Palace was totally unworthy of any refined lady. Would I therefore go and inspect it and report my views to the Egyptian Government. I replied, "Certainly."

The next day the Lord Chamberlain came and fetched Mr. Allison, Mr. Rutherford and myself at our hotel and we drove to the Abdin. The ladies of the harem had of course been cleared out for the day, but I remember that one elderly female, left I presume in charge, directly she saw us scuttled away like a frightened rabbit. The hideousness and squalor of the decorations and furniture were indescribable. There was nothing beautiful except the rugs which were very fine. We then inspected the Sultan's study, bedroom, etc., and there we found garish and hideous over-decorated rooms and equally vulgar-looking furniture.

I made my report to the Finance Ministry and was then asked if I would undertake to do what we considered necessary. I replied that I would, financed of course by the Egyptian exchequer.

At a further interview with the Sultan he asked me to place my orders with a certain French firm which was, in our opinion, of quite second or third class calibre. I said I could not do so as the result would not be worthy. He then asked me to go and see a M. Rollo who was an intimate friend and had great knowledge of his affairs. I intended to obtain the French Government's permission to allow me to copy some of the famous furniture at Versailles and Fontainebleau and the beautiful Louis XIV table at the arsenal in Paris for the Sultan's study. M. Rollo finally suggested, as a compromise, that we should

arrange for all the movable pieces, and that the local firm should do the fixed cupboards. This I agreed to.

The Sultan asked me if there was anything he could do for me. I thanked him and said that I should be grateful if he could tell me where I could get a good cigarette. His Majesty replied, "You can't, but I will give you a letter to a firm and they will give you the best that can be got."

On arrival in Paris I obtained permission to have the famous pieces copied by first class furniture makers in that city. I was able, being under no Treasury control, to buy francs for forward delivery and as the franc was falling almost daily, this speculation saved the Egyptian Government some thousands of pounds, with the result that all the refurnishing of the principal rooms in the palace and harem only cost £6,000. I received the warmest expression of thanks from the Sultan on the completion of the service, with a request that I should undertake the refurnishing of the Palace at Alexandria. This request I had to decline as I had not the time to devote to it, as the Cairo service had made a great call on both Mr. Rutherford and myself. The services of Mr. Rutherford were invaluable and beyond all praise. He is one of the nicest and ablest men in our Supplies Division, to whom all our diplomats owe a great deal, as he is responsible for the furnishing of all our embassies, legations and consulates all over the world.

From Cairo we went to Alexandria for the day to inspect the Consulate, an ill-designed building on a splendid site. It has since been entirely rebuilt, we having sold a portion of the unnecessarily large but valuable site which went far to cover the expense of rebuilding.

We also inspected the summer residency for the British representatives in Egypt. It was built in Sir John Gorst's time of office and the complaint had always been that it was too small, but inasmuch as the British representative invariably came home on leave in pre-War days, when the great heat began, it really was used by the councillor or secretary in charge. Since 1919, however, we have been able to improve and enlarge it and add to the site.

Lord Allenby had written to a Greek gentleman, M. Senandino, who lived in Alexandria and asked him to show me about. He came with us very kindly to the various places we visited, and invited me to dine at the Mohammed Ali Club before sailing at 1 a.m. in another Admiralty transport for Salonika. The dinner consisted of about sixteen men and two perfectly lovely ladies, one Madame Salvago, a Greek, and the other a Madame Sursock, the wife of a wealthy Syrian, she being the daughter of a Neapolitan duke. I found myself seated between these two charming ladies and had a most agreeable evening. We did not rise from the table till midnight, when my colleagues arrived to pick me up and go to the port. Luckily my Greek cicerone went and fetched an English sergeant from the guard-house to accompany us, and very fortunate this was, as we were challenged every few yards by British sentries all the way to the ship. Without him I doubt whether we should have been in time.

We had a none too pleasant journey to Salonika, the ship was dirty and I was badly bitten by fleas and infected with malarial fever. My temperature rose to 104, and by the time I arrived at Salonika I had to be carried on shore.

Lord Allenby had been kind enough to write to the General commanding and he sent his A.D.C. to invite me to stay at his house, a charming residence on the Bay with a beautiful view of Mt. Olympus. It was about four days before I could get up and I was then as weak as a kitten.

He invited me to accompany him by motor to the Tchataldja lines near Lake Doiran, and he showed me the impregnable Bulgarian lines and the places where the heaviest fighting had occurred.

After some days we proceeded to Athens by train. The trains were indescribably filthy, swarming with bugs, and the General turned in a squad of soldiers to clean and disinfect thoroughly, our carriages. This thoughtful act gave us a fairly comfortable but fatiguing journey of about twenty-four hours through very striking, wild, mountainous country.

On arrival at Athens I went to the Legation and enjoyed the kind hospitality of Lord and Lady Granville.

The Legation House is a building of over one hundred years old with a very attractive façade situated on a small square in the centre of the town. It had been much pock-marked by rifle bullets during the upheavals in Athens during King Constantine's reign and we decided that they should be left as an historic memento. All the bedrooms on the ground floor had been turned into offices, and one or two extra houses had had to be hired for consular and passport purposes. This left the Minister only one spare bedroom. The view from the study over the Acropolis was magnificent, but since the War, commercial buildings have developed in the shape of modified skyscrapers, and have consequently obliterated the principal charm of the residence.

While there we inspected other possible houses and sites, but found nothing entirely suitable.

We also inspected the British War cemeteries, relics of the Crimea both at Athens and the Piræus. The large one at the latter place is a combined cemetery of French and British.

Before the War Graves Commission was established, my department was responsible for all the British Cemeteries of past campaigns in all parts of Europe and Scutari arising from the Peninsular and Crimean Wars.

Some years later the Minister, Sir Percy Loraine, strongly recommended that we should sell the old Legation and build a new house at Psychico, about seven kilometres outside Athens. The old site, which is quite near the Athens Stock Exchange and surrounded by important business houses, if realised favourably would, practically, cover the expenses of the new site and building.

We were doubtful, however, about the wisdom of going so far outside the town from the official point of view. Sir Percy, however, consulted his staff and several prominent British subjects, and we received a report signed by the advocates of the new scheme.

We placed the reasons for our doubts before the Foreign Office, and they, although I think not quite convinced, accepted the views of the Minister and staff and other people on the spot. We therefore bought a fine site of about five or six acres at Psychico. Shortly afterwards Sir Percy was moved to Cairo and was succeeded by the Hon. Patrick Ramsay. He came to the conclusion that the newly acquired site was too far out, both for official purposes and for entertaining, and sent in a document signed by a large number of officers of his Legation and others, agreeing with his views. To

our amazement the bulk of these signatures were the same as those who had previously signed in favour of the Psychico scheme. This is a good instance of the difficulties the department came up against, on questions in foreign countries. Up to the present nothing has been done, and the site is lying idle, but I feel that if it be finally sold, it will realise more than we gave, as it is the best site on the property now being developed.

We were held up in Athens for at least ten days, being unable to obtain a ship to take us to any port in Italy, where we had to go to inspect the Rosebery Villa at Posilippo, near Naples, and the Embassy at Rome.

At last we heard that a transport coming from Constantinople with troops and bound for Taranto was due and we could go on her. She was a tiny vessel of about one thousand tons and packed with troops. There were no cabins or berths, the dirt and smells were indescribable. We sailed and went through the Corinth canal, an interesting experience. At night a general and I tucked up on one of the greasy seats of the dining-saloon, and the first night I was awakened by something and found an enormous rat on my shoulder!

We had a nasty crossing in the Adriatic and no food, other than oranges, passed my lips during the voyage. The entrance through the narrow passage between houses at Taranto into an enormous inland sea, capable of holding the fleets of the world, is very striking. We saw the great Italian battleship, which had been sunk by treachery during the War, just showing above the water. Here we were right royally entertained by British officers who were there in some numbers, and that night we left by train for Naples.

At our hotel at Naples there were several American

bagmen representing various American commercial organisations. I had noticed the same thing in Egypt and Athens and was informed that they could be found in Jerusalem and Syria, all garbed with the Red Cross insignia. I do not quarrel with the system of commercial travellers, but, when these are masquerading in the most sacred of all uniforms, my feelings were outraged. I was informed that it was recognised and authorised by the highest authority.

The Rosebery Villa at Posilippo, which was bought by the late Lord Rosebery, is a delicious property with three quite good-sized houses on it, the Casa Reale, built in white marble, the Grande Foresteria, a very attractive old Bourbon palace with splendid verandahs, the Piccola Foresteria, and a small bathing-house. The gardens of twenty-two acres run down to a private bay with a breakwater, and the rocks are covered with *Mesembryanthemums*. The views over Capri and the Bay of Naples, and Vesuvius in the distance, are superb by day and night.

The late Lord Rosebery generously handed this property to the Government, early in the century, to be used as the summer resort for the British Embassy at Rome. Before the War the then Ambassador, Sir Rennell,¹ and Lady Rodd and staff lived there for about four months a year.

During the War and since the War the work at the Embassy has so much increased that the present Ambassador found it very inconvenient, and it has only been used occasionally by a few members of the Embassy staff.

A month or two before the War a request was made by the German Government that the tufa caves on the sea

¹ Now Lord Rennell.

might be used as reserve fish tanks, in connection with the famous Naples Aquarium administered by German professors.

I consulted the Ambassador, Sir Rennell Rodd and the Foreign Office, and neither of them saw any objection and the request was consequently granted. In 1917, when the German submarine operations in the Mediterranean became very active, I woke up one night with a horrible feeling that these caves were being used for oil and other stores for submarines.

I sent, the following morning, a cypher telegram to the Ambassador at Rome, asking him to have the caves thoroughly searched from top to bottom. I waited three days in the greatest anxiety, and then to my great relief, the answer came that they had been fully searched and nothing objectionable found!

After the War the erosion of the property had become so serious that we had to rebuild the wall to stem the encroachment of the sea; a very costly business. On the occasion of this visit I noticed that owing to the absence of all the gardeners and staff of military age, serving with the Italian armies, the people of Naples had picnicked on the foreshore, leaving large masses of debris in the shape of empty tins, pots, litter, etc.

When I arrived in Rome I informed the Ambassador of the state of affairs, and begged him to make strong representation on the matter, otherwise the Government property would be seriously depreciated. He took the matter up with Count Sforza, the then Minister of Foreign Affairs. After a few weeks I heard from the Ambassador that the Italian Foreign Office had been in communication with the Municipality of Naples, who had

sent out guard boats to stop the picnicking on the fore-shore, but that they felt it their duty to warn us that both His Excellency and I would come under the eyes of the Camorra!

I wrote to His Excellency that we must take this risk, in the cause of public duty: that the tentacles of the Camorra were very widespread, extending as far as I knew to San Francisco, and, therefore, I was in the same boat as himself in this matter.

I left a note in my private papers that if I were stabbed in the streets of Soho, the explanation would be the result of the action we had taken. Thanks to Signor Mussolini's administration this sinister Secret Society, together with others, has been completely extinguished.

I enjoyed the kind hospitality of Sir Rennell and Lady Rodd for some days, but even in Rome there was much unrest over the Fiume question.

President Wilson had incurred much odium on account of his attitude on this question, and one afternoon the Stars and Stripes and the Union Jack were hauled down on two buildings, where the occupants were doing charitable work.

An English officer who spoke Italian fluently protested as regards their action, explaining that we had been close allies during the War, etc. The crowd immediately hauled up the Union Jack. I had great difficulty in getting back to the Embassy that evening, as cordons of troops were drawn across the roads, chiefly, I think, to prevent any hostile acts being directed against the American Ambassador.

Our Embassy at Rome has a unique garden of about seven acres with a noble avenue of ilex trees which, I fear, are declining in health and vigour. It is bounded on one

side by the old Roman wall running from the Porta Pia and is strictly scheduled by the Italian Government. An interesting Roman statue was found there while digging some years ago and it now adorns the house. Latterly there has been an active attempt by the Roman Municipality to drive two roads through it, a scheme I contested with the utmost vigour, claiming that this being British property, they had no power to alienate any part of it without the British Government's sanction.

The scheme has, I believe, now been abandoned.

From Rome we travelled to Paris and there arrived on May 1st, where, in order to show the power of the worker, everything was stopped or held up for a short period: trains, omnibuses, taxi cabs, telephones, etc., all ceased to function for a period to show the dislocating power of the workers, and I said to myself, "Where is there Peace?"

About three years ago we came to the conclusion that the expense of the Villa Rosebery, considering how little use it was to the Rome Embassy, could not be justified. Under the terms of the original gift the Government, if they no longer required it, were bound to hand it back to the Rosebery family. I wrote therefore to the present Lord Rosebery and informed him that we should have to hand it back. He asked me whether we could find a purchaser, and we placed the property in the hands of two agents who dealt with foreign properties, but after nearly two years without even an enquiry, I wrote and told Lord Rosebery that we must hand it back to him.

He could make no use of it himself and so very generously offered it as a gift to the Italian Government, and this offer was accepted with warmest gratitude by

Signor Mussolini. It is, I believe, intended to turn it into a military school, but Signor Mussolini decreed that it should forever be called the Villa Rosebery in memory of the distinguished British statesman.

In August, 1922, I went for my leave to Chamonix to join a great French friend of mine, Mme. de Chabannes, who was there with her two boys, and spent a delicious fortnight. One day I received a letter from Sir Alfred Mond, who was shooting grouse in Scotland, enclosing the following letter¹ from the Duke of Argyll and asking me what it was about and what it meant.

On the Octave of the Assumption of Our Lady.
(aug. 22.)

Inverary Castle,
Argyll.

The Duke of Argyll as Lord of Lorne and Admiral of the Western Coasts and Isles (from the Pentland Firth to the Mull of Galloway) presents his compliments to Sir Alfred Mond and, in doing this, desires to draw his immediate attention to the following matter connected with the proceedings of the Office of Works over which His Grace understands that he presides, directs the policy of, and is responsible for in all its details.

His Grace heard with more than astonishment some days ago, that a letter, emanating from Sir Alfred Mond, or from his permanent understudy Sir Lionel Earle, was sent to one of the Duke's oldest Hereditary Vassals, as well as one who is of the blood of his House, viz. to Angus Campbell of Dunstaffnage who is Captain of the Duke's Castle of Dunstaffnage and of which he is the twentieth

¹ Published by permission of the Duke of Argyll.

hereditary Captain and "Mairnycht." In this letter which the Duke's said Vassal and Kinsman rightly describes as "an impudent letter from the Office of Works," the Captain of Dunstaffnage is actually threatened with divers pains and penalties including imprisonment, if he laid a finger on it in the way of repairs. For this conduct of Sir Alfred Mond's or of Sir Lionel Earle's the Duke demands an *immediate explanation within ten days from now*. He will in any case lay the matter before the King as well as bring it up in both Houses of Parliament at the earliest opportunity, when he returns to England.

Dunstaffnage Castle happens to be the chief messuage of the Duke's ancient Lordship of Lorne, and, although a wealthy Jew might not think it habitable, the Duke does, and it is as a matter of fact lived in by a caretaker and may at any moment at His Grace's orders be again lived in by the Duke's Hereditary Captain, whose predecessors all lived in it up to 1820, or by the Duke himself, since the vassal is bound by his ancient tenure and infestments to hold it ever open to his Lord Superior and his heirs and successors, when he or they happen to visit their Lands of Lorne.

The Captain of Dunstaffnage has the Duke of Argyll's iterated leave and full permission to do any necessary pointing and repairs or cutting of ivy, etc., as the Duke's forefathers beyond all memory of man have invariably accorded to the Captain's Ancestors for at least seven hundred years, which, if Sir Alfred Mond remembers the History he may have learnt at Cheltenham College, takes him back to the period when the great Kings of the House of Plantagenet found remedies for unduly forward members of Sir

Alfred Mond's Faith by various experiments in dentistry.

This practice of giving his own orders to his Vassals His Grace intends to continue without any interference from English or Jewish Jacks in Office, not only in regard to any of his still inhabited Castles like Dunstaffnage lying on his hands, but also in regard to those which, though roofless, have each their Hereditary Captains, who have been and are solemnly invested from generation to generation.

In case Sir Alfred Mond has taken upon himself to write similar letters to any of the Duke's other Vassals, His Grace is issuing an Edict of warning to all his Captains of his other Castles, Seneschals, Mairnychts, Bailies and Tossochdoirs, as in this part of the Kingdom (of whose History and feudal tenures the Commissioner of Works is evidently profoundly ignorant) such attempted usurpations of ancient and imprescriptable rights will not be tolerated for a moment.

His Grace has no idea how or why Sir Alfred Mond came to be given his present post which he thus abuses, or what his claims to be a Critic of Mediæval Architecture or even of Christian Art are founded on, but he will set to work to elucidate the matter as it may disclose more than is at present apparent.

As His Grace of Northumberland will shortly be here and the Duke of Argyll has already informed him by letter of Sir Alfred Mond's impertinent proceedings in regard to himself and one of his Vassals, he will further have the opportunity of informing him of the subterranean intrigues (long known to His Grace of Argyll) of Sir Alfred's

Office to obtain control of the Cathedrals; and even of the ancient Parish Churches of England, and measures will be taken by both Their Graces to curb his mischievous activities and put an end to this highly impudent design.

It is already known to the Duke of Argyll that neither Sir Alfred Mond nor his understudy Sir Lionel Earle had the courtesy to inform the Archbishop of Canterbury of their underhand intentions; which is on a par with their conduct in writing as they did to the Captain of Dunstaffnage without a word to the Duke.

Sir Alfred Mond and all those conspiring with him in this ecclesiastical matter must be singularly deficient in a just estimate of national opinion if they flatter themselves that the Church will tolerate such an attempt, or accept with a tame acquiescence the dictation of a professing Jew over her own property and Holy Places.

The very secrecy and mole-like stealth with which Sir Alfred Mond's office tried and is trying to carry through the matter is a measure and index of what its uneasiness amounts to.

With the rising feeling throughout Christendom against the subterranean machinations of the International Jews of subversive aims of which every one is talking, it behoves all members of that Race and faith, *who do not wish to be identified with them, to tread with extreme wariness at the present time and not to draw an undue amount of attention to themselves.*

The Duke has never cherished any violent prejudices against the quiet and pious exercise of the Jewish Faith, and counts more than a few friends amongst its members, but in view of what is now

taking place he may have to revise his opinions on the subject. As matters stand he is well aware that Faith is safest kept to its own legitimate orbit, as attention favourable or the reverse is not then drawn to it.

The Duke is moreover fully persuaded that an Office of Works presided over by one not of the Christian Faith (and who behaved as Sir Alfred Mond did over the Welsh Church Bill) is wholly unfitted to pose as a self-appointed adviser on Christian Art. Even in regard to Pagan Art it took Sir Alfred Mond a considerable number of days to decide on the merits or demerits of the ludicrous suggested War Memorial for Hyde Park Corner, which the wit of a Member of Parliament finally disposed of.

Lastly, if Sir Alfred Mond continues to pursue his present path of uncalled for and gratuitous interference in the possessions of others, either in Church or State, he will receive in return a great deal more than he bargained for. Let him mind his own business and no one will desire to meddle with him, let him meddle with the affairs of others as he has done about Dunstaffnage, the Duke of Argyll will soon meddle with Sir Alfred Mond, of which this preliminary letter is a mere foretaste.

To Sir Alfred Mond, P.C.

I need hardly say that this letter greatly astonished me and afforded me vast amusement though referred to as an "understudy." I drafted a civil reply for Sir Alfred to send to the Duke, explaining that under the Ancient Monuments Act of 1913 if either the English, Scotch or Welsh Ancient Monuments Boards recommended

that an unoccupied castle, ruined abbey or earthwork was in their opinion of national importance and that it should be scheduled as such, the Commissioner of Works had no alternative but to do so.

There were many French and Italians, whom I knew at the hotel at Chamonix, who were so enthusiastic over the Duke's letter that they wanted to make a pilgrimage to Inverary and prostrate themselves before the author. This attitude of mind of an owner only proves the difficulty the Department often had in administering the Act and the prejudice of some owners, towards the wisdom of a very moderate piece of legislation. The reference to an attempt of the Department to get control of the Cathedrals and Parish Churches was a complete myth, as actually the Department has endeavoured to hand over to the Church two cathedrals under their charge, namely Glasgow and Dunblane, but without success.

This courteous and explanatory reply, however, did not apparently satisfy or pacify the Duke who sent another letter, which I never saw but which Sir Alfred told me was a violent attack against the Jewish Faith. He however showed me the last sentence, which ran as follows: "Therefore if Sir Alfred Mond or his under-study, Sir Lionel Earle, present themselves outside the walls of Dunstaffnage Castle, His Grace has given the most direct instructions to his kinsmen and vassals to clap them immediately in the dungeon."

Sir Alfred was naturally furious with Argyll's second letter and said that the last sentence amounted to a threat against a Minister of the Crown and he wanted me to submit the matter to the Lord Advocate. I implored him not to do anything so foolish as the world would

laugh at him, whereas with this violent diatribe against his Faith, the country would be with him if the Duke of Argyll ever made an attack on him in the Lords. The matter was not pursued. Two or three weeks after my return, I went to stay with the Atholls at Blair. I showed them the Duke's letter and told them of the last sentence in the second letter.

I informed Atholl that on leaving Blair, I was going down into the Campbell country and would go and look at Dunstaffnage, and that if I was clapped in the dungeon by Argyll's kinsmen and vassals would he march with his Atholl Highlanders and rescue me.

This he generously agreed to do, and I really believe that Atholl would have willingly marched to rescue me. Mr. Arthur Balfour and several other Ministers who saw the first letter considered it a masterpiece.

The late Duke of Northumberland, who was always considered to be a very staunch Conservative and even called a "Diehard," handed over to our care Warkworth Castle, a very noble and interesting ruin. We treated it and the Duke was so enthusiastic at the work done for its preservation and proper setting that he came to see me one day and said that if we ever introduced an amending and strengthening Act he would gladly undertake its introduction in the Lords provided the Government was behind him.

In 1922 a very old friend of mine, Harold Russell, whom I had known since childhood and who was at Balliol at the same time as I was at Oxford and a keen lover of nature, like all the Bedford family, came to see me and impressed on me the importance of doing everything we could to preserve the bird life of London. He was afraid that unless some protection and encouragement were

created for the birds they would gradually disappear. He made me read Mr. Hudson's books, which fascinated me. Mr. Hudson had cried in the wilderness for years for protection for the London bird life.

Lord Crawford, who had succeeded Sir Alfred as First Commissioner when the latter was transferred to the Ministry of Health, and who was in my opinion the best First Commissioner I served, on account of his wide culture in all the realms of art and a profound sense of the beautiful, was very sympathetic to the idea.

He appointed a strong committee of experts, and sanctuaries in all the parks were created and planted with vegetation that attracted the various birds for feeding and nesting purposes. The one thing that birds cannot tolerate, particularly in the breeding season, is the foot of the gardener. We therefore forbade anyone to enter the sanctuaries except occasionally when the undergrowth became too dense, other than our voluntary bird experts and observers.

We created two small sanctuaries in Hyde Park, one in Kensington Gardens, two very large ones of forty acres each in Richmond Park and one in Greenwich Park. The results have been more than successful and I think I may claim that, thanks to Mr. Russell's initiative, we have not only saved the diminishing London bird life, but considerably added to it. The bird life in Richmond Park is, I think, more varied and interesting than anywhere within thirty miles of London. I am informed by our bird-watching experts that even woodcock breed there. There are a considerable number of badgers and it is in this park that I have seen one of these animals by day, which I think is rare. They are to me delightful animals, and although they may possibly rob a few hen-

roosts in the neighbourhood they keep down a lot of vermin and do much more good than harm. There is also a large heronry in the Sidmouth Plantation, and I have counted over eighty nests.

The coverts abound with foxes and curiously enough they are not mangey. Last year the superintendent reported that they ought to be reduced, as they were doing great harm to the young waterfowl on the Penn Ponds, and, as the Great Crested Grebe breed there, I was alarmed that we might lose this most valuable and attractive species of bird life.

My experience in life is, that Nature is more far-seeing and more to be trusted than man, so I consulted the authorities of the Natural History Museum and the experts of the Zoological Gardens, and they both recommended that the foxes should be reduced in number. Twenty-six were shot and there are still a considerable number left.

One afternoon I was working in my room at the office when the telephone rang. It was a call from a shop in St. James' Street. They told me that a woodcock had alighted on the pavement in an exhausted condition, that they had picked it up and had it in their shop and what were they to do with it. I informed them that I would send Mr. Hinton, our bird-keeper, to fetch it.

He brought it to me and I held it in my hands. We noticed that the tip of the long bill had been slightly damaged, probably in landing on the hard pavement or road.

I told Mr. Hinton to take it to one of the large cages on Duck Island and give it food and every care, and if it recovered we would take it to Richmond Park and release it. But as we feared, it touched nothing and to my sorrow

died that night. I believe that woodcock, if the bill be damaged, never survive.

Towards the end of the eighteenth century Belgrave Square was a swampy marsh, and I remember my grandmother telling us that her father, Lord Ravensworth, used to shoot snipe there.

A few years ago when Lord Peel was First Commissioner, the Superintendent of Richmond Park reported that there was an excess of cock pheasants and recommended that in the interest of other bird life they should be somewhat reduced. No shooting had taken place in the park for many years. The Duke of Cambridge, who was Ranger of Richmond Park, used to have annual shoots, but since his death these were abandoned. I submitted the matter to the King as Ranger and he graciously gave his consent.

So Lord Peel and I, Wing-Commander Sir Louis Greig, Brig.-General the Hon. R. White, both resident in the neighbourhood, and the Bailiff of the parks went down. It was a lovely November day and we soon got our twenty cocks, and eight woodcock were shot in the Isabella Plantation and two missed.

Had I known at that time that they bred in Richmond Park, the shooting of those birds would not have been allowed. Eight foxes passed quite close to me and I could have easily shot them. But I have never shot a fox, so they were spared, perhaps unwisely.

My wife joined us with an admirable luncheon which we enjoyed under the trees.

I have always found, as I said before, that Nature is wiser and more far-seeing than Man. I can give two notable instances of this while I was at the Colonial Office. In the early years of this century when Mr.

Joseph Chamberlain was Secretary of State, the West Indies were at a very low ebb, their chief and practically only industry, being cane sugar. The subsidised beet factories, which had been created on a large scale in the continental countries for the manufacture of sugar, had hit the islanders very severely. Mr. Chamberlain, very wisely, created an Agricultural College in the West Indies to teach these people other openings besides cane sugar, and after a few years the islands of St. Lucia and St. Vincent were turned into fruit farms on a large scale.

After a period of time the fruit cultivators petitioned the Colonial Office to enact an ordinance to allow them to kill the parrot and other bird life which was considerably and detrimentally affecting the fruit production. This was agreed and the ordinance put into operation.

Within a few years, with the heavy reduction of the parrot and other bird life, the grass ticks had increased to such an extent that no black man and much less a white man could exist on the two islands, and the Colonial Office had to repeal the ordinance to enable parrots to be re-imported.

The other case was connected with Australia.

Osprey plumage was very fashionable among ladies at the beginning of the century, worn in the hair at balls, the opera, etc., and very smart they looked.

The demand had been so great that the osprey was sadly reduced in number. These birds feed on the crustaceans in the rivers, and the consequence of their reduction had allowed the crustaceans to increase so much, who in turn feed on the fish spawn, that there was real danger of the fish in the rivers being exterminated.

The Colonial Office moved the Australian Government to introduce legislation forbidding the killing of the ospreys and fish extinction was saved.

The tampering with Nature by man is generally very unwise and brings serious repercussions in its train.

Take for example the introduction of the little owl by Lord Lilford into this country. What a pestilential poacher and enemy to the bird life of this country he has been!

Again, the grey squirrel imported from North America by the Duke of Bedford, one of the greatest lovers of animals of my time. This attractive little beast, which is in reality a tree rat, escaped in considerable numbers from the Zoological Gardens, and invaded Regent's Park, where they were a great attraction to the children. From there they have travelled to Hyde Park, Kensington Gardens, Richmond, Bushey and Hampton Court Parks, and from here and Woburn have gradually migrated as far north as Yorkshire. I am informed that they will travel by night, when traffic is dead in London, a distance of seven or eight miles. They destroy nests, suck ducks' and other waterfowls' eggs and do an infinity of harm to bird life and to the brown squirrel. Some years ago I wrote to the Duke, who has been one of the most generous donors of waterfowl to the London parks, as to whether we ought not to attempt to considerably reduce them. He replied, "most certainly" and that he was offering a generous reward for every grey squirrel corpse brought to Woburn House.

I am informed that the dear little brown squirrel imported into America becomes a changed animal, and is as pernicious to the indigenous bird life and to the grey tree rat as the latter is here.

We had a curious case, which gave us considerable trouble. A gentleman in London kept a tame fox. He used to take it for exercise in Hyde Park on a lead. One

day he thought he would let it have a run and let it off the lead. The fox naturally bolted and for many days baffled all our efforts either to catch it or shoot it.

It killed and devoured a considerable number of waterfowl on the Serpentine, and I thought at one time of inviting a Master of Hounds to come and hunt it. What a scene that would have been, pink coats and hounds in full cry in Hyde Park! Luckily, however, one night our bird-keeper came across the fox and shot it.

A few years ago when I went to Madrid to write a report with Sir Robert Witt on the Prado for the Royal Commission on Museums of which we were members, I achieved what I consider a triumph. Just outside Madrid there is a fine spacious property, presented by King Alfonso for polo, golf, tennis and other sports, with a very comfortable Club House. Lunching there one day with some Spanish friends, I spoke about the folly of the farmer and peasant in trapping and netting the migratory birds in masses, and that in consequence of this stupid policy the country was losing millions of pesetas a year in agriculture, through pests which the birds kept under. I told them that they had an ideal place on this sports property to create bird sanctuaries, and that if they and other landed proprietors did the same on their private estates they would confer great and lasting benefits to Spanish agriculture.

The German and Austro-Hungarian Governments before the War actually subsidised land owners to create bird sanctuaries in the interest of agriculture, and the best book on the subject I know is by Baron von Berlesch.

When I arrived home I sent all the information I could to Count Cuevas de Vera, who was very interested in what I had told them, and he went directly to Germany to learn

more details from the Baron's experience. What has happened I cannot say, and perhaps "Mañana" has been too inherent, for the cause to mature.

A report on the bird life both in and near London and near Edinburgh, and the nesting of the various birds, is issued by H.M. Office of Works every year, published by H.M. Stationery Office, and is interesting reading to all bird lovers.

During the War we lost a very large number of deer, both red and fallow, in the Royal Parks. Nearly four hundred head in Richmond Park alone, through scientific gassing, as all food supplies were short and the park-keepers, all ex-soldiers or sailors, had rejoined the forces.

In Greenwich Park there had been since the time of Queen Elizabeth, who had a royal palace there, a small herd of fallow deer. These deer were popular with the local visitors, who used to feed them on Sundays. One morning a local barber, who was seated and reading his Sunday paper, was charged by a stag, who I expect was accustomed to seeing food produced from paper, and on this occasion being disappointed, killed him. We also had another case of a less serious nature. The deer had, I think, been very disturbed by German bombs dropped in the neighbourhood, the enemy evidently aiming at doing serious damage to Woolwich Arsenal. We thought it advisable to move the herd to Richmond and this was done. After the War, although we had not intended to reintroduce the deer to Greenwich, there was such a strong appeal from the local residents to reintroduce the fallow deer that we acceded to the popular clamour.

I consulted the Duke of Buccleuch, a great expert on deer, what we ought to do to re-establish the herds. He came once or twice to Richmond Park with me, and told

me we must improve the grazing, the quality of the grass being poor. We must also get fresh blood as the remaining deer were too inbred. He generously presented us with two stags from Boughton in Northamptonshire, which probably has the finest herd of fallow deer in the United Kingdom. We also bought a number of fallow from Ashridge Park which was being sold by Lord Brownlow. We made exchanges with Windsor Park and other owners as regards the red deer, and I think I can confidently state that the herds have never been so heavy and in such fine fettle as at the present time.

One of the most important works that we had to deal with after the War was the repair of the great roof of Westminster Hall.

The oak beams, dating as regards erection from the time of Richard II, and as regards age from Saxon times, had been seriously attacked and weakened by the death-watch beetle (*xestobium Tesselatum*). Our object was to remove as little as possible of the old roof timbers and, consequently, we had to relieve them of all stress and strain. A great many of these timbers had been so attacked and devoured that a man could lie down in the hollows created. A steel structure was designed, under the supervision of Sir Frank Baines, the then Director of Works, to carry the stress, and the old beams were treated and sprayed under pressure by a chemical which had been devised by the experts at the Imperial College of Science and Technology. The original oak came largely from the Bishop of St. Albans who was commanded by King Richard to produce so many hundred of fine oaks. The Bishop's lands having been practically denuded of oaks, further trees came from an estate in Sussex. This estate was held at the time of the repairs by an M.P.,

and we had to obtain a Resolution from the House of Commons to enable us to buy the necessary timber, required for the restoration work from this Member of the House.

It was a vast work and took some years to complete. During operations we discovered the bases of the original columns, which supported the double roof, as the Normans were not in a position to design a roof of such width in one span. We also discovered in the side walls, sections of the original Norman clerestory with considerable traces of the colour decoration of that day. We arranged for permanent access to these Norman portions for any archæologist to inspect.

Having completed the work and relit the hall, I came to the conclusion that its great and noble spaciousness was marred by the plaster statues of kings designed by Pugin. My Minister agreed and we offered them to the City Corporation on loan.

Before the War a replica of the well-known and attractive statue of George Washington by Houdin, which stands in the Museum at Richmond, Virginia, was offered to London by America. This offer was considered by the Cabinet and accepted.

Within a few weeks I began to receive letters from Canada to say that, if it were erected anywhere in the neighbourhood of Westminster, they would hack it to pieces. They still regarded him as the rebel. There was a certain amount of opposition in other quarters. I considered the question of site very carefully and finally came to the conclusion that, to do honour to the gift and man, it ought to stand in or near Trafalgar Square, the centre of the Empire. So I suggested a site in front of, and in the centre of, the East Pavilion of the National

Gallery which every educated American visits. This proposal was considered by the National Gallery Trustees (Lord Curzon that day being in the chair) and accepted.

I wrote to Sir Cecil Spring Rice, our Ambassador at Washington, and after some weeks he wrote and told me that this important site had been enthusiastically welcomed throughout America and that he did not know of any decision or event which had created so good an atmosphere between the two countries. The War came, and as every ship was filled with supplies of all kinds to this country, the statue did not come over until some little time after the War.

Lord Curzon was actual chairman at this time of the Board of Trustees, and I received a letter informing me that they objected to the statue being placed outside the National Gallery, for fear it might lead to demands for other statues to be placed there. I was thunderstruck and appalled at the effect this would have with the American people. I went to see Lord Curzon at the Foreign Office, and took with me the Spring Rice letter, but even this did not move him.

I fear I then got very angry and told him that I believed he attached little importance to matters outside the realms of Persia and Thibet, but there were in my opinion matters affecting our country far greater than those. He asked me if I had not lectured him enough. I replied: "No, unless my words bear fruit." He then said, "Go away and return to your work and I will think over the matter."

That night I received a letter from him in his own hand, agreeing to the proposal, but insisting that it should not be placed in the centre of the East Pavilion for fear of demands being made for another site in front of the West

Pavilion. I regretted this compromise as the setting is wrong. The statue being only life size, which in the open always looks very small would, from an artistic point of view, be better inside the gallery than outside, but this probably would not have appealed to the American people.

Another somewhat embarrassing situation occurred when an offer was received to present a statue of Abraham Lincoln to London. The Government accepted the offer and we suggested a fine site in the Canning enclosure facing Westminster Abbey. But there were two statues of that great man in the offing, executed by two distinguished American sculptors: one by St. Gaudens and the other by Barnard. Mr. Robert Lincoln, the son of the great President, was extremely opposed to the Barnard work which showed the man as he probably was, with the high shoulders due to rail splitting in his youth, with the wart on the face and his large hands folded over his stomach. The Americans called it "the tramp with the cholera." The head, taken I believe from a death mask, was very fine, deeply pathetic, bearing traces of having had to take great decisions and having suffered much by having to take these decisions.

The St. Gaudens statue which now stands at Westminster is more conventional. I wrote to Mr. Sargent, the painter, then in the United States, an old friend of mine, asking for his opinion on the Barnard work and he wrote a most interesting letter giving it high praise.

However, I was convinced that it would be very unwise for England to express any preference or any opinion as to the merits of one or the other, and I advised Mr. Balfour, then Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, to refer the selection to the President, who would doubtless

consult the American Fine Art Commission. This was done and the Commission came down on the side of the St. Gaudens. The Barnard statue was ultimately erected in Manchester and I think as a result that city has gained more than London.

I had two large photographs of the Barnard head sent to me from Washington and they were so fine that I had them framed and hung in my office room, and whenever I had a difficult and somewhat painful decision to make, I used to look at this strong, pathetic face and say: "I wonder what line you would take in this difficult problem," and I feel I often got inspiration therefrom, to take decisions.

The responsibility thrown on the department, both as regards the design of statues, memorials, etc., erected in public places in London, where under the Sites Act no monument could be erected without the sanction of the Commissioner of Works, I found extremely difficult and I recommended, shortly after the War, that an Advisory Sites Committee should be set up with a representative of the London County Council and Westminster City Council on it.

The Hudson Memorial in Hyde Park by Mr. Epstein, which led to much controversy, was finally approved with some reluctance and misgiving by this committee. This memorial of "Rima" gave rise to much criticism which grew to such an extent that demands were made for its removal. The line I took was, that in matters of art, one must not act too hastily and that, if after ten or twenty years the concensus of public opinion was still violently hostile, removal might be considered. I based this on two grounds:

1. The famous statue of David, begun, I believe, by Agostino di Duccio and finished by Michelangelo, which

stood for some centuries in the Piazza at Florence and is enormously admired, had to be protected by the civil guards for six weeks against the outraged feelings of the populace, chiefly I believe on account of the nude. It has now been moved into the museum to stem the deterioration from weather. The other case was as regards the Epstein sculpture on the School of Medicine in the Strand, which, when finished, caused a street riot, and one hundred and fifty police had to appear, to control the fury of the populace. At the present time not only is there no hostility against this sculpture, but I know many foreigners highly interested in the Arts, and whose opinions one cannot ignore, who go to admire the sculpture on this building on arrival in London.

London as a city would in my opinion be better if a large number of its statues had never been erected, and were I a Mussolini or Hitler I should without hesitation remove a large number.

The little James II by Grinling Gibbons on the west side of the Admiralty and the little Edward VI in St. Thomas' Hospital, which few people I expect have ever seen, are I think the best. The Charles I at the top of Whitehall is not a good statue, but is of considerable historic interest, and the plinth made after the restoration has great charm. There were repeated attempts made by the Westminster City Council, during my term of office, to shift this statue for traffic reasons, but I was never convinced that this was by any means a necessity, and the plinth is so friable, that I do not think it could be moved without great risk.

The George III in Pall Mall is not unattractive, and among modern statues, I think the Clive by Mr. Tweed on the India Office steps is the best. I had a great struggle with Tweed over the placing of this statue as he

wanted it at the top of the steps, whereas I was convinced that it would look better on a plinth built out of the steps. Some months after its erection he came to see me and generously admitted that my view and decision had been absolutely right.

In April, 1923, I was graciously invited by the King and Queen of the Belgians to stay at the Palace at Brussels for the unveiling of the British War Memorial by H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, a gift of the British Government. It was executed by Mr. Jagger and he and I had been to Brussels two years before to select a site. H.R.H. and Admiral Sir Lionel Halsey and I crossed on a light cruiser from Dover to Zeebrugge, Captain Dudley North¹ being in command of the ship.

At Zeebrugge the Duke of Brabant and his brother with the local magnates met the Prince, and after various addresses of welcome, we all proceeded by special train to Brussels where the King met the Prince at the station. I was informed that this was an exceptional honour, as it was customary for the King only to meet reigning sovereigns on arrival.

Field-Marshal Lord Haig joined us at the Palace shortly after.

The first night the Prince and the Belgian Princes went to a fancy dress ball at the French Embassy which was a very picturesque sight, the costumes being of the Louis XV period. At about 2.30 I was very tired, so I left and walked back to the Palace. H.R.H., however, remained till about 6 a.m. On the following night there was a great banquet at the Palace. Nothing could have exceeded the graciousness and kindness of both the King and Queen to us all.

I took Lord Haig one morning to see the famous

¹ Now Rear-Admiral Dudley North.

picture gallery which he had never seen. On the Sunday I went to lunch with the Prime Minister, whom I had known before, and I told him that I should so have liked to have taken Captain Dudley North, who had come to Brussels, to see the Memlings at Bruges, on our way back to the cruiser, but unfortunately the museum was not open on Sundays.

The Prime Minister very kindly telephoned to the Curator, asking him to receive us and show us the pictures, which I knew well. Captain Dudley North and I went to Bruges that afternoon, as the Prince of Wales was going to France to visit the British War Cemeteries.

We were received with every courtesy, saw the gallery most comfortably and, on leaving, I suggested that I should take the Captain to see the German submarine base near Bruges, which had interested me greatly when I had gone to inspect it after the War.

It was an enormous reinforced concrete building with a large number of docks for the submarines, from which they used to slip into the Channel and further afield, with considerable living accommodation for officers and crews. It was not finished by the date of the Armistice.

It had been repeatedly bombed by our aircraft, but although there were huge craters on the roof from the many bombs, not one had ever penetrated.

From there Captain Dudley North and I returned to the cruiser at Zeebrugge, and sailed to Sheerness in a heavy gale which was very unpleasant, as we pitched and rolled considerably, and although I am a good sailor, it was an uncomfortable experience.

When the road development by the Ministry of Transport began, I recommended strongly, that the Government should buy the land on each side of the new roads near London and other big towns, to the extent of

say one hundred yards in depth, chiefly for the reason that control could be exercised as regards development of the sites and architecture of the houses.

If this had been done when the undeveloped land was acquired cheaply, I believe it would have gone a very long way in covering the expense of the road-making, and, possibly, have put a very considerable sum into the pockets of the Exchequer; and we should have been saved from much ugliness, but the Government is very reluctant to speculate even on a practical certainty.

In 1924, I went to stay with Lord d'Abernon in Berlin. The mark had collapsed and bank notes of a million marks were worth practically nothing. The occupation of the Ruhr by the French had caused both anger and depression in the population.

I went one day to see Herr von Bode the head of the great Kaiser Friedrich Museum. I asked him if he knew the personnel of the Victoria and Albert Museum. He replied that he knew some of them.

"Is there anyone there of outstanding merit in your opinion?" I asked. He replied: "Yes, one of quite outstanding merit." "Who?" I asked. "Eric Maclagan¹," he answered.

On arrival home I mentioned this conversation to Sir Charles Trevelyan, then Minister of Education in the Labour Government, and a few days after the Director's post being vacant, Mr. Maclagan was appointed. Dr. Bode asked me if there was anything he could do for me in Berlin and if there was anything I particularly wanted to see. I replied that I should like to visit Sans Souci again to look at the Frederick the Great drawings, and the famous French pictures by Watteau, Pater, Lancret, etc., which had been lent by

¹ Now Sir Eric Maclagan.

the Emperor to the Paris Exhibition of 1900 and were hung in the German Pavilion, but that now that it was open to the public, I feared the crowds would destroy the pleasure of a visit. Von Bode immediately said, "But it shall be closed for you any time you like to name." I, of course, said that I could not think of asking for such a courtesy. He said, "But it shall be done and I will send an official with you to see that you have every facility. When will you go?"

I suggested three the next afternoon. When I got back to the Embassy, Lord d'Abernon said he would much like to come too. The next day the Museum representative came and we started. I found he had been a cavalry officer, a captain in rank, had been through the German Staff College and had fought against the British front, Lord Horne's army, during the whole War. He showed us his former barracks at Potsdam, and when we arrived at Sans Souci, we found the little palace closed for our inspection. The rooms occupied by Voltaire are very interesting. When the philosopher decided to return to France for a change of atmosphere, Frederick the Great was so annoyed that during his absence he had the walls of Voltaire's room painted with figures of monkeys and parrots to annoy him. On Voltaire's return he made no comment or protest, but sent for the painter and added a few more monkeys and parrots!

On the way back to Berlin our German cicerone talked about the War. He said, "I take off my hat to your country." I replied, "Why?" He said, "You won the War and you were the greatest nation of liars the world has ever known. The effect of your propaganda was stupendous and did more to demoralise our army than anything else. But I cannot understand why you

objected to our poison gas." I replied that at a Hague convention it had been laid down and agreed that in the event of war, poison gas should not be used. Now, propaganda was never even discussed and certainly no Agreement had ever been entered into.

This ex-officer, strange as it may seem, could not see the difference. He then told me that the real origin of the War had been the size of the army machine; that there were 566,000 officers on a war strength, that the machine had dominated the administration, every man looking for promotion, honours, etc. This I believe to be true and is one of the great dangers of large military, naval, or air forces.

Any Government, therefore, is between the devil and the deep sea in the matter of defence. It cannot leave the country in a position to be attacked at any time either by land, sea or the air, but if it creates an adequate defensive force it may be creating a potential danger, in a powerful organisation, only too anxious to see what it can achieve.

On leaving Berlin, the Chancery servant, a German who held the post before the War and had looked after the house during the War, came to help me with my baggage at the station. He told me that he had lost all his savings through the depreciation of the currency and was absolutely ruined. I gave him all the notes I had, not of great value I fear, amounting to hundreds of millions of marks, and he knelt down on the platform with tears in his eyes and kissed my hand. In my young days in Germany a millionaire, i.e. a man with a million marks, could be counted on the fingers of both hands.

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X

VISITS TO AMERICA

IN 1925 I went to America for the first time in order to investigate the necessity or desirability of changing the existing Embassy in Connecticut Avenue. During the office of three or four ambassadors, we had had incessant complaints, that owing to heavy traffic it was impossible to hear a conversation if the windows of the rooms were left open. Moreover, during the War when the staff of the Embassy had increased to big proportions, we had had to build large temporary buildings to house the civilian and service staffs. These temporary buildings were rapidly deteriorating and the secretaries and attachés complained bitterly of the cold in winter and the heat in summer.

Before sailing I received a telegram from an American gentleman in New York whom I hardly knew, having only met him a few times at one of my London clubs, Mr. Van Ingen by name, and commonly known as "Mac." The telegram read: "Delighted to hear you are visiting my country, will meet you on the wharf with a cocktail."

I replied: "Delighted to be going to your great country, but have no desire to spend my first night with you in the Tombs prison."

I sailed in the *Olympic* in September, several people that I knew being on the boat. Having been given the Freedom of the Port, I went off the steamer before everyone and was warmly welcomed on the wharf by my

American acquaintance, but fortunately with no cocktail. He immediately said: "You are not going to an hotel, you are coming to stay with us at our house in Fifth Avenue." I said that that was impossible as I did not even know his wife. However, he would not listen to any objections and off we went, and I was right royally received by his charming and distinguished-looking wife. Their kindness to me I shall never forget. He would not even hear of my sending my dirty linen to the laundry, but insisted on sending it, to be charged to his account. We went and lunched with some business men in Wall Street and I was taken to see the Stock Exchange, an extraordinary scene, as much activity in stocks and shares was in progress and the noise indescribable.

I left for Washington in the afternoon and, on arrival, went to the Embassy where Sir Esmé¹ and Lady Isabella Howard gave me the kindest welcome and hospitality. A more delightful home I have never seen. The children were so alive and so intelligent and so unshy that every minute in that delicious *milieu* was pure joy. And what made it still more wonderful was that they were undergoing a very sad and anxious time. Their eldest son, home from Oxford, was desperately ill with an affection of the glands, which is always incurable and fatal.

I stayed with them many days and went very fully into the question of change of embassy and came to the conclusion that the existing building had outlived its life, and that all the objections to it, put forward by the present and past Ambassadors, were fully justified.

Sir Esmé and I then started on a search for a new site.

¹ Now Lord Howard of Penrith.

We examined very carefully a new quarter in Sixteenth Street belonging to a Mrs. Henderson, where the bulk of the embassies and legations are now situated, but as they stand on a new great exit road from Washington, I felt that with the rapid growth of motor traffic, at no very distant date the drawbacks as regards noise and commercial surroundings would equal those of our existing Embassy.

Sir Esmé and I, finally selected a site on high ground in Massachusetts Avenue. It belonged to a Mr. Wardman, an Englishman by birth who had migrated to America as a young man with half a crown in his pocket, and had made a considerable fortune in building and real estate operations. He was interested in doing the best for his native country, although an American citizen. He offered to sell us four or five acres of this undeveloped site and take the site of the old Embassy (the buildings were valueless) at a very generous price. The new site impressed me favourably, although it was difficult to appreciate its merits easily, being covered with high scrub, but one could see that ultimately, when cleared, the view over Washington towards the capitol would be very fine. It was protected at the back by Government property, the Naval Observatory, and on one side by a public park which could never be built on. I went to the Meteorological Office and there found that, over a period of ten years, the temperature in the great heat of the summer was about ten degrees less on this Massachusetts Avenue site than in Connecticut Avenue, an enormous advantage to the staff, which had to remain in Washington during the summer.

One morning Sir Esmé informed me that the President (Mr. Coolidge) wished to see me. He told me that of

course I must go, and that I would find him one of the most silent of men.

I went to the White House and was taken to the President's room. He rose from his table and came forward, shook hands and said: "I am very pleased to meet you Sir Lionel." I answered: "I feel greatly honoured at being received by you, Mr. President." From that moment he never uttered, and I had to do all the talking. It was at a time just before the presidential election, and an enormous stars and stripes flag was on the table, stretching over a large area of the floor. He was receiving constant deputations from the West and Middle-West, and I was terrified at treading on this sacred emblem.

I told the President, what had brought me to Washington, how much I had been struck by the beauty of the town, the buildings, parks, etc., and how much I had been impressed by what the Fine Arts Commission had done, not only for Washington but for America as a whole, and that I was going to try and persuade our Government to set up a body on similar lines at home. All this appeared to please him and from that moment he began to talk. He showed me all over the house, presented me to his wife and dogs, and finally invited me to go with him to the final of the baseball match between the New Yorkers and Senators. No one could have been kinder.

There is a well-known story told of him, of a lady who had made a bet that she would make the President talk. She sat next him at dinner and tried every possible subject, but he never said a word beyond Yes and No. At last in despair she told him about her bet. All he said was: "You will lose, ma'am!"

I saw a great deal of Washington and was immensely impressed with it as a modern town, and when they have cleared the Potomac Park from the hideous old buildings which exist, and rebuilt some of the old, disreputable, but important streets, it will be one of the most beautiful cities of the world.

One day Esmé Howard suggested that he should take me out to Mount Vernon, Washington's home on the Potomac. We arrived there at closing time to the public, so had this delicious little note of England, both as regards house and garden, entirely to ourselves and were shown round the house and property by the Curator.

He told us a story which made me proud to be an Englishman, namely, that when the British fleet came up the Potomac in 1814 to bombard Washington, as they passed the home of the great American idol, they all dipped their flags.

There is, however, a sequel to this tale. Five years after, I took my wife to see Mount Vernon. The Curator was away in Washington, but his deputy very civilly acted as host. I was telling him what a deep impression the Curator's story had made on me. "Yes," he replied, "but he did not tell you that after they had passed the house they put a lot of shot into the farm buildings!"

I left with great regret, and arrived in New York late at night and went to the Plaza Hotel, looking over the Central Park where the Consul had taken me a room at a much reduced rate to what the ordinary visitor would have to pay. I was very tired, and after a bath, I went to bed about 11.45. The telephone by my bed rang and this was a Pressman who wanted an interview. I told him that this was impossible, and that I was undressed.

He said that that did not matter. "No," I replied, "but it does to me, so please ring off."

At eight o'clock the next morning the telephone rang. It was the Press again, and, for the next hour, I was deluged with messages from the Press and photographers begging for an interview and a sitting. At last, driven to exasperation, I said if they would select one photographer, I would give a sitting. They selected a studio in Fifth Avenue and I went there that morning, and in a few days photographs of me appeared in all the New York Press. This had a curious sequel as I will shortly relate.

The weather was lovely, such as the autumn in America invariably is, brilliant sun and clear skies and quite warm, and as I lay in bed one morning early, I heard a strange humming noise like a big aeroplane. I got up and looked out of my window, which was high up on the thirty-sixth floor, when I suddenly saw the most lovely sight, viz. the German Zeppelin which had flown from Germany, to be handed over as a War surrender. This huge silver cigar, gliding through the air past my window, was a sight I shall never forget. I spent about ten days in New York, visiting the Frick collection, Morgan Library, and the great museums.

I also went out to stay for three days at Mr. Ogden Mills' lovely place, on the Hudson river, about ninety miles from New York. Another Saturday and Sunday I spent with Mrs. Whitelaw Reid, about twenty miles from New York, who was kind to me beyond words. I had been impressed at Mr. Mills' place, at seeing every gardener, and every farm labourer, arriving and departing in his own motor car. While at Mrs. Reid's, I asked if she would allow me to see the rates of wages paid on her

property. She willingly agreed, and the agent brought me the wages book. I found that the lowest paid servant on the estate was a man who swept up the fallen leaves in the garden, and he received £6 a week!

Lady Granard came and fetched me one day to make a tour of some of the most important private houses in Long Island, and after visiting five or six, such as Mr. Clarence Mackay's, Mr. Bliss', we ended the day at her sister's, Mrs. Phipps', where I spent the night, with a pleasant and large dinner party in my honour.

Mr. Cass Gilbert, the well-known architect, who was one of the original members of the American Fine Arts Commission, invited me to a dinner at one of the great New York Clubs, to meet present and past members of that Commission. Mr. Root, who had been Secretary of State, when the Commission was approved by Congress, was also present, and as he was eighty years of age I took this as a great compliment to me.

After dinner Mr. Cass Gilbert explained the activities of the Commission, Mr. Root also spoke and told us the history of its creation. I was then called upon to state the position, and my views thereon, as regards England.

My old friend, Colonel House, also invited me to dinner, and what really pleased me was that Mr. Davis, whom I had always liked and admired when Ambassador in London, returned to New York for the occasion, travelling some hundreds of miles, as he was at that time in the midst of his very active campaign, standing for the Presidency as representative of the Democratic Party.

A few days later I embarked on the *Majestic*, with my friend, Mr. Van Ingen. The Prince of Wales and his staff were also on board, and after a perfect crossing we arrived home.

About three weeks after my return to London, I received a letter from one of the most important film companies at Hollywood, offering me a firm contract for three years, at a salary which amounted in all to £13,000 a year, if I would go and play the part of British Ambassadors in films! This was the result of my photograph having appeared in the New York Press!

After my first visit to Washington, I was greatly impressed by the work of that distinguished body of men, the Fine Arts Commission, to protect Washington as regards its buildings, memorials, statues, etc. It is true that they only have statutory powers as regards the district of Columbia, i.e. Washington, but I was told that they had so won the confidence of public opinion in America that woe betide the man in the West or Middle-West who erected any memorial or statue in a public place, without submitting the proposal to the Commission.

On my return home I felt that some such body in this country, with no executive powers, to whom the Government, local authorities and even private individuals could turn for advice, would be to the advantage of the country.

The proposal was considered by the Cabinet of the day, and met with some opposition, but finally was approved. Its constitution consisted of a lay chairman and another layman, the remainder being selected from eminent architects, sculptors, town planners, and artists of the day. Every three years two members were to retire in favour of new members, but could be reappointed if thought desirable. My opinion is that this body has saved London and the country from many horrors and ill-advised proposals; and if their advice had been invariably accepted we should have been spared some of the mistakes that have been made.

As a British subject had to build the new Embassy at Washington, I recommended the Government to entrust the design to Sir Edwin Lutyens, R.A., for the reason that he was the only British architect at that time who had been awarded the gold medal for architecture by America, and that, in consequence, they could not pay a greater tribute to Washington than by selecting the artist that they themselves had honoured. When the designs were completed, I submitted them to the Fine Arts Commission of Washington, who most enthusiastically approved them.

I had great difficulty in getting any money to make the garden suitable to the dignity of the house.

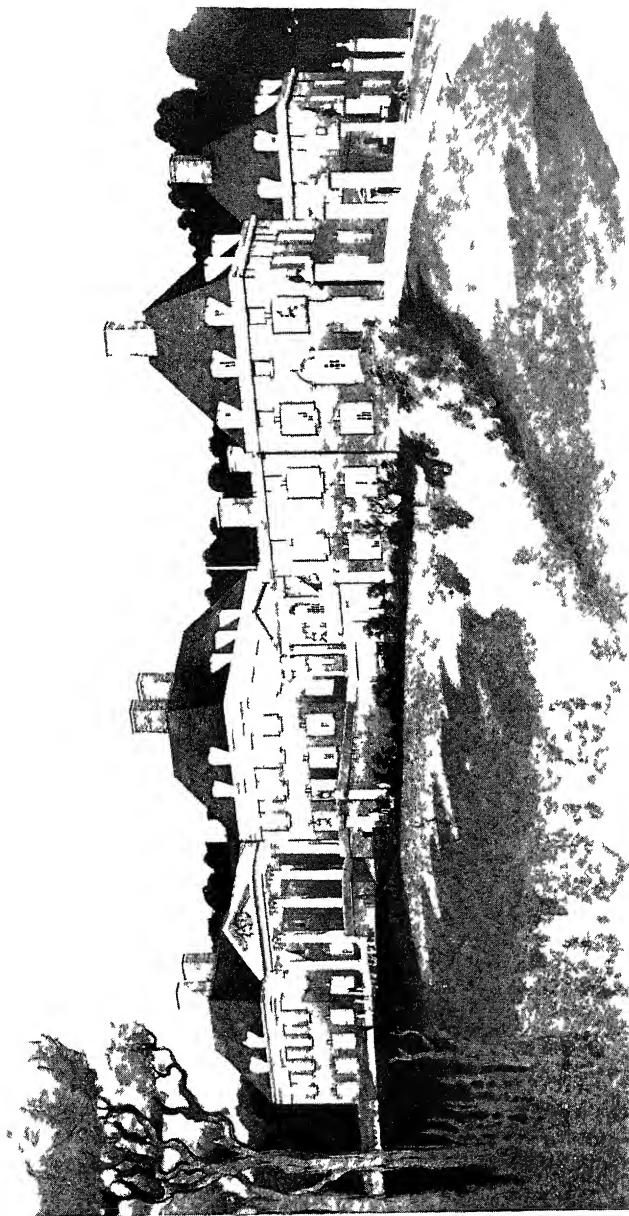
Sir Esmé Howard, however, put me into touch with a very patriotic Englishman resident in New York, and head of an important business, Mr. Salvidge by name, who on arrival in England called on me and asked how much money I required to make the garden.

I informed him that with the very high wages and cost of material prevailing at that time I did not think I could do what was required under £7,000.

On his return to New York he wrote to me that he and four other British subjects in New York were prepared to provide £10,000, which would enable us also to provide a fine hard tennis court and a swimming-pool for the staff of the Embassy. The garden of over four acres was designed by Sir Edwin, and I am told is very beautiful, now that the plants, roses, shrubs, etc., have well established themselves.

To these generous and patriotic British subjects, the nation owes a large debt of gratitude.

In the spring of 1930, I sailed with my wife on the *Majestic* to visit Washington, to try and expedite the completion of the Embassy building, as the newly



THE BRITISH EMBASSY WASHINGTON
From a drawing by Sir Edwin Lutyens R.A. with his permission

appointed Ambassador and his wife, Sir Ronald and Lady Lindsay, were living in an hotel and were naturally very anxious to get into their official house.

Three days out we ran into a terrific gale, and had to slow down for many hours on account of the heavy seas. The *Bremen* was making her maiden trip, and anxious to do a very fast passage, drove full steam through the gale, and on arrival at New York we were informed that as a result some four hundred people had to be carried on shore!

At Washington, I found much had still to be done, and that the contractors were considerably behind the contract time.

I was able to settle many outstanding questions, but many weeks passed before it could be occupied.

There have been criticisms about the house, some justified in my opinion, but on the whole I thought it a very noble and attractive house, and the chancery, which is of necessity large, as it had to provide for a staff of forty-eight, is a vast improvement on any chancery that I had ever seen.

I am informed that people from the West and Middle-West who go to Washington, used always to go and see the Capitol and that now they go to gaze on the British Embassy.

The view from the bedroom windows overlooking the town, towards the Capitol, a distance of some three miles, is very striking.

On the way back to New York we left the train at Philadelphia to see the Widener collection, the finest private collection that I have ever seen. We were most courteously received by Mr. Widener, and taken to see all his many treasures.

The charm of the collection is that every room can be lived in with comfort, and one is surrounded by the most lovely pictures, furniture, crystals, china, beautiful carpets, every one of which is worthy of a great museum.

We spent a few days in New York, and thanks to the kindness of Sir Joseph Duveen¹, were invited to lunch with Mr. Jules Bache to see his notable collection of pictures.

He told us a story which amused us very much.

A gentleman was lunching with him one day to see his collection, and pointing at a picture said:

"My dear Bache, that picture is not worthy of your other masterpieces."

Mr. Bache replied: "Ah! but you must remember that that picture is B.C., the others are A.D."

"What on earth do you mean by that picture being B.C., and the other A.D.?"

"Yes," replied Mr. Bache, "that picture is before Chrysler, the others are after Duveen."

Mr. Bache had, I believe, been interested in and made a considerable sum of money out of Chrysler cars.

We spent a day and a night at Mr. and Mrs. Salvidge's house on Long Island, the kindest and most hospitable of hosts, and then embarked for home on the *Majestic*.

The day before leaving we met an American who told us he was also going to England. We hoped that he was coming on our ship, upon which he replied: "Oh, no! I never travel on a ship, where it is women and children first!"

The kindness of Americans in sending flowers on one's departure is proverbial and lavish.

Our double cabin, quite a large room, was blocked with

¹ Now Lord Duveen,

boxes of flowers when we arrived on board, one the size of a coffin packed with the most lovely flowers was sent by those kind people, Sir Joseph and Lady Duveen.

We sailed in the afternoon and the *Bremen* left at midnight.

The second night out we saw her smoke on the horizon astern of us. In the morning, when I went on deck before breakfast, I saw her in the far distance ahead, she having passed us in the night.

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XI

FOREIGN OFFICE INTERLUDE

IN 1913, a generous offer by Mr. Sigismund Goetze, the painter, was made to His Majesty's Government to paint a series of pictures, to occupy the panels of the principal floors of the Foreign Office, which were then filled with a very uninteresting lincrusta. He prepared a model showing the general appearance of the scheme and the subjects of the panels. This model was certainly in the Secretary of State's room for a good ten days, before it was moved to the Cabinet room in Downing Street, where it was considered by the whole Cabinet. They decided to accept the scheme which was offered as a free gift.

The large central panel, representing France, Germany and England all cordially shaking hands with each other, other small nations being represented, had of course ultimately to be entirely repainted. Mr. Goetze, a highly sensitive individual, suffered much through his generosity, as I will relate.

He was, first of all, after the outbreak of the War, not allowed by the military authorities to go anywhere near where he wanted to paint cliffs, on account of his name and German ancestry, although the family had been British subjects for two or more generations.

He worked for many years on this vast work and it was only completed a year or two after the Armistice. Mr. Balfour was Secretary of State for Foreign

Affairs, and being away in Paris at the Peace Conference, Lord Curzon was acting Foreign Secretary in his stead. He did not like the scheme, and refused to allow the paintings to be installed. Sir Alfred Mond, who was the artist's brother-in-law, was in a difficult position and did not like to take any strong line in the matter. But when Lord Crawford succeeded him, although he had never seen the pictures, he took the view that I held, that after acceptance of the gift, if now refused, it would mean lack of security for any artist at the hands of the Government for the future. This controversy went on for months, with distressing scenes in my room, with this sensitive man.

At last Mr. Lloyd George agreed to hold a Cabinet meeting at the Foreign Office to consider the pictures. These were stretched on battens, as Lord Curzon refused to allow them to be marouflaged on the walls.

The ball was started by Dr. Macnamara, who expressed his warm approval, and said that he was instructed by Sir Eric Geddes, who was unable to be present, to say that he cordially agreed. Upon which Lord Birkenhead whispered audibly: "Was he also made an R.A. during the War?"

All the Ministers expressed themselves in favour of the scheme and then, when it came to the Prime Minister to speak, he said: "Well, gentlemen, whenever I have entered this building, I always thought I was entering a tomb, now I begin to see light!" So Lord Curzon was left in a minority of one and the pictures were permanently installed.

But my troubles were not yet over, as shortly after they had been fixed on the walls I received a visit from a friend of mine, the Counsellor of the Japanese Embassy,

Mr. Yoshida, afterwards Ambassador at Constantinople, whose death at Angora two years ago I heard of with deep regret.

He complained that Japan had been represented by a Geisha in the large central panel, and this would cause much umbrage in his country and must be rectified.

He said he would send for Imperial robes from Tokio, and that he would get a refined Japanese lady to sit to the artist, in them. This was done and Mr. Goetze repainted the figure.

I do not express any opinion as to the merits of the paintings, beyond that I feel they are admirable in scale for their position. Mr. Goetze has in many ways shown his generosity to the State and has been one of the most generous donors to the parks.

The following very amusing minute of Lord Curzon shows that he never got over his dislike of the scheme, shared also to a large extent by his officials.

MINUTE BY LORD CURZON

How are we to make the reception of the . . . Envoy here impressive, I do not know. I suggest, however, that he be brought up the main staircase of the Foreign Office, shown the Goetze frescoes and assured that the female characters depicted in them are typical, both in appearance and clothing, of the ladies whom he will encounter in London.

This will not fail to impress him—at first with delight—and only later with a disappointment both poignant and profound.

C. 22/11/21.

I need hardly add that many of the figures are painted in the nude.

XII

THE GENERAL STRIKE—A JOURNEY ON THE CONTINENT

IN 1926 came the great strike, the possibility of which had long been expected, and consequent preparations to mitigate its evils and dangers were undertaken, and my Department had the organisation of the whole of the milk supply for London in its charge. Hyde Park was closed and turned into a great distributing centre and a temporary camp for troops. Shortly before the strike I had taken the most important step in my life, and became engaged to a charming and intelligent girl, Betty Strachey Marriott, the granddaughter of Sir John Strachey, who had been my uncle, Lord Lytton's senior member of council and great friend, when Viceroy of India.

The invitations to the wedding to be held at St. Margaret's, Westminster, had all been issued before the strike. I was doubtful whether the wedding ought to take place, but as there were no newspapers issued and all services dislocated, it was difficult if not impossible to notify a postponement. I, therefore, consulted Ministers. They took the view that the date should be adhered to, as nothing was more popular to revolutionaries than a bride! I then asked whether the bride should go to the altar in bridal dress or in a go-away dress. They replied certainly in bridal dress, for the reason given for no postponement! I should have given the same advice, had I been asked for an opinion on such a matter, and

in thanking them I said jokingly I thought my wedding would end the strike. Curiously enough, after the service was over and my wife and I were leaving St. Margaret's, Westminster, a note was pushed into my hand telling me the strike was over!

My friend, General Bobbie White, was my best man, and a more lovable character I do not know. We had a wedding luncheon at the Ritz Hotel, after which my wife returned to her mother's house, and I to my desk.

Among the many wedding presents that I received from kind friends there was one so unique and so useful that I must record it. It came from Lord Riddell in the shape of a life membership of Walton Heath Golf Course. This has been of the greatest use and help to me and has given me many days of delicious health-giving pleasure. I must also record that no man has been more generous and helpful about the Royal Parks. Living as he does near St. James' Park, if ever I wanted to purchase some new and special plants Lord Riddell was always forthcoming with the money, and he annually used to give a generous sum to be divided among the St. James' Park staff.

It was five or six days before we were able to start on our honeymoon, when we went to Paris for a few days. As I had various duties relating to some of the legations and embassies abroad, we decided to go to Naples in connection with the Rosebery Villa at Posilippo, and we spent some heavenly days in that lovely spot, bathing in the bay, visiting Pompeii, Vesuvius, and the splendid Naples Museum. From there we went to Rome and stayed a few days.

We left Rome for Vienna. My wife was lying down in her compartment reading, when a Fascist official came

through the carriage and fined her twenty lire for not having a newspaper under her shoes, a perfectly justifiable action in my opinion! I was committing the same offence in the next compartment but was warned by the conductor of my danger.

On arrival at Vienna we went to the well-known small hotel "Sacher's"; gloomy rooms, with heavy Teutonic furniture, but excellent food and the coffee unsurpassed anywhere.

We went to Schönbrunn and there I was much impressed by the tidiness of the gardens, the best cared for that I have seen outside of this country. They were far better kept by a Socialist Municipal Council than they ever were in the old Imperial days.

After three days in Vienna we moved on to Budapest, to stay at the Legation with Sir Colville and Lady Barclay, the very kindest and best of hosts.

I had been to Budapest a few years before, in order to find a suitable house for our Legation, as in pre-War days we were represented by an agent who lived in hired premises.

I came to the conclusion that a house at Buda would be far better and more attractive than one in Pesth.

I finally selected the Batthyani palace, which had many attractions, having a lovely view from the high ground on which it stands, for twenty miles up the Danube with distant hills. It had a little old sentry post built of brick dating from the Turkish occupation, where if the sentry fell asleep he would probably fall 100 or 150 feet. This old-fashioned house, surrounding a large courtyard, with an imposing entrance was occupied at the time by forty different families, among them two prominent people, the Bishop of Buda, and Baron Piret, the Chamberlain to the

Archduke, who had always associated himself with Hungary, the remainder being refugees from the territories taken from Hungary and given to Roumania. There were approximately 140,000 refugees living in railway carriages, as no houses could be found for them.

We bought the house, but it was many months before we could get delivery so as to do the necessary alterations.

I finally had to travel again to Budapest, where I laid my grievance before the Prime Minister. He, Count Bethlen, was very sympathetic and helpful, summoned the Cabinet and they decided that the Municipality must find accommodation somewhere for the refugee families, that the Archbishop of Hungary must house the Bishop of Buda, and that accommodation would be found in the Palace, where the Regent, Admiral Horthy, lived, for Baron Piret. We were thus able to start the considerable alterations necessary and to make the house suitable for an official residence. We found the completed Legation very comfortable and a very dignified residence for the British representative.

From there we went to Prague to stay a few days at the Legation with Sir George Clerk.

The Legation House, formerly the Thun Palace, is splendidly situated with fine views over the town. It had belonged to a Count Thun, a very violently pro-German gentleman. He had apparently lost a large part of his fortune through the War, and bad speculations or investments after the War. He was violently anti-British, and I believe it was a bitter pill to him having to sell his ancestral home to the nation that he loathed. It is a noble house with some drawbacks. One has to mount three flights of stone stairs before one reaches the reception and living-rooms, and there is no possibility

of putting in a lift unless one built it outside, which would seriously mar the ancient and fine elevation.

Curiously enough the garden, which is of considerable size and very attractive, is reached from the principal floor at the back of the house, i.e. it is many feet above the courtyard and front entrance. We bought the bulk of the furniture, pictures, etc., with the house. The furniture is heavy and German in character, but in many ways suits the house.

On a previous occasion, when I was in Prague, I was invited by Ministers to take part in an official partridge drive, but I had to decline as I had no guns or shooting clothes with me. These shoots consist of beaters surrounding a large tract of country, and gradually closing in in a circle towards the guns. Partridges abound and big bags are generally obtained.

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XIII

A ROYAL COMMISSION—THE NATIONAL MARITIME MUSEUM

IN 1928, I was appointed a member of the Royal Commission on Museums, of which Lord d'Abernon was chairman and Mr. Beresford, of the Treasury, secretary. This was an extremely interesting enquiry into all the National Museums in England and Scotland and Wales. One of the outstanding members of the Commission was Sir George Macdonald, and his cross-examination of a journalistic art critic, who made a formidable attack on the National Gallery administration, was masterly.

I was greatly impressed by the evidence of Sir William Rothenstein as to the admirable work done by the students at the Royal School of Art under his and Professor Tristram's guidance. Furniture, lacquer, iron work, design, etc. I went to see this work, and was so much taken by it that I immediately placed an order for two screens for the new Embassy at Washington. The one, a typical English scene of Windsor Castle in lacquer, by a young lady, the other a large screen in leather of the Armada for the dining-room, a brilliant piece of colour done by a young man. The screen of Windsor so attracted Sir Joseph Duveen, who was in London, ever generous and anxious to help young artists, that he immediately ordered a replica.

Some years later the Prime Minister was anxious to have a screen for the drawing-room of 10 Downing Street,

to mask the people on official business passing to the room in which he worked, and I placed the order with the talented young lady who had designed the Windsor screen. She made a most charming design, looking up the reach of the Thames below old London Bridge, with all the spires of the Wren churches, including St. Paul's, in gesso. When completed I had it for two or three weeks in my official room, so that certain patrons of the Arts might see it, and Sir Joseph again generously ordered a copy.

Mr. Beresford was admirable as a secretary and his drafting was in my opinion quite exceptionally good.

The creation of a permanent body to whom matters of overlapping in museums, claims for show-cases, etc., could be referred to was an admirable innovation and should be very useful, and of great assistance, to my late department which deals with their demands.

I was appointed by the Admiralty, by virtue of my office, as Trustee of the National Maritime Museum, which will, I hope, be shortly installed at Greenwich in the building now vacated by the Greenwich Hospital School, transferred to Suffolk. It is curious that this country, the greatest maritime country of the world, should never have had a Naval museum until the present day. When installed it should be of outstanding interest and even beauty, as the great pictures of Naval battles, by Van der Velde the Elder, are very remarkable. The acquisition of the McPherson collection, which was in danger of going to America, and of the great pictures and manuscripts, was entirely due to the outstanding generosity of Sir James Caird. When I retired from the

service I resigned my trusteeship and received the following letter from Lord Stanhope, the Chairman of the Trustees.

"12th April, 1933.

Dear Sir,

I am directed by Lord Stanhope to inform you that at their quarterly Meeting on Monday, the Trustees of the National Maritime Museum passed the following resolution:

The Trustees desire to place on record their appreciation of the services rendered to the inauguration of a National Maritime Museum, by Sir Lionel Earle, G.C.V.O., K.C.B., C.M.G., during his tenure of the office of Trustee. His wide experience and sound advice have done much to place the scheme in its present favourable position.

Yours faithfully,

(sd.) D. B. SMITH,

Hon. Sec. to the Trustees.

Sir Lionel Earle,

G.C.V.O., K.C.B., C.M.G."

It is strange to me that in the great sea battles between the Dutch and English, a Dutch painter did not scruple to paint pictures of the sea fights for British patrons.

I must relate a tale which I think of outstanding interest. It occurred at the Centenary of Trafalgar when the Navy League asked permission to decorate the Nelson column in Trafalgar Square. There is no staircase inside the column, so steeplejacks from Leicester had to be employed to climb to the top, to hand the garlands which were to encircle the column. The famous steeplejack, Mr. Larkin, was in charge of the party. They reported to

the Office of Works that the platform was in a deplorable state and required attention. An officer of the department courageously climbed up ladders to the top, a nerve-racking enterprise, as to get on to the plinth he had to go out on a ladder at a fairly acute angle, hanging over space. He found the whole of the platform covered with skeletons of pigeons and pigeon guano. They evidently go up there to die and, incredible as it may seem, eight tons of pigeon guano were removed in baskets, and nine hundredweight was found in the top of Nelson's hat. The guano was for a considerable time priceless manure for the Royal Parks.

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XIV

RETIREMENT FROM THE OFFICE OF WORKS

DURING Lord Crawford's reign at the Office of Works, the Government came to a settlement on the Irish question and a division of the country was affected. The six counties of Ulster with Belfast as their capital had, of course, no building suitable for their Parliament, Law Courts, and Government offices, and it was decided that we must do the needful.

Lord Craigavon, the Prime Minister of Northern Ireland, came to see us and explained what was needed, and very reasonably said that they should not be placed in a less satisfactory position than the disloyal South, when they had always been loyal.

The First Commissioner decided, after consultation with the Royal Institute of British Architects, that the design of the Government offices should be entrusted to Mr. Ralph Knott, the architect of the L.C.C. building in London, and that Mr. Arnold Thorneley¹ of Liverpool should design the Parliament House.

The Northern Government had bought a fine site three or four miles outside Belfast, at Stormont, with a castle on it, which became the residence of the Prime Minister.

The site selected for the Parliament House and

¹ Now Sir Arnold Thorneley.

Government Offices was on a steep slope, commanding superb views over the Mourne Mountains.

Designs were prepared by the two architects in close consultation and approved by the department, and contracts placed.

Shortly after the work had begun, a cry for economy in public expenditure was raised and after much discussion it was finally decided to add a storey to the Parliament House, to house a considerable number of the Irish Civil servants, and suppress the separate building for offices, and Mr. Knott was compensated for the loss of his building. We were, however, able to entrust to him the design and erection of the Speakers' Official House at Stormont, a very charming building.

The Irish Parliament during building was housed in a large rented building.

I remember one day saying to Lord Craigavon that, although I recognised that it was unthinkable at this time, as sure as the sun rose in the morning the artificial customs barrier between North and South would one day in the future disappear. What, then, would become of this magnificent parliament building? He replied: "It would be admirable for lunatics." A poor consolation to us taxpayers!

The Parliament House was finished in 1932. The foundation stone was laid in May, 1928, by the Governor, and my wife and I went over for the ceremony, and stayed at Stormont Castle with Lord and Lady Craigavon. I shall never forget the enthusiastic reception given by the Ulster people to Lord Carson, their idol, who also attended the ceremony. We also had to provide an official residence for the Governor of North Ireland, the Duke of Abercorn, and finally selected Hillsborough, the family

seat of the Downshire family, a charming and distinguished property about twelve miles from Belfast with beautiful trees.

H.R.H. The Prince of Wales opened Parliament House in October, 1932, and we went and stayed at Mount Stewart for the occasion, with Lord and Lady Londonderry, the most perfect host and hostess. The enthusiasm of the people for the Prince was overwhelming, and when we left Larne on the boat that was taking him over to Stranraer, the crowd broke through the barriers and a big force of police, and cheered with frenzied enthusiasm.

The Law Courts, a fine building designed by Sir Richard Allison and Mr. West, was officially opened by the Governor of North Ireland after I had left the department in the spring of 1933.

The new Air Force building for Cadets at Cranwell, in Lincolnshire, designed by Mr. West, a very capable architect of the Department, was not quite finished when I retired, but I went to see it and it struck me as admirable in design and efficient as regards plan. Mr. West is one of the most capable architects in His Majesty's Office of Works and a most charming personality.

On the 1st February, 1931, my retirement was due under the ordinary rules governing the Civil Service. The Treasury, however, offered me an extension of office for one, two, or five years.

I accepted for two only, both in the interest of the State and my own, but said, at the end of the two years, I was prepared to re-discuss an extension if they were still of the same mind.

When the time came the Treasury offered me a further two years, which I was prepared to accept, but the Prime

Minister took a different view and thought it advisable to make a new appointment, and I think, in principle, his decision was sound.

Nothing could have exceeded the kindness and even affection shown to me by all my colleagues, both high and low. I heard that they intended to appeal for subscriptions to make me a parting gift. I implored them to do nothing of the kind in these hard times, but, when I found that my appeal would not be accepted, I asked them, as a personal favour, that the subscriptions should be limited to one shilling as a maximum. This compromise was accepted and I was touched beyond words when I heard that between fifteen and sixteen hundred had subscribed. Even clerks of works and charwomen had given their mite, and I was presented by the First Commissioner, on their behalf, with a most beautiful chair, a perfect replica of the famous George II chair from the Donaldson collection in the Victoria and Albert Museum.

My private secretaries, both past and present, of whom there were six, kindly and generously commissioned Sir William Rothenstein to do a pastel drawing of me. This is an admirable work, extremely like and perfect as a drawing and it now adorns my drawing-room walls. It was finished in three sittings of an average of one and a half hours each.

The department also gave me a farewell dinner on the 31st January, 1933, at the Mayfair Hotel, and about one hundred of my senior colleagues were present, and several past First Commissioners, including Lord Crawford and Lord Stonehaven. Lord Londonderry was detained in Rome and could not get home in time, but sent me a kind telegram, and Mr. Lansbury and Mr. Jowett wrote to me most charming letters, both

being unable to be present. Mr. Ormsby-Gore, the First Commissioner of the day, made a very generous and able speech, followed by an extremely humorous one from Lord Crawford. Sir Richard Allison made a very graceful and complimentary speech on behalf of the staff.

The King, who had graciously honoured me by promoting me to a G.C.V.O. at the New Year, received me privately and handed me this high honour. This was another instance of the many thoughtful acts of kindness that I received at His Majesty's hands during the whole of my official career.

I cannot close the sketch of my life and activities without referring to the two Labour Ministers under whom I served.

Mr. Jowett, M.P. for Bradford, and Mr. Lansbury, M.P. for Bow. The former had a very lovable character, and I had and have real affection for him. His only fault in my opinion being a difficulty in taking decisions which went against the grain of his kind heart and good nature, and this led to delays in getting decisions on awkward problems.

When, on the return of the second Labour Government, Mr. Lansbury was appointed, I was filled with dismay. I did not know him except from his past history which left me with the impression that he was a visionary revolutionary. He came to the department and I soon recognised that my conception of his character was quite wrong, and looking back over twenty years of experience with First Commissioners, I regard him as one of the best Ministers I have ever served in that office. He was honest, hard working, efficient in his administration, striving ever to improve conditions for all classes. A

large number of his activities in the Royal Parks, in the way of games and facilities both for the middle and lower classes, were paid for not out of public funds, but by generous individuals. He had a greater power for getting money for worthy causes than anyone I have ever known.

We did not always agree, but as he himself said, improvement only comes through clash of views. He worked hard and long hours and went thoroughly into every question. I shall always hold him in deep affection, and esteem.

I desire to pay a warm tribute to my colleagues at the department. They were all loyal to me and admirable helpers to make my time a success. In fact, any success I achieved, was largely due to them and the team work.

I must specially mention Sir Richard Allison, the Chief Architect. He is a man of fine character, strong personality, and never once to my knowledge ever let us down on the technical or artistic side. When Sir Henry Tanner retired, I strongly recommended that he be appointed Chief Architect to succeed him, but Sir Alfred Mond took a different view and appointed Sir F. Baines who was considerably his junior. This disappointment he bore with dignity and loyalty, and I never heard a murmur of protest come from him in what must have been a hardship and trial.

THE OFFICE OF WORKS : A RETROSPECT

A SURVEYOR or Comptroller of the King's works existed at the time of Edward I. Chaucer was the Clerk of Works, first at Eltham Palace and afterwards at the Palace of Westminster. Charles II reorganised the office in 1662 when Sir John Denham was Surveyor-General of Works, and the last holder of this appointment was Sir Christopher Wren.

A Board of Works was first started under Queen Anne and was abolished in the reign of George III, when a Surveyor or Comptroller of H.M. Works was again appointed. The office was united with the Commissioner of Woods and Forests in William IV reign, but divorced from them in 1852 by Lord John Russell, who very properly decided that there was danger in a purely spending department, being able to employ the Land Revenues independently of votes of Parliament.

The work of the department consists, broadly speaking, of:

- (1) The erection and furnishing of any new buildings required for the Civil Services.
- (2) The maintenance, repair, alteration of existing public buildings and of the Royal Palaces, Buckingham Palace, Windsor, Hampton Court, Holyroodhouse and the maintenance of the Royal Parks: Hyde Park, Kensington Gardens, Green and St. James' Parks, Greenwich Park, Richmond, Bushey

and Hampton Court Parks, and also Regent's Park and Primrose Hill.

- (3) The hiring of premises for the public Service, whenever accommodation can be provided more conveniently and economically by this means than by the erection of new buildings.
- (4) The administration and maintenance of Osborne, Isle of Wight, as a convalescent home for officers of the Army, Navy and Air Force.
- (5) And finally, the administration of a number of agency services, such as the Civil List (Royal Palaces), Postal Telegraph and Telephone Loan, and those arising under the Government of Ireland Act, 1920.

Since I was appointed in 1912, the following have been added to those services previously undertaken by the department:

- (1) Telephone Exchanges, as regards accommodation.
- (2) Ministry of Pensions Hospitals and Training Centres.
- (3) Preparation of Housing Schemes and conversion of houses into flats in certain boroughs.
- (4) Chequers Estate, the property, generously handed over by Lord Lee of Fareham to the country, for the Prime Minister's use.
- (5) Equipment and Maintenance of Training Institutions for disabled and other ex-Service men.
- (6) Ministry of Health Sanatoria for tuberculous ex-Service men.
- (7) Management of Housing Estates developed during the War for the Ministry of Munitions.

- (8) Maintenance of Graves of Prisoners of War and interned aliens in Great Britain.
- (9) Broadmoor and Rampton Lunatic Asylums.
- (10) Wireless stations under the Post Office.
- (11) Imperial and Reserved Services in Northern Ireland, and certain services arising out of the Great War in the Free State.
- (12) Maintenance of Coastguard Stations.
- (13) Greenwich Hospital.
- (14) Supply of furniture to English prisons.
- (15) Equipment and maintenance of training centres for the Unemployed.

There are five administrative sections and nine advisory and executive divisions.

The department is also responsible for night watching in all public buildings and water, light and fuel in the public offices of England, Scotland and Wales.

The total staff of the department amounts to two thousand two hundred and seventy, and the coal supply in London alone to about five hundred tons a day in the winter months and somewhat less during the summer.

The department is also responsible for all the State Museum buildings in London and Edinburgh, the Houses of Parliament, Employment Exchanges, County Courts, Government Offices, official residences such as the Prime Minister's, the Chancellor of the Exchequer's or Lord Privy Seal's, and First Lord of the Admiralty, the Tower of London, many of the public statues in London, the Chapter House and Pyx Chapel at Westminster Abbey, the former of which was the Parliament House from 1377 onwards.

Bishop Ryle, when Dean of Westminster, came to see

me one day to ask if I would recommend the Government to hand back the Pyx Chapel to the Dean and Chapter. It used to serve as the Treasury to the Norman Kings. From the fourteenth century the regalia and other treasures were deposited there, but in 1303 the Treasury was burgled when the King was fighting in Scotland, and the thief was discovered and hanged. Later King Richard II took over the Jewel Tower near Great College Street, to house the Treasure for the future.

The Pyx (signifying Pyxis, a box of boxwood) became a store-house for the Imperial Standards, i.e. weights and measures. I thought it a pity to break the long-standing responsibility as regards this ancient chapel and chamber, so I told the Dean that the utmost we could do was to give an undertaking that the department would never make any structural alterations, while I was in office, without carrying the Dean and Chapter with us, and with that he must rest content.

In 1923 we removed the linoleum, covering the original thirteenth-century tile flooring in the Chapter House, and the tiles were treated. Directly I saw them after this treatment, I realised that this floor was so unique and striking that it would be wrong to cover it up again, but, at the same time, we could not allow visitors in hob-nail boots to walk over it.

I suggested that we should provide a kind of sandal, easily slipped over the boots or shoes, so that anyone could walk on the floor.

I wrote to the Dean (Bishop Ryle) telling him what we proposed and he wrote objecting, saying that I was trying to Mohammedanise the place!

I thought this so unreasonable that we proceeded with our proposals, and scores of people have visited the

chamber, particularly since a number of remains of mural paintings of the time of Edward IV have been disclosed.

There are thirty-six embassies and legation houses in foreign countries for which the department is responsible, and a large number of consular residences in various parts of the world, and to deal with some of these buildings there are technical officers permanently stationed in Shanghai, Teheran and Constantinople.

There are also a few embassies and legation houses rented by H.M. Office of Works, viz. Bogota, Caracas, Havana, Moscow, The Hague, the Legation to the Vatican and Warsaw. When the Labour Government decided to renew relations with the Soviet Government, they were offered the Haritonenko house in Moscow, which before the Revolution belonged to a very wealthy sugar magnate from the Crimea. This house was used by the Soviet Republic partly as a house of entertainment for their official guests, banquets, etc., and partly as a residence of some forty-five families, mostly official, of whom the Foreign Secretary was one. Mr. Lansbury was housed there by the Soviet Government when he went to Moscow to see Lenin after the Revolution. He had a great admiration for Lenin, who must have been a very remarkable man, and a terrific worker, but there was a wide gulf between these two men. Mr. Lansbury being very devout, and Lenin a complete agnostic, who always referred to religion as opium for the people.

While we were altering the house, to make it suitable as an Embassy to house all the staff, one of our architects went there to plan the necessary alterations. It was the time when active feeling prevailed in this country at the anti-religious exhibitions in Moscow.

I asked this gentleman to go and see one or two of

them and on his return tell me what sort of impression they conveyed to him as a church-going British citizen.

When he arrived home, he told me that he thought the drawings brilliantly clever, but that he was hampered to some extent by not knowing Russian, and that they did not offend him from the religious aspect, but conveyed to him that they were aimed at breaking down superstition, which is very prevalent in Russia, rather than at religion.

The Legation at The Hague is a very attractive old house which belongs to the Jesuits, who by their rules are not allowed to sell property. It was the Duke of Alva's house during the Spanish occupation, and the famous murder took place in the garden. It is, in my opinion, one of the most dignified and interesting houses in The Hague, and I personally should greatly regret, if it had ever, for any reason, to be surrendered, and still more were it pulled down and replaced by some modern building.

Since High Commissioners have been appointed to the Dominions, the Department has had to provide official residences in Canada, the Cape and Australia. At Ottawa we were fortunate in being able to buy a property known as "Earnscliffe," overlooking the river, the old home of Sir John Macdonald, probably the most famous of all Canada's Prime Ministers. I believe Mr. Bennett, the present Prime Minister, was anxious to buy it for his own use, but with self-sacrifice stood aside, when he heard that the British Government desired to possess it. Moreover, he generously presented a bust of Sir John Macdonald, by Sir W. Reynolds-Stephens, to be placed in the house.

ROYAL PALACES

These are divided into two categories, viz. palaces occupied and those not occupied by His Majesty.

BUCKINGHAM PALACE. The site was the mulberry garden planted by James I. The first house built on it was Arlington House, and this was replaced in 1703 by Buckingham House, built by the Duke of Buckingham.

George III bought this house in 1762 and settled it on Queen Charlotte, when it got the name of the Queen's House.

George IV began to build the present Palace in 1825 from designs by Nash. The bulk of it is built of Bath stone, which is unable to resist the sulphur laden atmosphere of London, and constant external repairs are necessary. The Eastern portion was faced with Caen stone equally unable to resist the acids in the atmosphere, and this was refronted with Portland stone from designs by Sir Aston Webb as part of the Queen Victoria Memorial Scheme.

At the beginning of the War the Department re-modelled the Picture Gallery containing the priceless collection of pictures acquired by George III on the advice of George, Prince of Wales, and I served as a member of a Committee to advise on the re-hanging. The gardens, which consist of forty acres, including a lake of five acres, are probably unique in the centre of any capital city.

WINDSOR CASTLE. The Castle was built by Edward III, about 1356, on the site of an ancient fortress of which part still remains and which had been built by William the Conqueror. Considerable additions were made by

Edward VI, Henry VII, Henry VIII, Elizabeth and Charles II, but many alterations and additions, not by any means to the æsthetic advantage of the Castle, were made by Sir Jeffrey Wyatville between 1824 and 1836; but since the War, H.M. the Queen has effected enormous improvements in many directions.

There is a subterranean passage, evidently constructed as a means of ingress or exit in time of siege, which runs under the old moat into the park in the direction of the great avenue. You enter it through two magnificent Henry II gateways, and three tall men abreast could easily walk along it. It has been blocked up by modern brick, probably in the time of George IV, as I expect the passage cut through the chalk had fallen in. No one knows where it led to, but probably somewhere in the forest, and I expect it was this passage that led to the stories of Herne the Hunter.

ST. JAMES' PALACE was built in 1530 by Henry VIII and added to by James I on the site of a hospital for female lepers. It was the sole town residence of English Sovereigns from 1697, when Whitehall Palace was burnt, until 1762 when Buckingham Palace was bought. It is now used for levees and, by gracious permission of His Majesty, has been used for important Conferences, and there are many grace and favour residences therein.

The apartment known as York House is now occupied by H.R.H. the Prince of Wales.

It was occupied in 1914 by the French President on a visit to England, and was lent by the King to Lord Kitchener during the War, and after his death to Field-Marshal Sir William Robertson.

I remember one day when men were repairing a drain in one of the courtyards of St. James' Palace, they came

across two skeletons of young females. I went over to see them and we of course notified the Coroner, but they were evidently two of the inmates of the original leper hospital, so we covered up the skeletons and marked the graves by two small crosses cut into the paving stones.

KENSINGTON PALACE with a few acres of ground was bought by William III in 1690 from the Earl of Nottingham. That sovereign enlarged the house and lived there in preference to St. James or Whitehall. Further additions were made by Queen Anne and the first two Georges, but it ceased to be a Royal residence after George II. The Palace is now largely devoted to grace and favour residences.

HAMPTON COURT was built by Cardinal Wolsey in 1514 and he surrendered it to Henry VIII in 1526, who added to it. Considerable alterations were made by Wren in William III's time, and Wren pulled down Tudor buildings practically to the extent of his new additions. He had intended to destroy the great hall of Henry VIII, so as to make a stately approach from Bushey Park up to his portico, but fine as Wren's buildings are, I am always thankful that money was not available to complete his scheme, as the Great Hall is impressive and of great historic interest.

We came across a large number of magnificent lead pipes, before lead was desilverised, running across the Home Park, no longer in use, and these were melted down and used in the roofing of Westminster Hall.

Shortly after I was appointed secretary, we began an intensive repair of the famous tapestries in the great Watching Chamber, viz. the "Seven Deadly Sins" and

Triumph pieces, the former of which William Morris thought as fine as any tapestries in the world. These tapestries were made for Cardinal Wolsey. We had consulted the tapestry experts at the Gobelins factory in Paris, and they advised us to put the work in hand under the supervision of Messrs. Morris. We had a number of women, chiefly French, at work on them all through the War. In France when tapestries have to undergo repair they are put into a clear, running stream to clean and at the same time soften the fabric so that it can be worked. The Thames was not handy or clean enough, so they were soaked in big wooden troughs for many hours, and, under water, the colours become so vivid that one could easily picture what they were like when first made. The Abraham series in the Great Hall also require repair, but up to the present, on account of economy, only one large piece has been dealt with, and magnificent that piece looks. The vast kitchen and the wine cellars under the Great Hall, having been cleared of stores, have been opened to the public and create much interest.

When Mr. Collins Baker was appointed Keeper of His Majesty's pictures, he re-hung the collection, eliminating a large number of poor pictures and copies, but at the same time altering to some extent the character of the rooms, which in olden days were largely hung with tapestries moved with the Sovereign when he changed his residence to some other Palace, such as the Royal apartments at the Tower of London, long since destroyed by fire.

KEW PALACE was originally built by Dudley, Earl of Leicester, but in 1624 it was rebuilt on the vaults and foundations of the old Palace.

Queen Caroline took it on lease and in 1781 George III

bought the freehold. Here Queen Charlotte lived with her family and died there in 1818.

The Palace remained closed until 1898 when Queen Victoria decided to open it to the public. It is an attractive Jacobean building, but the contents were of little interest until a year or two ago when the Queen began to take interest in it. A short guide has been written and Sir Eric Maclagan very kindly lent some eighteenth-century furniture from the Victoria and Albert Museum for the rooms, and Her Majesty graciously lent the harpsichord made by Trudschi from Windsor, on which Frederick, Prince of Wales, used to make music with his sisters. The Palace is now well worth seeing whenever anyone visits these gardens.

THE PALACE OF HOLYROODHOUSE, was built by James IV, 1498-1503, on a site adjoining the Abbey, founded by David I in 1128.

The Abbey had been used by the Scottish Kings as their residence when in Edinburgh. In 1544 both the Abbey and Palace were burnt by the troops of Henry VIII.

The Palace was restored by Mary Queen of Scots. It was again burnt in 1650, probably by accident, while occupied by Cromwell's troops.

The Palace as it now stands was built in the time of Charles II.

When I first visited Holyrood after my appointment, I found, to my dismay, that the site of Rizzio's murder was painted daily with bullocks' blood to whet the appetites of the public. This practice I vetoed, and we put a tablet in the floor of the room where the murder took place.

The King complained to me some few years ago that both he and the Queen found the long stairs to their

private apartments very trying, and inquired if it would be possible to instal a lift. This request was so reasonable, that I went to the Treasury and easily persuaded them to grant funds to improve the amenities of the Palace, and now the house is really very comfortable and attractive. Her Majesty and the Duke of Atholl have done much to improve the furniture and contents of the State rooms. The King agreed to allow the State apartments to be visited by the public when the Palace is unoccupied, on payment of a small fee; and this concession has been so popular that not only has it provided funds to acquire objects of interest and beauty for the apartments, but has also provided a considerable annual appropriation in aid.

The Department was able, during my term of office, to add considerably to the interest of the Tower of London.

Under Mr. Ffoulkes' supervision the whole of the collection of armour was admirably rearranged. It is the second finest collection in the world, the one at Madrid being the finest. We also opened the vaults under the White Tower: the Salt Tower, Martin Tower, the Broad Arrow Tower and certain rooms in the Byward Tower.

The Bloody Tower was also opened to the public at a charge of 6d. ; the reason for this charge being that the stairway is so narrow that with the pressure of crowds, with free admission, it would be dangerous. The room shown by the Warders as where the Little Princes were murdered is not in any way reliable, as we know that that room was constructed in Charles II's reign. The one great improvement needed is a new restaurant, the present place being too squalid for words. A really good restaurant would, in my opinion, be very successful as a profit-making venture, as, apart from visitors to the

Tower, a good number of business people from the neighbourhood would, I believe, use it if it were made attractive as regards food, installation and price.

OSBORNE. In 1902 King Edward offered the Osborne Estate to the Nation and expressed the hope that the house might be converted into a Convalescent Home for Officers of the Army and Navy. The air services have since been included.

In 1923 the use of the Home was extended to persons in the permanent civil, diplomatic or consular services, or in the service of the Government of India, Malay States, Sudan, etc., who by the nature of their duties have served in tropical or unhealthy climates.

It is managed by a House Committee of which I was chairman during my term of office, and there is an eminent consulting staff of distinguished London doctors and surgeons, one member of which visits the home every month and furnishes a report on the patients in residence to the First Commissioner.

The chairmen of this Consulting Staff during my term of office have been three very well-known surgeons:

Sir Frederick Treves
Sir Anthony Bowlby
and Sir Cuthbert Wallace.

I cannot pay sufficient tribute to the honorary service of these eminent surgeons and doctors, as a visit to the Isle of Wight must be an inconvenient factor in their busy lives.

The grounds at Osborne are very beautiful and were largely laid out and planted by the Prince Consort, and one recognises the talent displayed by him in this matter. I feel the country owes him much, as the development of

all the great centre of museums at South Kensington was due to his energy and foresight.

There is a fine display of rare rhododendrons at Osborne, and these have been considerably augmented by generous gifts from my friend, Mr. Lionel de Rothschild, from his beautiful grounds at Exbury, near the Beaulieu river.

We created also a bird sanctuary of some forty acres in the grounds, as this is one of the principal highways for the migrants visiting this country.

One day, during the War, I was walking along the shore with Sir Frederick Treves, and we came across an enormous bathing machine with two compartments. This we discovered was the bathing machine used by Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort when they first married. I thought it was a pity that it should rot in the open, so ordered it to be moved up to the stables for preservation. Directly it began to be moved the wheels fell to pieces, but ultimately it was transported to the stables where it was cleaned and painted and found a permanent home, as one day it may prove an object of considerable interest. I wish that someone would start a museum of old carriages and coaches before it is too late. It could not fail to be of great historic interest. One can appreciate this, when one has seen the collection at the Palace of Belem, near Lisbon, which is not only very interesting, but very attractive.

The First Commissioner of Works was made responsible to Parliament for Government Hospitality, and I was appointed Chairman of an Advisory Committee. This committee consisted at its inception of myself, Mr. Rutherford,¹ of the well-known firm of wine shippers,

¹ Afterwards Sir Ernest Rutherford.

Lt.-Colonel the Hon. Osbert Vesey, and the Marquis d'Hautpoul. The Rutherford firm never sold any wine to the committee: that was stipulated by themselves from the start, and we dealt with the various wine merchants: we used to meet from time to time, examine the stock lists and decide what wine we ought to buy to lay down, and we then used to taste a variety of samples of the wine required, and when agreement was reached the wine was bought and laid down in the cellars of Lancaster House.

The advice of these three experts was invaluable, and I have little doubt that the quality of the various Government wines is unsurpassed anywhere in this country.

d'Hautpoul,¹ a very dear and old friend of mine, who had been born and bred in the Cognac districts, with a nose like a ferret, was invaluable in selecting the best "fine champagne," and I have over and over again heard the distinguished foreign guests praise the quality of the Government cellar.

After Sir Ernest Rutherford's death, a severe loss to my committee, his partner, Mr. Perkin, was appointed in his place, and his services and his firm's hospitality to the committee for tasting purposes have been invaluable.

Colonel Vesey is also a great judge of a cigar, and the way selection was made for Government stocks was as follows.

A variety of cigar importers and merchants were asked to send samples of cigars to him and to me numbered A to Z. There was no indication of source of origin or price. Two samples were in each case. We gradually sampled them and made notes separately. On the two occasions that Colonel Vesey and I have made these tests, we were agreed as regards what we considered the

¹ He died, alas, in 1934.

finest, but differed as regards what we placed second and third.

I always maintained that if the Government entertained at all, it should do it as well as it is possible to do, or not do it at all.

During the War, owing to the constant foreign missions of Ministers, Generals, etc., the entertainment was very heavy. Travelling one day in the Gironde a few years ago, Mr. Perkin came across a cask of brandy (Fin Bois. which is not a "Fine Champagne") of 1853 or 1854. It had never been added to except from a cask of the same year and quality. He bought the cask and the Government hospitality took what they wanted and various wine merchants took the balance. It was, I think, the best and purest brandy that I have ever tasted and a fair quantity, luckily, still remains in the Government cellar.

Just before I retired from the service I went to see the permanent head of one of the largest and most important of the Government Departments about an official matter, and before leaving him he said that he and the Civil Service generally were genuinely sorry that my term of office was drawing to a close.

He added that, before my time, the Office of Works was the most unpopular of all the Departments of State, and that now he genuinely thought it was one of the most popular, if not *the* most popular of them all.

I can testify to the accuracy of the first part of this statement from my service in other departments, as by the very nature of some of its duties it must incur odium. How tiresome it is for an official to be turned out of his room for periodical redecoration and cleaning, what a trial to have all one's papers, books of reference, etc., muddled up while this process is proceeding. How often

have I cursed the department, when in other spheres, with their none too courteous ways.

Although the tiresome duties in this respect remain, the methods are very different.

Officials are consulted as to the least inconvenient time for the work to be done, and the taste generally, both as regards decoration and furniture, has enormously improved in the last twenty years.

The technical staff is far more efficient, far more human and sympathetic, than it used to be.

The designing powers of the architects has improved beyond description, the engineers are highly efficient and the supplies officers have been admirably trained, either in the London County Council Art Schools, or in first-rate firms, notable for their good taste.

The remark of my friend gave me the idea of writing a chapter on the various reasons which have brought about this change of opinion, and I hazard certain suggestions for the future.

When I joined the Office of Works in 1912, I found the relations between the great London Local Authorities, particularly the London County Council and the Westminster City Council where interests are closely allied with H.M. Office of Works, practically non-existent. Not one of their officers, if they could help it, would enter our accursed walls. They had been over-ridden and ignored.

Our aims for the public weal being largely the same and closely interwoven in many matters in the City, I tried, and I think with success, to change this unhealthy atmosphere. Certainly for years our relations have been of the best, and we have worked in perfect harmony for the betterment of London.

The services which I think have brought respect and even admiration to the department are:

1. The improvement in the Royal Parks.
2. The Preservation of Historic Buildings and Ancient Monuments.
3. The improvement in design and construction of buildings all over Great Britain, in the shape of Post Offices, Telephone and Employment Exchanges.
4. The improvement in taste in furnishing official houses and departments.

The beauty of the trees and flowers in the parks are the admiration of visitors from all countries, and have, I am convinced, a very humanizing influence on the citizens of London. It is remarkable that flowers are never stolen.

We have tried to educate the people by giving a short history of the Dahlia, Iris and other flowers by notices in the parks, and I have often noticed the public studying these with interest.

A few years ago, after a very dry and hot summer of the previous year, the Paulonia flowered for the first time, in my recollection, in the parks. There was a beautiful specimen covered with flower at the southern end of the Green Park, and this created such interest that the boys swarmed the tree to pick the blossom, and we had to put a park-keeper there to prevent the robbing of the blossom. I wrote a minute saying that we must be careful that this guardian be not left on the spot longer than was necessary, as I remembered the case where Catherine of Russia stationed a sentry on the first snowdrop near St. Petersburg, and the order was continued for one hundred years!

One of the evils that the department has to contend with is the stupid and selfish throwing of newspaper, scraps of letters, empty cigarette boxes, etc., on the ground within the parks. I asked the London County Council to include in their teachings in the schools the selfishness of this evil, and the cost to the taxpayer; and to this they kindly agreed.

The cost for collecting litter in the Royal Parks amounts to over £4,500 per annum.

The teaching has had considerable effect, I think, with the children, but the adult population are as selfish as ever. I have seen men discarding whole sheets of newspapers after they have read the contents, and I saw a man in St. James's Park discarding sheets, and asked him if he would kindly pick them up. He said: "Who the devil are you?" I replied: "I am a taxpayer, and do you realise that the selfishness of you and others is costing the already overburdened taxpayer over £400 a month." He then quietly picked up the sheets.

We finally had to get powers from Parliament to prosecute offenders.

I was informed by the railway companies that in their experience prosecutions for travelling first class with third class tickets were made more effective by not only posting the fines in the stations, but that A.B. had also to pay 5/- or 10/- costs.

People do not so much resent the fines, but the costs irritate them profoundly. This is a strange psychology. I think the remedy lies with the magistrates to impose heavier fines and costs, as certainly up to the present the prosecutions have been ineffective, as regards diminution of the evil.

It is not, I think, generally known that in the centre

of Hyde Park there exists some acres of glass where the bulk of the flowers for the Royal Gardens and Parks are propagated.

There is also a large nursery of ten acres at Richmond Park to which the rhododendrons, after they have flowered, are moved for a period of three years, to recover from the carbon-laden atmosphere of London. When I entered the department there existed a contract with Messrs. Waterer to take the rhododendrons in their charge, but our own nursery has effected considerable economies.

Before the War the beds of spring flowers, hyacinths, tulips, etc., along the Park Lane were greatly admired, and we have been frequently pressed to reinstate them. The reason for their abolition was that the carbon-monoxide from the exhausts of motors, from both sides of the beds, seriously and adversely affected the flowers.

Hyde Park, consisting of three hundred and sixty acres, was part of the property of the Abbey of Westminster, confiscated by Henry VIII, and, under Cromwell, it was sold in parcels, but was resumed by the Crown after the Restoration.

It is the only Royal Park which is policed, and this is due to the fact that it remains open until midnight. Many years ago we had to fill up the "haha" dividing Kensington Gardens from Hyde Park on account of the murders that took place there. I actually remember two in one week.

The origin of the word "haha" for this kind of fence is, I have heard, due to the fact that when William III lived in Kensington Palace, he wanted a fence, but did not want the view from the Palace obstructed. So they

made a sunk ditch and when the King went to see it he said "Ha ha."

One of the most difficult questions that we had to deal with, were the questions of public morality in Hyde Park, due to it being open up to midnight. It is curious that out of the total prosecutions for offences of this kind 75 per cent are married men. The view I always took was that as long as there was no offence to any other member of the public, police action need not be taken. But some of the Vigilant Societies did not always share this view.

I received several deputations during my term of office on these questions.

I told the Bishop of London, who one day headed a deputation, that he and others in my opinion, although from the best of motives, had done great harm to this city in agitating for the music halls, such as the Empire and Alhambra, to be closed to ladies of easy virtue, and driving them into other channels. It is impossible to stem the greatest force which Nature has created in human beings, and taking a narrow view on this question leads to very undesirable repercussions.

Women police in Hyde Park have been of considerable help in all questions affecting young children, in recognising juvenile infectious ailments, and preventing them from spreading among the youthful community.

It would be impossible, I think, to close this park earlier on account of the very large number of late workers who have to reach their homes either from South to North or vice versa.

I tried during my tenure of office to increase the varieties of water fowl on the lakes, and at the present moment we have thirty-nine varieties, and I think they give considerable pleasure to the public.

Both Lord Athlone and Lord Clarendon, Governors of South Africa, generously responded to my appeal to them to send some specimens of the South African water fowl.

Lord Athlone sent some South African sheldrake. They bred, the first year, in St. James's Park, and I was able to give the Zoo a pair. They had not had any specimens of this kind since the 'eighties.

The Mandarin Duck have been a disappointment to me, as they have neither remained nor bred as I expected they would. In Berlin they have established themselves to the delight of the public. The first lot of about forty birds brought from China, through the generosity of my friend Mr. Ezra, were ringed with a G.R. and crown. We had a letter one day from the President of the Ornithological Society of Hungary informing us, much to his regret, that a couple had been shot on a lake in the centre of that country.

A further lot were generously presented by Mr. Spedan Lewis, and these we pinioned, but if they bred we were advised not to pinion the young and they would remain. Curiously enough, since the second lot were given, some of the previous lot have returned to the fold.

The recent speed limit in the parks was due to the appalling number of accidents from motors. There were eighty-three people killed in two years in the Ring Road in Hyde Park between Hyde Park Corner and the Marble Arch, and some hundreds of serious injuries, and the hospitals very rightly began to protest. Since the imposition of the speed limit the accidents have enormously diminished.

Rotten Row was made soon after the Serpentine was formed, being finished in 1737, and was at first known as

the King's New Road. It was the more direct route from St. James' Palace to Kensington Palace, and was intended to replace the Lamp Road or King's Old Road (first formed by King William III), which was to have been re-turfed and thrown into the park. This latter proposed alteration was, however, never carried out. Instead of being done away with, the road in question soon became the favourite resort of the equestrians and carriage folk who were banished from the Ring, when the above-mentioned improvements were effected. The road which runs almost parallel with the Carriage Road soon assumed its present name, Rotten Row, derived I am told from "Route du Roi."

At first, and indeed for many years, the Row was used for carriage traffic as for horse riding. Towards the end of the eighteenth century it was called "the King's Ride." Gradually, however, it became deserted and in 1818 was practically abandoned in favour of the road leading from Hyde Park Corner to Cumberland Gate, now better known as the Marble Arch.

The country was in a high fever of hero worship at the time and the latter road was promptly called "Wellington Drive." It was here that on the 18th June, 1818, the newly wed Duchess of Cambridge, when walking with her royal husband, was, Greville tells us, "so terrified by the pressure of the mob that she nearly fainted away."

But Rotten Row soon recovered its popularity with the riders who, in course of time, established a monopoly of its use to the exclusion of vehicular traffic. No carriages are now permitted to be driven down Rotten Row, except those of the Sovereign and of the Hereditary Grand Falconer of England. Before 1869 the Row extended some little distance further west than it does

at present. It was shortened in consequence of the alterations necessary on the erection of the Albert Memorial. To compensate the riding public for the loss which they thus suffered, a new ride was formed reaching from the western end of the Row to Alexandra Gate and thence nearly to Albert Gate. The ride is connected at each end with Rotten Row, now forming a long loop.

The Row was entirely re-made in 1875.

LONDON PARKS

I do not think there is any city in Europe so fortunate as London in its parks, squares and open spaces.

The acreage of the parks in London under the department is as follows:

	Acres
Hyde Park	360
Kensington Gardens	275
Green Park	53
St. James's Park	93
Regent's Park and Primrose Hill	472
Greenwich Park	185

Outside, but near London, there are four parks, viz.:

	Acres
Richmond Park	2302
Petersham Park	56
Bushey Park	1099
Hampton Court Park	615

and in Scotland there are two:

Holyrood Park	655
Linlithgow	102

Primrose Hill had a rather unsightly fence all around it, and as there is a right-of-way across that park at all hours, Mr. Lansbury decided to take away the fence and leave it like an open common. This, I think, has effected considerable improvement.

Bushey Park consists of one thousand and ninety-nine acres of which five hundred are open to the public. The chief feature of this park is the great central avenue, a mile long, of horse chestnuts and limes planted by William III, from a design by Wren when he contemplated making a direct approach to the Palace through the site of the great hall up to his portico.

Hampton Court Park consists of six hundred and fifteen acres of which four hundred and fifty-three are open to the public since 1893. Permission was given in 1895 for the creation of the Home Park golf-course. The gardens of Hampton Court Palace consist of about fifty-four acres: they were laid out by William III and were opened to the public in 1841, and maintained from that time by the Office of Works.

The twelve beautiful ornamental iron screens made by Tijou, which had been lent to the Science and Art Department and other museums, were brought back to their original position by Lord Esher when Secretary to the department, and are now in course of preservation and repair. Hampton Court Green is about seventeen acres.

Richmond Park, comprising two thousand three hundred and two acres, was formed by Charles I in 1637 as a hunting ground, by enclosing common and Crown lands and many private estates, the owners being compelled to sell, and I believe the popular indignation aroused thereby, nearly cost him his throne. Petersham Park, which adjoins it, consists of fifty-six acres; these two

parks are as large as all the London parks put together. During my tenure of office many suicides used to take place in the dense enclosures within Richmond Park, the bodies very often not being discovered for many weeks, or even months. I tried bloodhounds and every conceivable kind of dog, but they all proved useless, as they paid no attention to a corpse. The coroners made many adverse comments about this state of affairs, but since we were able to employ unemployed men to clear the dense thickets in the enclosures, there have been no further complaints.

There are, at the present moment, herds of about 636 fallow and 179 red deer in this park. The herds, as I have already stated, became so reduced during the War that I had to ask both the King and Ministers, for the time being, to forgo their warrants for venison, which were graciously conceded, but I decided that we must not forgo the venison due to the Corporation of London, who had charge of the park during the Commonwealth, as otherwise it might set up a claim to renew their ancient hunting rights!

The Serpentine, as it now is, was formed by Queen Caroline between 1730 and 1733, from a chain of ponds along the course of the Ranelagh Brook: these ponds were formed in the reign of William III by damming the waters of the brook near what is now the Dell.

The bathing in the Serpentine for men and boys has been allowed for many years during certain hours, and young girls were allowed to bathe during the school holidays. In 1930 Mr. Lansbury decided to allow mixed bathing, and this, during the summer, has been immensely popular. The water of the Serpentine is fed by springs and at the same time water can be pumped

from wells on Duck Island, St. James' Park, to a large reservoir under Hyde Park and thence into the Serpentine. The water has been analysed during various hours of the day during the heaviest bathing, and even at 8 p.m. the analysis shows that the water is as pure, as that of the upper Thames.

Before the War there was a pumping station at the Bayswater end of the Serpentine which used to feed the lakes. Equally there was another station pumping from wells in Orange Street behind the National Gallery, which used to supply the Government buildings with water, but all these wells ran dry due, I think, to the deep artesian wells made at the Savoy, Cecil, and other big buildings near the Strand; and water for the Government buildings is now supplied from the mains of the Metropolitan Water Board.

The Edinburgh Royal Botanic Garden and Arboretum, consisting of some sixty acres, came also under our charge. A botanic garden has existed in Edinburgh since 1670. It was originally the physic garden of the university. The Arboretum was purchased by the town of Edinburgh in 1877 and handed over to the Government, the latter undertaking to lay it out as an arboretum and public park. In 1923 we fenced new ground to the extent of some two acres to the purposes of a forestry nursery.

The Botanic Gardens are not only very beautiful, but an admirable educational establishment for students. There have been two Regius professors during my term of office, both very distinguished men in the botanical world, Sir Isaac Bayley Balfour and Professor Sir W. Wright Smith. The rock garden is the finest that I know.

In 1924, Mr. H. J. Younger handed over to the Forestry Commission the Forest of Benmore in Argyllshire. This forest was originally planted with Douglas fir by a rich Glasgow citizen, who I believe impoverished himself greatly thereby. Around the house there is an area of about sixty acres specially devoted to rhododendrons and conifers, and this was handed over to the Office of Works by the Forestry Commission in 1925, and we placed it under the Regius professor at Edinburgh. It lies near the lower reaches of the Clyde, and with the Gulf Stream playing on that coast and an average rainfall of about 120 inches a year, it is ideal for the cultivation of rhododendrons and azaleas.

The service which greatly enhanced the reputation of H.M. Office of Works was the creation of the Ancient Monuments Branch and the methods adopted for the preservation and exposition of the Ancient Monuments in England, Scotland and Wales, and the historic buildings such as the Tower of London, Carnarvon and Harlech Castles which were the property of the Crown.

In 1913, at the time of the passing of the Curzon Ancient Monuments Act, there were 44 ancient monuments in the charge of the department.

In 1933 the number had increased to 273.

In 1921 there were 344 monuments scheduled of national importance and in 1932 there were 3,195.

The scheduling is largely done on the recommendation of the Ancient Monuments Boards of England, Scotland and Wales. These Boards are composed of men totally unconnected with the department with the exception of the English Ancient Monument Board, of which I was chairman; but I never thought it right that I should act

in this dual capacity and on my retirement this state of affairs has been altered.

The expenditure on Maintenance of Ancient Monuments since the War has varied between £50,000 and £80,000 per annum and since the financial crisis has fallen to well below £50,000. This expenditure includes the wages of the custodians, the cutting of grass, etc.

The receipts from visitors has varied between £8,000 to £11,000 per annum, not a bad return on the expenditure, and if all maintenance expenditure on the buildings, other than the custodians' salaries ceased, the receipts would still continue.

In historic buildings, including those in occupation, such as the Tower of London, Chelsea Hospital, Edinburgh, Stirling, Deal and Dover Castles, the annual maintenance expenditure has varied from £30,000 odd as a minimum up to £83,000 as a maximum per annum.

The receipts have varied from £14,000 odd to nearly £33,000 as a maximum per annum.

An interesting feature about the work on ancient monuments is that the rise in wages and consequent rise in price, since the War, in all building operations does not apply in the same degree to repair work on these ancient buildings. The reason being that the foreman and masons become so interested in their work on these abbeys, castles, etc., that they often continue to finish a piece of work beyond the usual time for laying down tools. I have even often seen men at work on the abbeys on a Sunday morning, from sheer enthusiasm in their craft.

The way these monuments have been treated under the ægis of Sir Charles Peers and his staff have evoked the admiration of architects and archæologists in all countries,

and I think I am justified in saying that they are better preserved and presented in Great Britain than in any other country.

I think the most striking ancient monument from an architectural point of view that the department has in its charge is Rievaulx Abbey, near Helmsley, Yorks, belonging to Lord Feversham. I admire it even more than Fountains Abbey, which is larger and perhaps situated in even more beautiful surroundings than Rievaulx. The monks of those days certainly selected very lovely quiet sites on which to settle. In Scotland the best abbey, architecturally I think, is Jedburgh, belonging to Lord Lothian. Had this not been handed over to the department many years ago, the great tower would have crashed and the abbey would have ceased to have much interest.

In Scotland every monument of national interest, apart from ancient earth works or dolmens, is in the charge of the department with the exception of Caerlaverock which probably has played a greater part in Border history than any other castle. It belongs to the Duchess of Norfolk, as Herries property, and sadly requires attention, and I only hope that at no very distant date Her Grace may see fit to hand it over for preservation.

Melrose Abbey is impressive. It was handed over by the Duke of Buccleuch who has been very generous in presenting land on which many of the monastic buildings stood, and the foundations of which are gradually being disclosed.

Dryburgh Abbey at no great distance was presented to the nation by the late Lord Glenconner and is of great beauty, situated close to the Tweed. It is here that Sir Walter Scott and Lord Haig have found a resting-place.

Caernarvon Castle, one of the finest in Europe, is

the only monument in the department's charge which has been to some extent restored, on the occasion of the ceremony of the investiture of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales. The three great towers were roofed in and the floors of the rooms in these towers replaced.

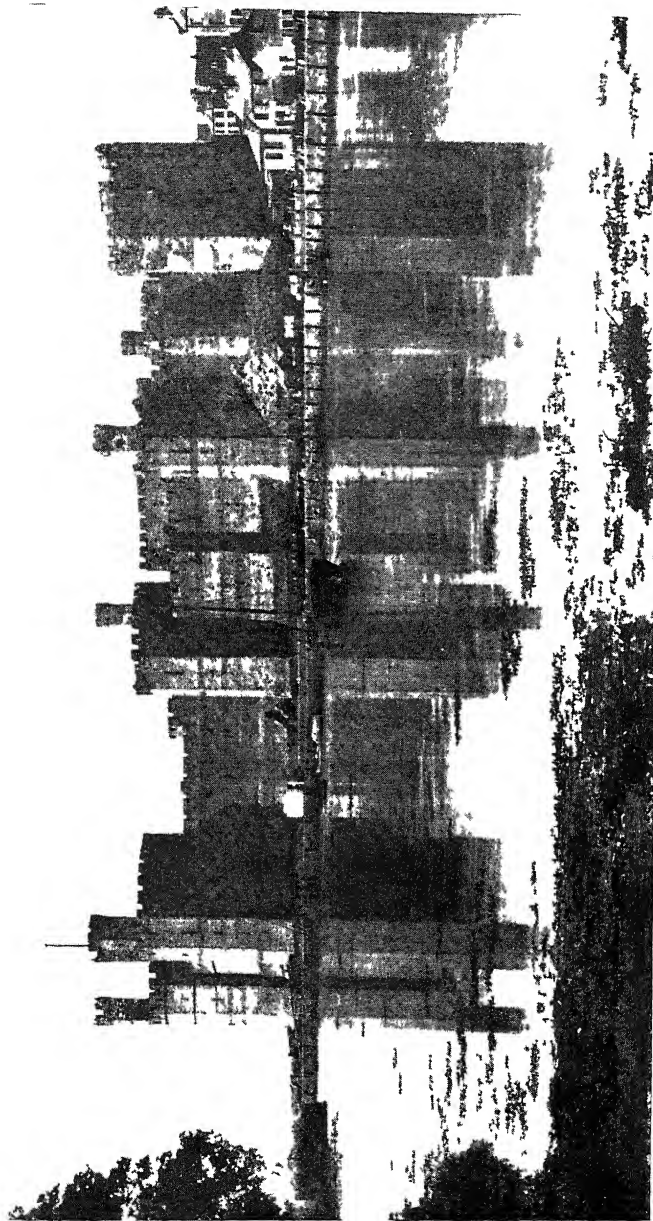
Porchester Castle, near Portsmouth, with its fine Norman keep and with some evidence of the Roman occupation, is also of considerable interest.

For some years we pressed the War Department to hand over the keep at Dover Castle. It was a store for rifles, and the constant cleaning of these weapons had so saturated the floors with oil that there was real danger of a disastrous fire.

It was not till a few years ago, when General Sir Hereward Wake was in command, and who owned some buildings of historic interest, that he decided to support our requests and it was handed over to the department and gradually it is becoming of extreme interest and well worthy of a visit. It is as fine a keep as I know and has, I think, the deepest well of about four hundred and seventy feet, partly Saxon, partly Roman. There was a man in Dover, an ex-officer of the Air Force, who applied one day to be let down the well by ropes under the arms, and he made a very interesting and useful report. He suffered a good deal from foul air, but when he recovered he asked the G.O.C. whether he might sleep a night in the keep, as he had always heard that it was haunted.

The military authorities granted permission on the following conditions:

He was to be locked in the keep at 8 p.m., a bed would be provided and a small tot of whisky, and he would not be released until 6 a.m. This man had never known what fear meant and accepted the conditions.



CARNARVON CASTLE

By I in I permission of the Controller of H M Stationery Office

At six in the morning the keep was opened and he was found white as a sheet and speechless, and it was an hour before he could say anything. When asked what had happened, he related that at ten o'clock he had gone to bed and shortly fell asleep. How long he had been asleep he did not know, but he was awakened by what sounded to him like the tramp of an army in rubber shoes. He sat up in bed and listened. Suddenly from one of the Norman passages leading into the big chamber a white lady appeared.

He spoke to her and asked her if she was in trouble and whether there was anything he could do for her. She did not reply, but passed on and went out by another Norman passage the other side of the room.

It seems strange that this episode should have completely knocked out a man who had never known fear. He said he would not sleep there again for a million pounds.

I thought I would try and see if I saw anything strange if I went and passed a night there, so I asked an ex-naval officer, a very determined person, if he would come and spend the night with me in this chamber. He agreed, but then I was told by psychic friends, that ghosts never appear to two persons, so I saw no good in spending a very uncomfortable night in Dover Keep. I frankly admit that I did not relish going there alone as it is an eerie place, with the wind whistling through the arrow slits.

I have often slept in rooms supposed to be haunted, but have never seen or heard anything beyond certain noises which I think must have been caused by bats or rats.

One of the most attractive ghost stories that I have ever heard was told to me by Sir Edward Grey.

Count Fersen, as a young man, was travelling in the Apennines and arrived one evening at a small inn in the mountains. He went to bed, and placed, as was the custom in those days, his pistols by the side of his bed.

In the middle of the night he woke and saw a figure at the end of his bed, so seized a pistol and pointed it at the stranger. The figure held up his hand and said: "Don't shoot, I have only come to tell you something: I was the husband of the woman who keeps this inn and was murdered by her and her lover now living with her. I want you to tell the authorities, and if they will come and take up the paving stones in the scullery they will find my remains."

Count Fersen laid down his pistol and promised the figure that he would carry out his wishes and report to the authorities. The figure then said: "No, I don't think you will as I have already told the story to one or two occupants of this room and they have invariably forgotten, but if you will allow me to go round to the bedside I think I can guarantee that you will not forget."

Fersen agreed and the figure came to the bedside and touched him on the fourth finger of his hand. Fersen felt a burning pain for an instant and the figure vanished.

In the morning, as the spectre prophesied, Fersen had completely forgotten the incident, as one often forgets a dream, but on going to his washing basin he saw an iron ring on his fourth finger which had never been there before.

This reminded him of the incident during the night, and he informed the authorities, who came and removed the stone floor in the scullery and there the remains were found. The couple were arrested and probably executed.

Years afterwards he became the great friend of Marie

Antoinette and helped the Royal Family to escape to Varennes. But when the King and Queen were caught and imprisoned in the Temple, although he planned various escapes, which never matured, he saw that he could no longer be of any assistance, and returned to Sweden. Seven years later he was shot in a street riot and died on the spot, in the arms of a great friend. The friend testifies that as the breath left Fersen's body the iron ring, which he had always worn, vanished from his hand.

I always think that it is a thousand pities from an historical point of view that Fersen's descendants destroyed all the Marie Antoinette correspondence, as whatever their relations, the letters would have been of absorbing interest.

The French, in the past, have over-restored, and, to my mind, in consequence places like Carcassonne and Pierrefonds have lost their interest and charm.

When the 1913 Act was passed, the church were left outside the terms and powers of the Act. This, in my opinion, was a profound mistake. The most important monuments in this country are without doubt the great live cathedrals and parish churches of mediæval times.

The then Archbishop undertook on behalf of the church to put their house in order, but nothing was done until some little time after the War, and meanwhile many outrageous things had occurred.

The Deans and Chapters are perfectly honest and well-meaning bodies, but more often than not completely ignorant of the structural and maintenance problems of their buildings.

St. Albans and Exeter are examples of deplorable restoration, and we all know of the dreadful things that have been committed in many of the beautiful old parish churches.

I remember during the War I had to go to Durham, and there, to my dismay, the original Norman plaster with its wonderful texture and colour was being stripped from the roof of the nave and could never be replaced.

This was due to a certain number of hair cracks which led the ecclesiastical architect to recommend the removal of the plaster, so that the condition of the ceiling could be examined. It was found that the structure was as sound as it ever was.

After the War I went to see the late Archbishop at Lambeth and told him that the church had not carried out any of their pledges in appointing Diocesan Committees composed of architects, archæologists and artists to advise on the various problems connected with these all-important monuments in the various dioceses.

I told His Grace that if he were suffering and consulted a doctor, and he recommended an operation, I could not believe that he would accept the diagnosis without seeking one or two other opinions, and that was all I was asking for as regards the great live monuments.

I warned him that public opinion was growing on this question and might soon prove too strong to resist.

The Archbishop then began to put the house in order as regards these matters, and Diocesan Advisory Committees have been appointed in many parts of England, some excellent, and others practically useless, and I still feel that there should be stronger protection against unwise treatment of the great and beautiful churches of this country.

I hold the view that if the State has a building department, which I believe to be sound in principle and economical in practice, that department should build

all the buildings for the State, including military and naval barracks, hospitals and depots at home and abroad, police stations, etc. This does not mean that architects outside the department should not be employed, but they should be supervised both as regards plan and cost, by the department.

I am convinced that the official architects of my late department would design and erect far better permanent buildings than the barrack construction branch of the War Office, and probably they would prove more economical in initial cost and maintenance.

I had numerous instances during my term of office where the department could have carried out domestic buildings and electric light installations considerably better and cheaper than by the Service Departments, and could we not do so the department should be abolished.

Anyone who goes about the country will, I feel convinced, be impressed by the admirably designed post-offices, telephone exchanges, employment exchanges, which have been built by the department in the last fifteen or twenty years. Simple in character with no extravagant and ugly frills as in the past.

I am always struck by the well-designed buildings erected in London and country by the National Provincial Bank. Apart from their head office in the City, designed by a very distinguished architect, Sir Edwin Cooper, these branch buildings are, I believe, designed by two capable architects, both of whom were trained in H.M. Office of Works.

I know of one or two cases where local architects in provincial towns, when new post offices were about to be built, protesting to the Royal Institute of British

Architects against the work being executed by the official architect.

Distinguished architects went down to examine the elevations and buildings in question and on each occasion informed the complainants that they had better keep quiet, as the buildings were not only economical, but quite admirable in design.

I think the same can be said about any embassy or legation house built in foreign countries during the last fifteen years. I remember Lord d'Abernon reporting to me that the new Legation House in Monte Video was the best legation he had ever seen.

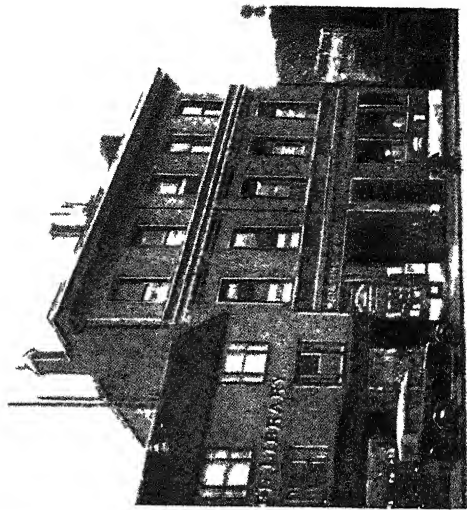
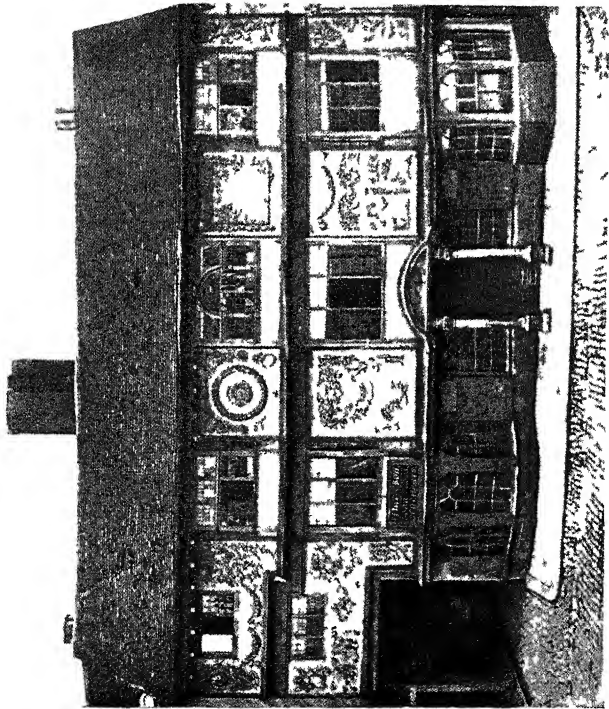
Take also the new Science Museum and new Geological Museum at South Kensington, and I think all will agree that they are simple, dignified, and admirable for their purpose.

I would not have said this forty or fifty years ago.

To give an example of the lack of taste and good sense of the department in the 'seventies, the following illustrations will be of interest. A lovely old Charles II house in Maidstone, with beautiful plaster work, was destroyed, and soon after committing this vandalistic act, the horror shown in the picture was built in its place as a post office.

Two important and notable buildings that have recently been erected by the department are the Law Courts in Belfast and the large Cadet School at Cranwell in Lincolnshire for the Air Ministry, and two better buildings for their purpose you could not have.

I think all the members of the Diplomatic and Consular Service will testify to the improvement in the furnishing of the official houses abroad. I spent many



CHARLTS II HOUSE IN MAIDSTONE AND THE POST OFFICE ERECTED IN ITS PLACE BY H M OFFICE
OF WORKS IN 1870

hours in studying and selecting designs, not only of furniture but of cretonnes, chintzes, curtains, etc. Invariably I went with my technical officers to the great carpet warehouses in the City to select carpets and rugs for the embassies and legations abroad.

During recent years we have, at the request of the War Department, undertaken the furnishing of houses in the military command districts as an agency service, and, I think, generally much to the satisfaction of the occupants.

Whenever I happened to be in a command district, I invariably used to call on the wife of the G.O.C. to find out if she had any complaints or reasonable requests to make, and on every occasion I met with blessings and gratitude that this service had been handed over by the War Office to H.M. Office of Works.

One of my dreams, while in office, was to see the banqueting hall in Whitehall, built by Inigo Jones between 1619 and 1622, handed back for Government entertainment and Imperial or any important conferences. What a noble setting this would be, with its wonderful Rubens ceiling, for such purposes.

Lancaster House is not a worthy setting for Government hospitality, and in my opinion the contents of the banqueting hall, consisting of show cases and military models, constitute an unworthy use of such a noble chamber.

It would mean expense, of course, as the United Service Institution would have to be fully compensated for the next-door building which they erected for offices. This building would be essential, also, for the proper utilisation of the hall by the Government.

I spoke to Lord Balfour about my idea one day and


he was enthusiastic, and Mr. Churchill, when Chancellor of the Exchequer, told me he would strongly support it. The United Service Institution could be adequately housed in a wing connected with the Imperial War Museum, and yet quite distinct from that collection at the Bethlem Hospital.

I cannot finish this book without paying a warm tribute to Their Majesties for their unfailing kindness, sympathy, and interest in the work of the department.

When I was first appointed, His Majesty told me that if I ever wanted to see him on any matter he was always accessible, and during my twenty years of office, I have availed myself of this kindness on many occasions, and these interviews have solved many difficult problems.

The Queen, also, has always taken the keenest interest in all our work at Hampton Court, Windsor, Kew Palace, Kensington Palace, etc., and even in the furnishing of some of the Embassies.

For their gracious and kindly help and support I shall forever be grateful.



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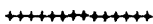
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